Talks with Great Workers

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PUSHING TO THE FRONT"

"The World Makes Way for a Determined Man"

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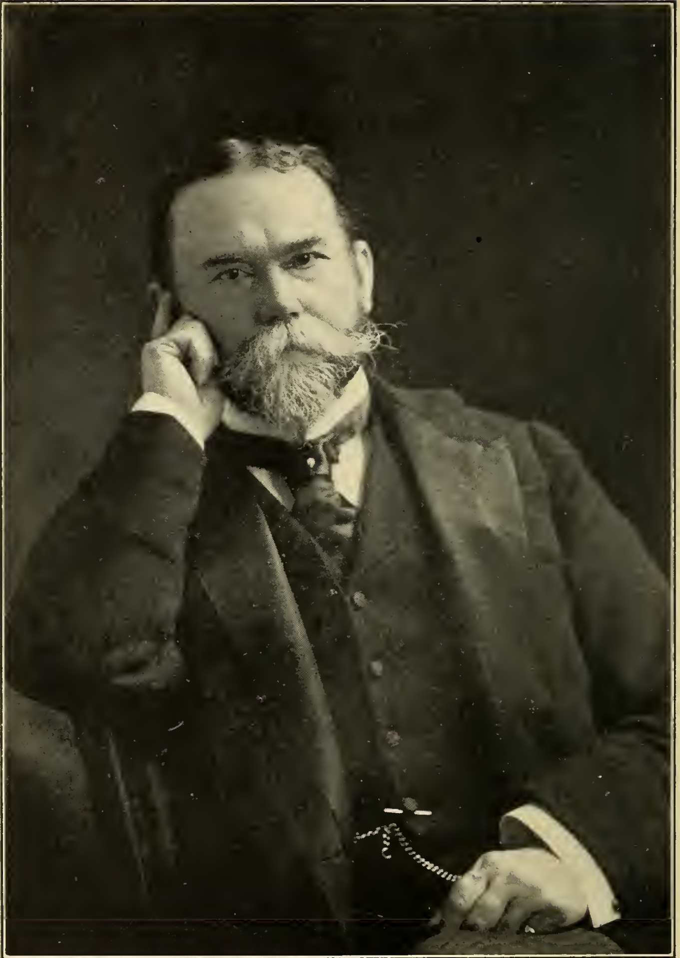

JOHN HAY.

TALKS WITH GREAT WORKERS

EDITED BY

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

EDITOR OF "SUCCESS"

Author of "Pushing to the Front," "The Secret of Achievement," "The Hour of Opportunity," "An Iron Will," etc.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Nothing is more fascinating than the romance of reality in worthy achievement under difficulty, than contrasting pictures of obscure beginnings and triumphant endings, than stirring stories of strenuous endeavor and final victory.

These inspiring narratives, many of which have appeared in "Success," have frequently proved turning-points in the lives of ambitious youths striving against iron circumstances. They have caused many a dull boy and girl to determine to be and to do something in the world. This is but another proof of the old theory that concrete illustrations are most effective in pointing morals and shaping conduct.

In response to repeated requests the author has selected from "Success" those life stories which have proved most helpful to its readers, and has added thereto new and helpful material, combining the whole in a book intended for the youth of all ages.

In choosing the illustrations the formation of character, the application of industry and will-power, and the inculcation of persistence and thoroughness have been

kept constantly in mind. The author sincerely trusts that there are young people who, after reading these true tales, which explode the excuses of those who think they have "no chance" in life, will be encouraged to start out and duplicate them.

To all who have aided me in securing and preparing this matter I express grateful acknowledgment, especially to each of those whose biography is here related.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

TALKS WITH GREAT WORKERS.

I.

A LIFE OF ASPIRATION;

THE CAREER OF SENATOR DEPEW: ORATORICAL TRAINING AND OPPORTUNITY; POINTS UPON BUSINESS.

Mr. Depew's early home was at Peekskill on the Hudson. He is, upon his father's side, a descendant of the French Huguenots, who founded the village of New Rochelle, in Westchester county. His mother, Martha Mitchell, was of illustrious and patriotic New England descent, being a member of the family to which belonged Roger Sherman, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; and he is a lineal descendant of the Rev. Josiah Sherman, chaplain of the Seventh Connecticut Continental infantry, and of Gabriel Ogden, of the New Jersey militia, both of whom served in the American Revolution.

Upon my meeting Mr. Depew, I asked his judgment as to the qualities of character that make for success in life, and the way to win. At first I inquired whether, in his opinion, the

OPPORTUNITIES

awaiting ambitious young men are less or more than they have been in the past.

"More, decidedly more," he replied. "Our needs in every field were never greater. The country is larger, and, while the population is greater, the means to supply its increased wants require more and more talent, so that any young man may gain a foothold who makes his effort with industry and intelligence."

"Do you mean to say that there is an excellent position awaiting every one?"

"I mean to say that, while positions are not so numerous that any kind of a young man will do, yet they are so plentiful that you can scarcely find a young man of real energy and intelligence who does not hold a responsible position of some kind. The chief affairs are in the hands of young men."

"Was it different in your day, when you were beginning?"

"Energy and industry told heavily in the balance then, as now, but the high places were not available for young men because the positions were not in existence. We had to make the places and call ourselves to the tasks. To-day a man fits himself and is called. There are more things to do.

"Fifty years hence the great men of the world will be numbered by fifty thousands; therefore it is safe to predict that the young man of to-day has just as much chance of gaining success in the future as had the man who lived fifty years ago. The world multiplies by degrees, and so the people become more numerous on the face of the earth. Idle territories, that are bound to increase and progress, will become the homes of this mass of human beings.

"The boy of to-day has little to fear that the field is becoming overcrowded in our own country. It is just being opened. Young men of to-day, and those who are yet to be born, have conditions to look forward to that are far more favorable than they were to those of the past centuries."

EDUCATION.

"How was it with boys, in your day, who wanted to get an education?"

"With most of them it was a thing to earn. Why, the thing that I knew more about than anything else, as I grew from year to year, was the fact that I had nothing to expect, and must look out for myself. I can't tell you how clear my parents made this point to me. It absolutely glittered, so plain was it."

"Had you any superior advantages in the way of money, books, or training?" I continued.

"If you want to call excellent training a superior advantage, I had it. Training was a great point with us. We trained with the plow, the axe, and almost any other implement we could lay our hands on. I might even call the switch used at our house an early advantage, and, I might say, superior to any other in our vicinity. I had some books, but our family was not rich even for those times. We were comfortably situated, nothing more."

"Do you owe more to your general reading than you do to your early school training?"

"Yes, I think so. I attended the school in our village regularly until I went to college; but I was not distinguished for scholarship — except on the ball-ground!"

PHYSICAL VIGOR.

"Do you attribute much of your success in life to physical strength?"

"It is almost indispensable. I was always strong. The conditions tended to make strong men in those days. I went to college in my eighteenth year. I think I acquired a broader view there, and sound ideals which have been great helps."

"What profession did you fix upon as the field for your life work?" I asked.

"That of the law. I always looked forward to that; and, after my graduation, in 1856, I went into a law office (that of Hon. William Nelson) at Peekskill, and prepared for practice.

"That was a time of intense political excitement. There were factions in the Democratic party, and the Whig party seemed to be passing away. The Republican party, or People's party, as it had first been called, was organized in 1856, and men were changing from side to side. I joined the Republican party. When I graduated at Yale College, in 1856," he continued, "I came home to the village of Peekskill to meet my father, my grandfather, my uncles, and my brothers, all old Hunker, State rights, pro-slavery Democrats. But I had been through the fiery furnace of the Kansas-Nebraska excitement at New Haven, and had come out of it a free-soil Republican. Two days after my return I stood, a trembling boy, upon a campaign platform to give voice to that conversion which nearly broke my father's heart, and almost severed me from all family ties. It seemed then as if the end of the world had come for me, in the necessity for this declaration of convictions and principles, but I expressed my full belief. In this sense I believe a young man should be strong, and that such difficult action is good for him."

THE YOUTHFUL ORATOR.

"Is that where you began your career as an orator?" I asked.

"You mean as a stump-speaker? Yes. I talked for Fremont and Dayton, our candidates, but they were defeated. We really did not expect success, though, and yet we carried eleven States. After that I went back to my law books, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. That was another campaign year, and I spoke for the party then, as I did two years later, when I was a candidate for the State Assembly, and won."

The real glory, hidden by this modest statement, is that Mr. Depew's oratory in the campaign of 1858 gained him such distinction that he was too prominent to be passed over in 1860. During that campaign he stumped the entire State, winning rare oratorical triumphs, and aiding the party almost more than any one else. How deep an impression the young member from Peekskill really made in the State legislature by his admirable mastery of the complex public business brought before him, may be gathered from the fact that when, two years later, he was reëlected he was speedily made chairman of the committee on ways and means. He was also elected speaker, *pro tem.;* and at the next election, when his party was practically defeated all along the line, he was returned.

THE VANDERBILT RAILWAYS.

After briefly referring to the active part he took in the Lincoln campaign, I asked:

"When did you decide upon your career as a railroad official?"

"In 1866. I was retained by Commodore Vanderbilt as attorney for the New York and Harlem road."

"To what do you attribute your rise as an official in that field?"

"Hard work. That was a period of railroad growth. There were many small roads and plenty of warring elements. Out of these many small roads, when once united, came the great systems which now make it possible to reach California in a few days. Any one who entered upon the work at that time had to encounter those conditions, and if he continued in it, to change them. I was merely a counsellor at first."

In 1869 Mr. Depew was made attorney for the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad; and afterwards a director. This was the period of the development of the Vanderbilt system. Mr. Depew was a constant adviser of the Vanderbilts, and, by his good judgment and sagacious counsel, maintained their constant respect and friendship. In 1875 he was made general counsel for the entire system, and a director in each one of the roads.

It has often been urged by the sinister-minded that it was something against him to have gained so much at the hands of the Vanderbilts. The truth is that this is his chief badge of honor. Many times he has won influence and votes for the Vanderbilt interests, but always by the use of wit, oratorical persuasion, and legitimate, honorable argument — never by the methods of the lobbyist. Commodore Vanderbilt engaged him as counsel for the New York Central Railroad, at a salary of $25,000 a year, — then equal to the salary of the President of the United States, — and he always acknowledged that Mr. Depew earned the money.

He became finally the head of the entire Vanderbilt system, or the controlling spirit of thirty distinct railroads, besides being a director in the Wagner Palace Car

Company, the Union Trust Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Equitable Life Insurance Society, the Western Transit Company, the West Shore and International Bridge Company, the Morris Run Coal Mining Company, the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Corporation, the Hudson River Bridge Company, the Canada Southern Bridge Company, the Niagara River Bridge Company, the Niagara Grand Island Bridge Company, the Tonawanda Island Bridge Company, the American Safe Deposit Company, the Mutual Gas Light Company, and the Brooklyn Storage and Warehouse Company.

WORKING HOURS.

"How much of your time each day," I asked, "have you given, upon an average, to your professional duties?"

"Only a moderate number of hours. I do not believe in overwork. The affairs of life are not important enough to require it, and the body cannot endure it. Just an ordinary day's labor of eight or ten hours has been my standard."

POLITICS.

"Your official duties never drew you wholly from the political field, I believe?"

"Entirely, except special needs of the party, when I have been urged to accept one task after another. I believe that every man's energies should be at the disposal of his country."

"On the political side, what do you think is the essential thing for success?"

"The very things that are essential anywhere else — honesty, consistency, and hard work."

"It requires no strain of character, no vacillation?"

"For twenty-five years," answered Mr. Depew, "I was

on all occasions in the front of political battles, and I never found that political opinions or activity made it necessary to break friendships or make them."

Mr. Depew's political career is already so well known that it need not be reviewed here.

In 1888 he was the presidential candidate of the Republicans of New York State, at the national convention, but withdrew his name. President Harrison offered him the position of Secretary of State, to succeed Mr. Blaine, but he again declined. He is now a United States senator from New York.

AS TO THE RECENT WAR.

Mr. Depew remarked that the new possessions mean everything to young men, who are going to be old men by and by: "We, as a nation, are going to find, by the wise utilization of the conditions forced upon us, how to add incalculably to American enterprise and opportunity by becoming masters of the sea, and entering, with the surplus of our manufactures, the markets of the world. The solid merchants are to undertake the extension of American trade, but the young men will be called in to do the work under their guidance. The young man who is ready is naturally the one chosen."

MATERIAL SUCCESS.

"Do you think a tide of prosperity waits for every young American?"

"It may not exactly wait, but he can catch it easily."

"It is said," I replied, "that any field or profession, carefully followed, will bring material success. Is that the thing to be aimed at?"

"Material success does not constitute an honorable aim. If that were true, a grasping miser would be the

most honorable creature on earth, while a man like Gladstone, great without money, would have been an impossibility. The truth is that material success is usually the result of a great aim, which looks to some great public improvement; *some man plans to be an intelligent servant of some great public need; and the result of great energy in serving the public intelligently is wealth.* It never has been possible to become notable in this respect in any other way."

THE FIELD FOR ORATORY.

"It is often said that the excellent opportunities for young men are gone."

"If you listen to ordinary comment," said Mr. Depew, "you can come to believe that almost anything is dead — patriotism, honor, possibilities, trade — in fact, anything, and it's all according to whom you talk with. There was a belief, not long ago, that the great orators were dead, and had left no successors. Papers and magazines were said to supply this excellent tonic. Yet orators have appeared, great ones; and in the face of the beauty, and grace, and fire which animate some of them, you read the speeches of the older celebrities and wonder what it was in them that stirred men."

"And this field is also open to young men?"

"Not as a profession, of course, but as a means to real distinction, certainly. The field was never before so open. I have listened to Stephen A. Douglas, with his vigorous argument, slow enunciation, and lack of magnetism; to Abraham Lincoln, with his resistless logic and quaint humor; to Tom Corwin, Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips; and as I look back and recall what they said, and the effect which they produced, and then estimate

what they might do with the highly cultivated and critical audiences of to-day, I see the opportunity that awaits the young man here. Only Wendell Phillips strikes me as possessing qualities which are not yet duplicated or surpassed."

WHAT IS SUCCESS.

"You recognize more than one kind of success, then?"

"Yes; we can't all be Presidents of the United States. Any man is successful who does well what comes to his hand, and who works to improve himself so that he may do it better. The man with the ideal, struggling to carry it out, is the successful man. Of course, there are all grades of ideals, and the man with the highest, given the proportionate energy, is the most successful. The world makes way for that kind of young man. I know we would do it in the railroad world."

HAPPINESS.

"Do you consider that happiness in the successful man consists in reflecting upon what he has done, or what he may do?"

"I should say that it consists in both. No man who has accomplished a great deal could sit down and fold his hands. The enjoyment of life would be instantly gone if you removed the possibility of doing something. When through with his individual affairs, a man wants a wider field, and of course that can only be in public affairs. Whether the beginner believes it or not, he will find that he cannot drop interest in life at the end, whatever he may think about it in the beginning."

THE AIM IN LIFE.

"The aim of the young man of to-day should be, then —"

"To do something worth doing, honestly. Get wealth, if it is gotten in the course of an honorable public service. I think, however, the best thing to get is the means of doing good, and then doing it. It is the most satisfactory aim I know of."

II.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON:

THE GREAT YACHT SPORTSMAN, WHO TOOK AMERICAN BUSINESS METHODS TO ENGLAND.

When I saw Sir Thomas Lipton at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, he kindly consented to give me certain facts, relating to his remarkable business career, that are of great interest.

A SON OF POVERTY.

"I suppose," he said, "you have read that I am the son of a poor laborer, who was scarcely able to give me any schooling at all. We lived in Glasgow, my parents and I, and at the age of ten I was obliged to quit school and go to work as a messenger in a stationery store. My wages, while I occupied that position, were just sixty cents a week, so you see I did not have anything very encouraging to which to look forward. I was ambitious, and attended a night school, where I obtained most of the education that I have. I have educated myself, and think that I have made good use of what I managed to learn.

"As I said, I was ambitious, and I had not been in the stationery store very long before I ran away and came to America in the steerage of an Anchor Line boat. My

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

parents were naturally opposed to my going so far away from home alone, and refused their permission, so I had to run away. I would not advise boys to do that, as a general thing, but my American trip certainly did me a vast amount of good. When I arrived on this side I went down to South Carolina and worked on a plantation, but I did not receive my wages until the crops were sold in the fall, and I did not like that very well. I soon tired of South Carolina life, and came from Charleston to New York, again as a stowaway. I got a situation of no consequence in New York, and remained here awhile; but finally, deciding that America was not the place for me, I returned to Glasgow, discouraged and disheartened.

WHEN HE BORROWED FIVE CENTS.

"I remember, as if it were yesterday," said Sir Thomas, "how utterly hopeless my financial condition seemed to be when I was a boy of fifteen in New York. My experiences were anything but pleasant, without work as I was, a stranger in a great city. I got used to living on a few cents a day, but when it came to such a pinch that I could not buy a five-cent stamp to carry a letter to the old folks in Glasgow, I very nearly gave up. I really think that decided me to go back. It accentuated my homesickness. I thought of the prodigal son. I borrowed five cents for that letter, and resolved to get back as soon as a chance offered. I can tell you I was glad when I once more set foot on the other side. I had refrained from telling my people how hard up I had been. This was largely a matter of pride with me, but another consideration was their feelings. I would do anything rather than distress them. So I stepped up, on my arrival, as jauntily as you ever saw a lad, and when a proposition was made to me by my father, soon after my

home-coming, to set me up in a small grocery, I jumped at the chance. He had saved up a few hundred dollars, which he loaned me for capital, I opened a provision shop, and I may say that there is where my real career began. The other years were preparatory lessons, which fitted me for my later career as a merchant. My whole heart was in this first little shop, and I dressed the windows, attended to the customers, and did everything myself. I was careful of the slightest detail, and took care that my customers always went away pleased; and to that solicitude on my part in those days I owe the greater success that has attended my later efforts. My little shop brought great success, and, encouraged by this, I began to establish other shops in Glasgow and other cities, until finally, by degrees, of course, I acquired the great business which is now mine.

FOLLOWED AMERICAN BUSINESS METHODS.

"I made money from the start. I put in practice what I had seen abroad — such as displaying goods attractively in windows, keeping the place as neat as a pin, and waiting personally on my customers. I have always felt that my American experiences have proved valuable, for my wits were sharpened, and my commercial training was largely obtained on this side.

"Every business idea," he added frankly, "every successful move I have made, has been suggested to me by my observation of American methods. Even in our boat, our 'Shamrock,' we incorporated a great many features that were of American origin."

THE PRINCIPLES ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

"Are there any special principles that you think are essential to success in business?"

"Well, I think there are. For one thing, it is a rule of my business to do away, as much as possible, with the middleman. I do not think he is necessary, and he simply takes away a good share of the profits. Further, I of course believe in advertising. I think every up-to-date business man does that. It is easy to see that the best way to reach the public is through the papers, for everybody reads nowadays. I am now spending a million dollars a year in advertising."

THE SHIPWRECK.

A characteristic story is told of Sir Thomas by a shipper who knew him in London. A merchant vessel carrying a cargo of tea, and with plain Thomas J. Lipton, merchant, aboard, was threatened with shipwreck in the South Atlantic. A furious storm had driven the ship far out of its course. It was leaking badly, and threatening rocks rose in sight. Mr. Lipton spent the last hour before the vessel was dashed on the rocks and lost, in painting the words "Use Lipton's Teas" on the chests. These were afterwards picked up on various shores, and served to bring the merchant into his first prominence abroad. All the ship's company got ashore safely on an inhabited island, from which, after a few days, came a very creditable account of the shipwreck for publication in the London papers, signed "Lipton." The story that he furnished proved a great advertisement, introducing his name to the nation at large.

HARD WORK THE SECRET.

"But, Sir Thomas," I asked, continuing the interview, "there must be some secret about your success?"

"Nonsense!" he replied. "This secret business is all nonsense. I have simply worked hard, devoted my

whole time to my business, had my heart in it, and I could not help succeeding. If every healthy young man will be temperate, work hard all the time, and do unto others as he would be done by he cannot help succeeding. But few young men are willing to work. They are too particular about the hours they spend in the store or office. Why, I often say that I have worked twenty-five hours out of twenty-four, and I do believe that I get twice as much done in a day as do most men. I have never been afraid of hard work, and have worked just as hard since my business has become established as I did before. I owe almost all of my success, I think I can truthfully say, to hard work and nothing else."

"And what advice would you give young men who are about to start out for themselves, Sir Thomas?"

"That's a broad question. It would take me some time to answer it properly.

"Hard work is the cardinal requisite for success. I always feel that I cannot impress that fact too strongly upon young men. And then a person's heart and soul must be in his work. He must be earnest, above all, and willing to give his whole time to his work, if necessary.

THE GOLDEN RULE PAYS.

"Honesty, it goes without saying, is necessary, and *if you want to be wholly successful you must do unto others as you would have them do unto you.* If you do not, they will be sure to retaliate when you least expect it. If young men would follow these rules they would get along very well."

THE EXTENT OF HIS BUSINESS.

"Your business must be an enormous one now, Sir Thomas, from the stories in the English papers about

the organization of your enterprises into a limited company."

"Yes, I have a good deal to attend to," he said, smiling. "I have sixty stores in London alone, and four hundred and twenty the world over, most of them being in the British Isles. I sell all food products except beef, which I have never handled. I own thousands of acres on the island of Ceylon, where I am the largest individual land-owner. On this land I grow tea, coffee, and cocoa, and employ several thousand natives to cultivate and ship it. I have warehouses all over Asia, and branch stores in Hamburg and Berlin. In Chicago I have a packing-house where I sometimes kill three thousand hogs in a day. So you see my enterprises are pretty well scattered over the earth.

THE KIND OF MEN HE EMPLOYS.

"How many employees have I? Well, all in all, I have somewhat over ten thousand, and a nicer lot of employees you never saw. I have never had a strike, and never expect to have one, for I make it my personal duty to see that my men are all comfortably fixed. We live together in perfect harmony. I am very careful about the kind of men I employ. I make sure that every man in my service is sober and of general good character, as well as a good worker. That, I think, is one of the chief aids to success."

THE CONFIDENCE OF THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

Upon the occasion of converting the Lipton business house into a "Limited Company," more than two hundred million dollars were offered in two days; the mail for those two days comprising forty thousand letters from every part of the United Kingdom.

III.

AMBITIOUS TO RISE IN LIFE — NEVER BY LUCK.

RUSSELL SAGE UPON OPPORTUNITY, INTEGRITY, PHYSICAL VIGOR.

Few great fortunes have been acquired by one man, or within the limits of a single lifetime. The vast wealth of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, and many others has accumulated through several generations. It is seldom, indeed, that a fortune like that of Russell Sage is amassed by one man. For years the newspapers of the country have been filled with stories of his eccentricities.

When I called at the great banker's office I found it very hard to obtain an audience with Mr. Sage, even though I had an introduction to him. He has so often been the victim of cranks, and has so many callers at his office, that he has been obliged to deny himself to all alike. I found him seated at an old flat-topped desk, looking over the stock reports of the day, and I was surprised at the extreme simplicity of all his surroundings. The furnishings of the room looked as if they might have seen service before the Civil War, and, upon later inquiry, I learned that most of the chairs and the desk itself have been in use by Mr. Sage for more than twenty-five years. He has become so attached to them that he

RUSSELL SAGE.

cannot discard them for more modern inventions. Mr. Sage is smooth-faced, and his hair is thin and gray. His clothes are fashioned in the style of thirty years ago, but of good material and well kept. His shoulders are bent with care and age, but his face has a good color, and a happy smile that betokens health and a peaceful mind.

"I have come to ask you to tell me the story of your life," I said, "for I am sure it must be of great interest."

Mr. Sage smiled. "I don't know about its being of interest. It is very simple and commonplace to me. You know I began as a grocery clerk, in a country town. That is a very humble beginning, I'm sure. I received a dollar a week for working from early morning until late at night, but I was well satisfied with my lot, because I knew that it was bound to lead to better things. So I worked my very best, and saved my wages, which were slowly increased as I went along, and finally I had enough money to start a little store for myself. When I was twenty-one years old I had a store of my own, and I made a success of it."

"But how did you happen to come to New York?" I asked.

"Oh, I was ambitious," laughed Mr. Sage. "Like most boys, I thought there was no other place like a city for success, and I finally sold my country store when I was still very young, and came to New York. I started in as office boy, at very low wages, and from that day on I worked myself up and up, until I finally became a financier on my own account. It took a long time, though. It was not all accomplished in a day; though when I came to New York I expected to be rich in two or three years. I was very much like other boys, you see. They all expect to get rich in a day."

"But some of them never get rich," I said.

"Well, it's their own fault if they do not succeed," said the financier. "Surely, every one has as good a chance as I had. I don't think there could be a poorer opportunity for a boy to rise. The trouble is that most of them are not very anxious to rise. If they find themselves wealthy some morning they are glad, of course; but they are not willing to work, and make themselves rich."

"Some say that it is all luck," I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Sage, with great disgust. "There's no such thing as luck. I'm sure there was none of it about my career. I know just how I earned every penny, and the reason for it, and I never got anything I did n't work for. I never knew any one to obtain lasting wealth without lots of hard work."

"Do you think there are as good opportunities for getting rich to-day as there were thirty years ago, or when you made your start, Mr. Sage?"

"Undoubtedly. I think there are even greater opportunities, for new industries are being established all the time, and there are broader fields to work in. But then, the old fields of business are not overworked, by any means. I always say that there is room for good men anywhere and at any time. I don't think there can ever be too many of them. It is true that there are many applicants for every place in New York, but if I were unable to get a place in an Eastern city I should go West, for there are great opportunities there for every one."

"People say, though, that the West is not what it is supposed to be," I remarked.

"Yes, there are always pessimists," said Mr. Sage. "The people who say the West has no opportunities are the same persons who used to call it foolish for any young man to come to New York. When I decided to

come here, I was told on every side that I would regret my action; but I never have. Some people never see opportunities in anything, and they never get along. I did not see any very great opportunity ahead of me when I came to New York, but I knew that if I had a chance I could make one. I knew that there are always openings for energetic, hard-working fellows, and I was right."

"Of course, you believe that strict honesty is essential to success, Mr. Sage? I've heard many people say that honesty does n't pay, especially in Wall street."

"That is a foolish question," said the financier. "It is absurd to imagine that it pays to be dishonest, whatever your business or profession. Do you suppose if I had been dishonest in any dealings when I started out, that I would be worth anything to-day?"

"What do you think of the chances for country boys in a great city like New York to-day, Mr. Sage?"

"I think they are as great as ever. Employers are on the lookout for bright young men, and I believe that they would prefer that they come from the country, provided there is no danger of their becoming dissipated. I think that is the only thing men have against country fellows, and there are many things in their favor. I think an earnest, ambitious, hard-working boy from the country has a splendid chance of becoming somebody. There are much greater opportunities for him to exercise his good qualities, and the reward of his enterprise is much larger. The same energetic labor that would make a man worth twenty-five thousand dollars in a small town would be very likely to make him worth a hundred thousand or so in a great city, and all on account of the wider field."

"What, Mr. Sage, are the essentials of success?"

"The essentials to success, in my opinion, are just

three: honesty, industry, and economy. Any young man, amid existing opportunities, has a chance of becoming a millionaire."

"To what do you owe your wonderful vitality?" I asked. Mr. Sage smiled, before answering me.

"I never smoke, I never drink any liquors, I retire early, and get up early, and take care of myself in every possible way," he said. "Do n't you think I ought to be healthy? I have always taken care of myself, and I think I 've proved that hard work is not bad for one's health. In fact, I think that work is the best thing I know of for improving a man's constitution, for it makes a good appetite, and encourages digestion. It is not work that ruins so many men. It 's the wine they drink, and the late hours they keep, and their general dissipation. I expect to be at my desk for many years to come, and just because I 've taken good care of myself.

"You ask me why I don't stop work. I 'll do it if you will answer me one question: 'What else can I do that will do as much good and keep me as well?' Well, you can't answer it; nobody can."

IV.

WHEN MRS. RUSSELL SAGE WAS A GIRL.

THE WIFE OF THE MILLIONAIRE FINANCIER TELLS OF HER EARLY EFFORTS TO EARN HER OWN LIVING: COMMON SENSE VIEWS UPON TRAINING GIRLS.

"WHAT would you do if obliged to earn your own living?" was the question I asked, on being granted an interview with Mrs. Russell Sage.

"I had to earn my own living for several years," answered Mrs. Sage, "and I found no difficulty in doing it. Like many other families, we were made almost destitute by the great panic of 1837, and my father was unable then to give me the advantages he would have offered had he kept his fortune. I was only nine years old at the time of the panic, and had been attending a small private school in Syracuse, where we lived. I had learned to read and write and spell, and was quite well educated for a girl in those days. But I was n't satisfied with what I knew; and, appreciating the value of a good education, I determined to go to some higher school, even if I had to work my way through. In those days girls' schools were very scarce, and the best among them, perhaps, was at Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts. I was n't contented until I started for that college. Since my father's failure I had remained at home, helping my

mother with the housework, and my ambition was about to run away with me, when I saw my way to attend Mount Holyoke College. I found that I could pay a very small tuition fee, and help with the housework to pay for my board, and I determined to go."

"Did you finish the course at Mount Holyoke?"

"Oh, no. In fact, I never reached that place. On my way to the school, I was taken very sick in Troy. When I recovered, my uncle wished me to go to the Troy Female Seminary; and there I remained, for it was too late to start with the freshman class that year at Mount Holyoke."

"You attended Emma Willard's school, did n't you?"

"Yes, and then I went home again to mother. I was needed in the household. Every girl knew how to cook and sew and make beds then, even when she had a good education in languages and the sciences.

"If my cook should leave me to-day I could do the work myself, without running all over the city for another girl before we could have anything to eat. Girls may never have to cook or keep house, but they ought to know how just the same. A woman never knows when she is likely to be in reduced circumstances, and for that as well as other reasons it is always well to know how to attend to the housework.

"I remained at home for some time. Mother could n't spare me. At length, however, I felt that I might be a burden to my father, who never recovered from his losses in 1837, so I determined to teach for my living. I wanted to put the education for which I had worked so hard to some good use. I went to Philadelphia to teach in what is now the Ogontz School. It was hard work. Teachers had no specialties in those days. One hour I would be teaching geography, then would come a class in French,

and then grammar, spelling, and other studies before the day was over. I had long hours, but I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was paying my own expenses and living to some purpose."

"But if you were a girl to-day, Mrs. Sage, you would probably not want to teach school; there are so many fields open to women now."

"Yes," she replied slowly, "there are many fields, but most of them are not just what I should want my daughter to occupy, if I had a daughter. If I were a girl to-day, I 'd do just what Louisa M. Alcott did. I knew her well, before and after she became famous. She said to me: 'For twenty years I did whatever my hands found to do, — cooked, sewed, taught, nursed, wrote, — then all at once I found myself famous, as I never could have been but for that developing diversity.'

"My experience in earning my own living," continued Mrs. Sage, "was wholesome and invigorating. Instead of being self-indulgent, I became self-reliant. I had been taught all sorts of work; for my mother believed, as I do, that no bit of real learning can be useless. To me it seems that the root of failure lies often in the thought that you can do but one thing, and must do that or nothing. Successful people are those who take what comes to hand, and, if it be small, wait and work for something better."

"Are there any particular things that you think a girl can do and earn a good living, Mrs. Sage?"

"Yes, there are. In my capacity of president of the Women's Hospital, I have considerable to do with nurses, and you would be surprised at the difficulty we have in getting good ones. We have hundreds of applicants, but most of them are either careless or incompetent, and we can't keep them. You hear much about there being too

many nurses, but you may be sure there are not too many good ones. I think there 's always room at the top in every profession, and if a girl is truly ambitious, and gives her whole time and mind to her work, she is pretty sure to succeed."

"You must have a great many girls coming to you for help, Mrs. Sage ?"

"I do, indeed; and I always try my best to help them, but some of them will not help themselves, so I cannot help them. Girls nowadays have such an antipathy to doing housework. I have a young friend who is obliged to earn her living, and I wanted her to take a place as housekeeper in the house of a woman I know very well. The woman asked her if she could make a bed, and she declined the place, saying that she knew nothing at all about bed-making. She knew how to make a bed as well as any one, but she thought it beneath her dignity to do it. I have no sympathy for such women.

"I don't understand it. I 'm sure it 's much better for a girl to have a good home in a refined family, with her board and room furnished her, and often four dollars a week besides, than for her to stand on her feet from morning till night in some crowded store, where she probably won't be able to save a cent from her slender wages. I tell girls that, time and again; but they don't think that way, and the consequence is that housewives have hard work to get good girls, and the stores can get so many of them that they only pay them a meagre salary."

"I suppose girls have always been much the same as they are now," I said.

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Sage. "I know if I had a daughter she would be brought up very differently from the way most girls are now. She would know how to cook and sew, and she would be taught to be some com-

fort to her parents, instead of being always out visiting, or attending a matinée of some kind. Some girls are no more comfort to their parents, nowadays, than if they didn't exist."

V.

ONE OF THE MAKERS OF THE NEW NEW YORK.

The name of Andrew H. Green is indissolubly connected with that of imperial New York. When the schoolboys of the next century are asked to indicate her foremost citizen in this, the period of her political renaissance and material grandeur, they will name him as the man who placed the civic crown upon her brow. As the "Father of Greater New York," he will find his most enduring reputation, although he has many other claims to distinction. It is probably true that no other individuality has been impressed so indelibly upon the history of the metropolis during the last half century.

It is a gratifying circumstance that Mr. Green has lived to see the consummation of his many years of intensely active and beneficial public service. Although no longer caring to hold official place, he wields an undiminished influence. His presence on half a dozen commissions, on twenty boards of directors, and his membership in as many more clubs and societies attest his physical and mental activity at an age when most men think seriously of retiring.

I found him, late one day, after he had passed several hours in attending to the large business interests still committed to his financial care.

"Won't you tell me for my readers," I asked, when he had laid aside his pen and dropped into an easy chair, "some of the benefits of honesty in public life, you who had the distinction of typifying it in the Tweed Ring days?"

A BIT OF NEW YORK CITY HISTORY.

A whimsical smile lighted up the ex-comptroller's face as he replied: "Your question implies a compliment that was not paid me by interviewers twenty-eight years ago. My course was not always referred to in those days as an illustration of honesty in public life. In fact, I was unsparingly criticised in many quarters."

His remarks had reference to his service, at the time of the overthrow of the Tweed Ring, in rescuing the treasury of New York from the harpies who were preying upon it. He found the city treasury empty, but succeeded in raising the funds necessary to pay the schoolteachers and others who were clamoring for their just dues. Then, in face of a clamor that would have deterred a less resolute man, he cut down the bills of all claimants to an honest figure, heedless alike of vilification and praise. Attempts were made to do him physical injury, and on one occasion an infernal machine was received at the office, sent, no doubt, with murderous intent. Mr. Green remained steadfast.

"FROM RICH AND RURAL WORCESTER."

Andrew H. Green was born at Green Hill, Worcester, Mass., the home of his ancestors for six generations. This home he inherited, and occupies every summer for a brief period. He came to New York when a boy, and first did work in a mercantile capacity, and then studied law. He did not seek public place.

But somehow public opinion fastened upon him as a

man who could be trusted safely with great interests, and he was chosen to discharge important public duties, requiring absolute integrity, energy, and foresight. For twelve years he was the executive officer of the Park Commission, and was regarded almost as the creator of New York's magnificent park system. To his efforts, also, was largely due the establishment of the American Museum of Natural History, the Zoological Gardens, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Meteorological Observatory. His crowning work for the people of his adopted city was the formation of "Greater New York," with an extent of territory adequate to any increase of population or of demand for commercial facilities for many years to come.

NIAGARA STATE PARK, TOO.

The creative genius of this many-sided man is shown also in his advocacy of the purchase of the Niagara's shore by the State of New York, to be used forever by the people as a pleasure ground, instead of permitting its beauties to be bartered for coin by greedy speculators. Daring as this conception was, challenging the opposition of vested interests at Niagara, and setting up a new function, almost, for the State government, it became an accomplished fact under the guiding hand of Mr. Green and his fellow-commissioners. The heritage of the people was redeemed by him. At a recent meeting of the Niagara Reservation Commission, a set of resolutions was engrossed, setting forth the splendid services of Mr. Green in this connection, and changing the name of Bath Island, just above the falls, to Green Island, in his honor.

The Hudson River Bridge, another of his pet projects, he expects to live to see completed. In this connection

he worked very earnestly to secure the needed permission from both New Jersey and New York, and from the United States government, setting forth the argument that, if the limited territory of Long Island needs so many bridges, surely the territory behind New Jersey, that of the continent itself, with its teeming population of millions, needs one.

HIS VIGOROUS OPINIONS.

I asked his opinion of the average public official of to-day.

"I can best answer that question," he said, "by stating the environments which surround him. The people are running after strange gods, after money kings. Prominence has come to be a perquisite of wealth, not of high professional or industrial attainments. The man is most admired who makes the most millions in the fewest years."

There was earnestness in the veteran's tone as he continued:

"It is unfortunate that such a perverted taste exists, for it exalts the conscienceless capitalist and casts down the champion of the people's rights. The popular method of getting rich is not to earn money legitimately, or even to create wealth by inventing money-making devices, but to secure franchises for far less than their value. Now, the official who grants a valuable franchise without proper compensation is as bad as the capitalist who seeks and receives it. I am well aware that my views on this subject are unpopular, that the thing is being done every day by persons who would feel highly indignant if you called their action by its right name. I believe, too, that a road which can be built for a million ought not to water its stock up to more than fifty

millions, and then, by charging high rates for passengers and freight service, pay dividends on the whole amount, without making some return to the municipality. The way the street railway people are operating things now they could easily afford to pay a sum which would equal a very large part of the taxes of the city. They charge five cents for a ride that in Paris or Berlin costs the passenger one-half or two-thirds as much."

Mr. Green strongly opposes the granting of the underground rapid transit franchise to any body of private capitalists. Taking down a copy of Lecky, he read to me the following extract, as setting forth his own views:

"It is not the existence of inherited wealth, even on a very large scale, that is likely to shake seriously the respect for property; it is the many examples which the conditions of modern society present of vast wealth acquired by shameful means, employed for shameful purposes, and exercising an altogether undue influence in society and in the state.

"THE PROUD RECORD OF A USEFUL LIFE.

"When triumphant robbery is found among the rich, subversive doctrines will grow among the poor. When democracy turns, as it often does, into a corrupt plutocracy, both national decadence and social revolution are being prepared. No one who peruses modern socialist literature, no one who observes the current of feeling among the masses in the great towns, can fail to perceive their deep, growing, and not unreasonable sense of the profound injustices of life."

One cannot, indeed, talk long with Andrew H. Green without receiving distinctly clear impressions of the value of sterling integrity as an aid to success. Here is a man who has built up a character while others have

been content to pile up fortunes. He watched his friends acquire millions, while he worked for his city and his State with such conspicuous ability that he will leave no less than six grand monuments to his memory —the modern New York school-house, Central Park, the American Museum of Natural History, the Niagara State Park, Riverside Park, and Greater New York. Who shall say that he has not succeeded far better in the race of life, in the prize of an approving conscience, in the affectionate regard of his fellowmen, than some of the great millionaires who control vast wealth and vast properties ?

VI.

DOWNRIGHT HARD SENSE AS TO THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY:

THE STORY OF A CONNECTICUT CLOCK PEDDLER WHO BUILT A TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

"I NEVER worry about to-morrow," said the late Collis P. Huntington to me when I called upon him. "To-morrow will take care of itself; not yesterday. *To-day* is the all-important issue. Yes, that is my advice to young men — to appreciate the value of to-day. It has been my rule through life — not to look forward, for the future is a blank. We do not know what it will reveal. It may alter the general plan of your life."

"Then you have drifted with the tide?"

"I have never gone against it, nor worried while my schemes were maturing. A farmer sows a field of wheat. Now what is the sense of worrying over the crop? It merely saps his energy. The wheat again requires his attention at the time of harvest.

ON HIS FATHER'S FARM.

"When I was a boy on my father's farm in Connecticut I utilized every moment, and worked hard, for there was plenty to do. But if I had any spare time and the opportunity offered, I did chores for the neighbors. For

C. P. HUNTINGTON.

instance, I picked apples, or did anything that added to my savings. I never wanted for anything that I needed; I always got it. But very many buy things they do not need. In consequence, when I came to New York, in 1836, I had quite a sum of money; the outcome of my savings, judicious investments, and little trades about the neighborhood.

"The great secret of success is laying by a nest-egg, and adding to your little store, — never spending more than you make, and being strictly economical. Again, a young man should command what he is worth, and should always keep his eyes open to better himself. I have been my own master since I was sixteen years old.

GOING TO COLLEGE.

"Certain classes of young men," continued Mr. Huntington, looking around his library, lined with books, "make a mistake in going to college. They lose the most receptive and important part of their lives — from seventeen to twenty-one — in filling themselves with knowledge of other men's deeds that can be of no practical use to the commercial world. They are graduated with exalted ideas; and when it comes to earning bread and butter they are at a loss to know which way to turn, and most frequently commence with a small sum, minus the experience that would have fitted them for something better.

MILLIONAIRE'S LIVES NOT INSPIRING.

"I do not think the life of one who has accumulated a hundred millions, more or less, although interesting, is inspiring. It dazzles and bewilders the struggling lad, or young man. It may be inspiring for the time being, but the inspiration wears off. No one can follow in the

footsteps of another. He must work out his own destiny. But if he observes the rules of honesty, integrity, and economy, and fears God, he has just as good a chance as any man that may be cited.

DON'T WATCH THE CLOCK.

"I have had a hundred thousand people in my employ in different parts of the world, at the same time, and have had pretty good opportunities to study mankind. In my mercantile life I have noticed the man who arrives at his post on time, and not one minute later, and who leaves on the minute, and not one second later. He does no more than he has to do, and, naturally, does not do that well, for he gauges himself. Then there is the man who arrives ahead of time, and works late if there is anything to be finished. The latter takes an interest in his work, and is anxious to be advanced. We wonder what we should do if he should decide to leave, for it is recognized that it would be difficult to fill his place. But in regard to the man who watches the clock we are indifferent, and would probably never miss him.

SAVING MONEY.

"I have known young men in my employ to come to me and ask to be advanced. If I knew the applicant to be worthy, and I could not comply with his request, I have advised him to start out for himself, and have loaned him five or six hundred dollars to establish himself, but never to a man who had not saved, for that is money thrown away.

"In regard to myself, — I live within my means. I have never, in the course of my life, overstepped that line.

ADVICE THROWN AWAY.

"Advice is thrown away on a boy or young man who considers it beneath him to work at anything which hardens the hands or soils the garments, but who prefers a clerkship in a store or office at starvation wages. Good clothes should not be worn at the expense of a career. To the man who is not afraid of downright hard work I would suggest frugality, investing surplus earnings, if only a dime a day, in a savings bank, and reading useful books during leisure hours.

"Yet there is another principle that must be obeyed — *business before pleasure.* There was to be an important meeting here to-night, but one of the gentlemen said he could not attend, because he said he had to go to an entertainment with his wife. I have never allowed any social obligation to interfere with a business engagement.

"As to the chances to-day, they are as good as ever before, and better. You cannot point the way for another. If he is in earnest, and adheres to the principles I have stated, he will strike the road for himself, and reap his rewards.

"One more thing I will name: A young man does not want to bother over what rumor has to say about him. I have never cared a cent what any human being said or thought about my actions, so long as I was satisfied. It is my idea that a man's business should be his first thought and care. It has always been mine. In consequence, I suppose there are a great many things about which I know less than the average man, but, on the other hand, I am very certain that there is nobody who knows more about my business than I do. I never leave my game to play with another fellow at the other fel-

low's game, as the saying is. Lots of sorrow has been caused in this world by men meddling at a game regarding which they knew nothing, with fellows who did.

EARLY MARRIAGE.

"False pride is an enormous obstacle to business success. I know young men in New York City who would not carry a trunk along Fifth avenue if you would give them all the frontage they could pass, simply because they would be afraid that they would meet some girl that they know.

"I heartily believe in a young man marrying early in life, if he can marry a sensible girl who is *willing to do her own work*, — cooking and ironing, — and beautiful work it is, too, if she will only think so. *If she will help him* a young man can live cheaper that way than he can board; but if the young lady is marrying simply because she hopes to find a life of comparative ease I think it would be much better for the young man to stay single."

HIS FIRST BUSINESS VENTURE.

Regarding his first business venture, Mr. Huntington said:

"I guess I did n't make my 'first thousand,' about which so many men have told. I had n't accumulated anything like that amount when I made the venture which brought me so far above the one-thousand-dollar mark that I imagined myself in comparative affluence. You know I had gone to New York when I was sixteen years of age, and I had gradually accumulated a variegated assortment of property which, as I look back upon it, could not have been of much value. However, I succeeded in trading off those holdings for a lot of one thousand clocks. I sent them out in consignments of varying

sizes to the small towns along the route of the Erie canal, and then in about a week I started to follow them. Well, I stopped at every town, and in the end I sold my entire lot of clocks at five dollars each, and practically netted five thousand dollars."

HIS START FOR CALIFORNIA.

Soon after his successful investment in clocks he engaged in mercantile business with his brother, Solon Huntington, at Oneonta, New York. He was engaged in this and similar pursuits for some years, learning, as he said, to keep promises so scrupulously as to enlist the confidence of the public, and mastering the harder task of being agreeable to even the most obnoxious customers. When the gold fever broke out in 1849, the young man of twenty-eight immediately started, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, for California, where he engaged in the hardware business. That same hardware firm is still in existence, and Mr. Huntington retained his interest in it all his life. Mr. Huntington never had the gold fever himself, but he realized instinctively from a mercantile standpoint the possible business opportunities of California.

HIS CAREER AS A RAILWAY BUILDER.

When the Pacific Railway project was brought up, Mr. Huntington was one of the first to see its advantages and its practicability. His partner, Mark Hopkins, was thoroughly in sympathy with the idea, and the two men joined with Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, forming an association which furnished the necessary funds for a survey over the mountains. This survey was all that was needed to demonstrate the feasibility of the plan for establishing communication between the Mis-

souri and the Pacific coast; and the four men mentioned formed the Central Pacific Railway Company.

History has recorded the seemingly insurmountable obstacles which were overcome in constructing the road, which was finally opened in 1869. It had scarcely been completed when Huntington plunged into the building of the Southern Pacific.

Then followed the construction of the other roads — the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Southwestern, the Kentucky Central, the Elizabethtown, Lexington and Big Sandy, and the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas, until Huntington could ride on his own railroad tracks from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Mr. Huntington's later years were quite as full of activity as his youth. His interests on the high seas were very extensive, and included the Pacific mail steamers, which represented an outlay of millions of dollars. Then, too, he was almost the sole owner of the great ship-building plant at Newport News, Virginia. Four United States battleships and one monitor were being built there, and more than five thousand men were employed in the work.

VII.

BUILDING UP A GREAT SHIPPING HOUSE.

When I conversed with William R. Grace, ex-Mayor of New York, and asked him the secret of success, he replied, epigrammatically:

"Stick-to-it-iveness."

To-day the ships of W. R. Grace and Company are known all over the globe. They do the greater part of the carrying trade between the United States and the west coast of South America. The complete revolution of what might be called the American intercontinental trade is due to the brain and daring of this remarkable man. I say "daring," because many of the enterprises in which he has engaged have been dazzling in their financial magnitude, and have involved the exercise of almost incredible courage. But it is a characteristic of Mr. Grace that nothing is too big for him to undertake, so long as he has faith in it, and his faith is not lightly won. Results of immeasurable consequence to the whole commercial world have been attained by a man who, fifty-three years ago, landed in New York without money and friends, and who, at that time, little dreamed that he would be twice mayor of the leading city of the Western Hemisphere, although, even then, his ambitions seem to have been almost Napoleonic. Some men acquire large fortunes in extremely narrow channels, and are little known, and of little benefit to the world at large. Mr. Grace was actuated by the ambition not only to ac-

quire wealth, but to be a great, broad influence in the commercial world. He has won both, and to-day is the most influential figure in the commerce between the two American continents.

To meet Mr. Grace on Broadway strolling (he never seems in a hurry) down to his office one would imagine him a comfortable country-town merchant pursuing the even tenor of his way; but just run counter to him, and one is most mightily undeceived. He bristles at every point with energy, enterprise, and quick antagonism. He is terse, epigrammatic, and caustic.

HE TOLD HIS STORY TO HELP OTHERS.

Mr. Grace is extremely averse to talking of himself, but when he was convinced that what he could say might be a stimulant in the right direction for some boy, he consented to give a brief account of some of his experiences.

The ex-mayor was seen at the offices of W. R. Grace and Company, which occupy nearly all of the old Cotton Exchange Building, facing Hanover Square. The office rooms are filled with manly-looking clerks, bustling about in their shirt sleeves, and they are littered with samples of all sorts of things, from all sorts of places throughout the habitable world.

Mr. Grace is sixty-seven years old, and comes of a highly respectable Queens County (Ireland) family. His father lost a part of his fortune in Venezuela during the early part of this century, and so the lad, like many American boys, while of first-class antecedents, started with an empty purse.

AMBITIOUS AS A BOY.

As a boy Mr. Grace was very ambitious, and ran away from home when only fourteen. He came over here and

knocked about for a while, doing anything he could. He recollects at one time, during his first stay in the United States, boarding with a shoemaker, working for a printer, and in fact turning his hand to anything that was reputable, and at all remunerative. The possibilities of a serious career did not weigh very heavily upon him at that time, but he was greatly impressed with the opportunities that were offered by America to a young man willing to grasp them. After a stay of a few years young Grace returned to the Old Country, and through the financial aid of his sister he then went to Callao, Peru.

An incident that happened within a few days after his arrival in Peru perhaps helped a great deal to form his principles. There was an argument in progress one evening between some American and English sailors. Sailors' arguments, at that time, were usually wound up with fisticuffs. The Americans seemed to be getting the worst of it, and Grace turned to and helped them, with the result that they carried the day. But when he got to his room that night he made up his mind firmly that it was not to mix in sailors' brawls that he had come to Peru, nor to waste his time as he saw the majority of the foreign residents doing; and this, he says, formed one of the principles he has always followed since, — that is, stick-to-it-iveness, industry, strict attention to the main object in life.

Almost anybody who followed these principles in Peru at the time he went there, so he says, would have been successful, because opportunities were numerous, and it needed only a man who could catch an opportunity, quickly dispose of it, and be on the lookout all the time for others.

Shortly after young Grace reached Peru he obtained a clerkship in a shipping house of fair standing, and

within a short time became a member of the firm, and later he secured control of it. From this house the firm of Grace Brothers and Company finally grew, attaining one of the most prominent positions of any of the houses, of whatever nationality, in Peru. Mr. Grace spent a great deal of his time travelling in the interests of his business, to which he was always very attentive, and finally, when his position in Peru was assured, he concluded to make New York the base of his operations, and to enter into the trade from the standpoint of a merchant at this end as well as at the other. The business here was established in 1865. As it grew Mr. Grace associated his brothers, Michael P. Grace and John W. Grace, in it with himself. A branch house was opened in London, another in San Francisco, the business in Callao was extended to the capital, Lima, and other branches were opened in Chili, where the house now has three establishments, — at Valparaiso, Santiago, and Concepcion. The firm has played a very prominent part in the business of these countries.

MR. GRACE'S YOUNG MEN.

Mr. Grace is a firm believer in keeping abreast of the times, and he says that it is one of his fixed ideas to surround himself with bright, intelligent, and industrious young men, with whom he always confers freely, and whose ideas are largely influential in forming his own. He most cordially receives suggestions, and uses his own judgment in accepting or rejecting. He has some fixed rules and maxims, which he quotes occasionally for the benefit of his aides. One of these is: "When you don't know what to do don't do anything."

Following his principle of keeping abreast of the times, Mr. Grace had his business incorporated a few years ago, that there might be no question of its continuity.

Mr. Grace was an early believer in the possibilities of long-voyage steamer trade, and established the pioneer direct steam service from the United States to the west coast of South America. The full voyage of one of these ships is equal to the circumference of the world, and all of the ships engaged in this service were especially built for it.

Mr. Grace is a natural organizer, and interested in a great many enterprises. He is the president of the Ingersoll-Sergeant Drill Company, a concern which has been foremost in the application of compressed air. He also organized the Nicaragua Canal Syndicate, a body of New York capitalists, which obtained a concession for the construction of the canal at a time when European efforts in that direction seemed probable, and thus saved the waterway to the United States. Mr. Grace is a trustee of the New York Life Insurance Company, of the Terminal Warehouse Company, the Central and South American Telegraph Company, and is a director of the Lincoln bank and the City Trust Company. He is also president of the Sevilla Home for Children.

THE GRACE INSTITUTE.

In later years Mr. Grace has relieved himself to some extent from the management of his vast business interests and has found time to devote his abilities to a practical philanthropic purpose. He and his brother, Michael P. Grace, established "Grace Institute" in memory of their father and mother, and in gratitude to New York, — the scene of their early start for success. The object of the Institute is to afford protection, instruction, and assistance to young women. They are taught in the domestic arts and sciences — cooking, laundry work, sewing and dressmaking; and in stenography, typewrit-

ing, and other occupations and trades in which women may be employed. Five hundred graduates of the Institute are annually put in the way of earning their living.

"USED UP WITH EDUCATION."

Like most successful men, Mr. Grace has a vivid appreciation of a bright and suggestive thought, whatsoever the source. He relates, in this connection, an incident of his youthful career in Peru, which tended to improve his knowledge of human nature. He had just entered into a contract of partnership, when a big Irishman named Jack McCarthy, respected and well-to-do, who had seen Grace and liked him, said to him:

"Here, Grace, I have been watching you ever since you came here, and I think you are of the right sort. Now I have taken a lease of this store next to the post-office, and I'll put in a business there thirty thousand dollars cash against your brains."

Of course, being pledged in another direction, he could not do anything with McCarthy, but he recommended a friend with whom both were acquainted. McCarthy's reply was so full of pith that it has always remained with Mr. Grace. The man he spoke of was a very bright fellow whom he knew very well, of very good education and spotless character. His Irish friend listened to his plea for this young man, and then rendering his decision in the sentence—"Och, he's all used up with education,"—he made a description of the man which fitted exactly, and the soundness of which Mr. Grace always remembered.

It is almost needless to remind the reader that Mr. Grace was elected Mayor of New York in 1880, and again in 1884, serving two terms which were noted for their strength, vigor, and fearlessness.

VIII.

THE FINANCIAL VALUE OF "A GOOD BUSINESS STANDING."

"SUCCESS in Wall street is attained, as a rule, the same way as elsewhere. There is no royal road to wealth, even in speculation. Popular fancy pictures men as growing rich in a day in dealing in stocks. They do so rarely, and they grow poor in an hour, — often.

"No, Wall street is no place for the man who expects to amass a fortune in a hurry, although he is much in evidence here. He brings his money with him with the expectation of having it multiplied immediately; he has his ups and downs, and, after a while, departs, almost invariably without his money. He is greatly surprised and disappointed, of course, and often thinks he is an unfortunate exception to the general rule; whereas, his experience is in strict conformity with the rule, — a rule which, in the long run, is as inevitable in its working as a natural law. There is nothing in it to wonder at. The outsider in Wall street is a man who is embarking in a business without knowing its first principles. He has plenty of advice, of course; but it is a rare thing to succeed on advice alone. To be successful in Wall street, as elsewhere, you must know your business."

Nobody knows the business of buying and selling

stocks better than Stephen V. White, familiarly called "Deacon" White, because of his activity and prominence in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, particularly during the pastorate of Henry Ward Beecher, who was his intimate friend. When ushered into Mr. White's office I was greeted with a handshake by a small, elderly man, with a rather rotund figure, a round face that is expressive of both determination and geniality, and eyes that look out very sharply from behind a pair of old-fashioned spectacles.

CHARACTER AND COMPREHENSION AS FOUNDATION STONES.

"To succeed, you must know your business," Mr. White repeated, "and to learn any business worth knowing takes time. It is a great mistake to be in a hurry to get rich; the only chance a young man has in Wall street he gets by stepping upon the lower rounds of the ladder and mounting slowly upon his increasing knowledge and experience. If he gets a conservative commission business firmly established, and has sufficient brains to make a careful and scientific study of the world-wide conditions that affect stock values, he is, perhaps, in a position for ambitious efforts in finance, but he must first have something solid upon which to stand."

Mr. White's words had behind them the authority of long experience and much success. But more forcible than mere words, as an illustration of what brings success in Wall street and elsewhere, is his remarkable career. When, in 1865, he came from Des Moines, Iowa, where he had been practising law for several years, and entered Wall street as a member of the firm of Marvin and White, he at once began to build a business foundation, using, as his chief materials, conservatism, good

judgment, and, above all, the strictest fair dealing in all transactions. There was nothing Napoleonic about his operations. The firm, of which he became the sole member in 1867, moved along on reasonably safe lines, and prospered, weathering many a Wall street tempest that wrecked a great number of less stable barks. In 1882, when the firm name became Stephen V. White and Company, it had become a power in Wall street. Its operations were extensive, and upon each one of them Mr. White brought to bear a very close analysis of all the influences that were affecting, or by any possibility could affect, the situation. This survey of the field was of necessity a very wide one. It began with the diversified influences in Wall street itself and extended to commercial and agricultural and political conditions the world over; and when the time came to act few financiers were as daring as "Deacon" White.

Once he went too far. Upon this occasion Mr. White's study of the conditions was just as careful as it ever had been. He weighed the probabilities, and they were in his favor, so he acted with his accustomed boldness.

"No man is infallible," he remarked, in commenting upon this important episode in his career. "An utterly unforeseen combination of men and circumstances arose against me, and I was forced under."

HIS SHEET ANCHOR IN A FINANCIAL STORM.

His splendid fortune was swept away, and he was burdened with a load of debt that would have hampered most men for life. Few financiers would have recovered their position after so disastrous a blow, but Mr. White, with his money gone, had much left. He had that solid foundation of credit which he had spent so many years in building. The confidence of the business world en-

abled him to start anew. Within a month after his failure he had paid fifty thousand dollars of his debts, and within a couple of years had settled them, with interest, to the last cent.

"Yes, it was my credit that lifted me out of that difficulty," he said to me. "Good business standing is always a very valuable asset, not only for itself, but also for what it means, namely: fair dealing, good methods, and sound judgment, which, coupled with enterprise and a thorough knowledge of the business, are the essentials of commercial success. Without absolute integrity a man may make money for a while and appear to be successful, but he is, at best, a clever fool, for his policy is one which is sure to be disastrous to him in the long run and bring him failure in the end.

HIS BOYHOOD ON THE FARM.

"It is a good thing for a young man to have passed his boyhood on a farm, and if he makes his way with nothing at the outset of his career but his own brains and character and will his satisfaction through life will be the greater. I know this from my own personal experience. My father moved from North Carolina during the 'Nat Turner rising' in 1831, because he did n't approve of slavery, and we travelled — I was about forty days old then — by wagon over the mountains of Tennessee, and through the wild regions of Kentucky and other States, until we finally reached Illinois. We settled in a log cabin in a clearing in a virgin forest, about six miles from the junction of the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers. It was there I passed my boyhood, doing a great deal of hard work. When I made up my mind to go to Knox College I began to teach school to provide the necessary funds; and, when graduated, went down

to St. Louis to study law, and supported myself by working as a reporter on the 'Globe-Democrat.' I was admitted to the bar in 1856, and the following month hung out my shingle in Des Moines, Iowa. In 1861 I successfully defended the only treason case ever tried in that State; and during the long illness of the United States district attorney of Iowa I conducted all of the government's civil and criminal cases. While I gave up the active practice of law when I came to New York, in 1865, I served a term in Congress in the 'eighties,' representing a district in Brooklyn, where I have lived for many years. When I go home I like to forget all about business and give myself up wholly to my family. Literature and languages give me much pleasure, and once upon a time I translated a book from the Latin. In my home I have one of the largest private telescopes in the country, and when surveying through it the immensity and glory of the heavens all financial deals seem very small."

IX.

THE STORY OF GOVERNOR FLOWER OF NEW YORK.

Garfield drove oxen, taught school, and became President: Roswell P. Flower drove oxen, taught school, and became Governor of the Empire State. I once asked the governor if there were not some subtle connection between these two extremes of occupation, and he told me that he did n't know of any, unless it lay in the fact that the same qualities are necessary in both. He thought that the quality of patience acquired in driving, leading, or coaxing oxen is absolutely necessary in the higher pursuit of school teaching, and that any man who succeeds in both these humble but useful occupations can do almost anything. It is a long distance between the farm and the Capitol, and it took Governor Flower nearly half a century to traverse it. No doubt he could have done so in much less time had the route been direct, or had he started out with a prearranged plan to gain political preferment. On the contrary, his ambition was a successful business career, and he only went into politics through a sense of duty as a citizen. Many years previous to 1892, when he was elected governor, he was a well-recognized power in the finances of the nation, and had won admission to the inner circles of Wall street. There were, at that time, few important movements in

stocks in which the great house of Flower and Company did not have a hand.

A MAN OF AFFAIRS.

The governorship of his State is very justly regarded as a stepping-stone to higher things politically, or to enhanced business opportunities. When Governor Flower took the office he neither hoped for nor expected either. On the contrary, he doubtless made sacrifices in bowing to the will of the people. His business affairs, when he was called to Albany, were of the first magnitude, and were of such character as to require his personal attention, but without a moment's hesitation he went to the front and took command, simply because he thought it his duty as a citizen to do so. And here the marvellous side of the man's character is shown. For years he had been a recognized leader in Wall street; every important movement in certain lines of stocks was believed to be directed from "Exchange court;" yet, when he took up the reins of civil government, he never for an instant relinquished the leadership of the "street," and I have yet to learn of the complaint ever having been made that he was not at his desk at the Capitol when the duties of the office required him to be here. In fact, Mr. Flower performed the hazardous feat of riding two very untractable steeds at once, namely, Government and Finance, — and he mastered them, too.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.

Roswell Pettibone Flower was born in 1835, at Theresa, Jefferson County, New York, and was the first governor elected from that county, and the second from that part of the State. His father, Nathan Monroe Flower, whose ancestors settled in Connecticut in 1696, was

born in Greene County, New York, and followed the wool carding and cloth dressing trade, in Cooperstown. He married Mary Ann Boyle, and established himself in what was then a wilderness in the northern part of the State. Roswell was the sixth of nine children, and was only eight years old when his father died. His first taste of hard work was that of assisting his mother in the business, which she conducted for a couple of years after his father's death. The family had two farms eight miles apart, which were worked by the boys.

"The first important lessons of life which I learned," said the ex-governor, "were independence, self-reliance, and fair play; also a proper sense of humility."

It is said that young Flower was extremely sensitive on the point of his clothes, which, owing to the necessitous condition of the family, had seen previous service on the forms of his elder brothers.

The boy's first regularly paid position was with his brother-in-law, Silas L. George, a merchant, where he received five dollars a month and board, which was considered quite princely. Roswell was sixteen when he was graduated from the high school. For spending money he used to saw and carry wood, the pay for which was twenty-five cents for half a cord. Almost every occupation that the country boy is heir to was known to the embryonic governor and Wall-street magnate. He had his turn at working in the hayfield, tending the little country store, and driving a yoke of stags to tread out the clay in a brick yard, for which he received something like a dollar and a half a week.

"I did n't mind the work at all," said the ex-governor, once; "I was strong and energetic, and took an interest in everything I did. I could see that the country offered

possibilities for young men of education, and I devoted all my spare time to preparation for the greater world which I was determined to encounter sooner or later."

"What were the chief formative influences of your life?"

"My mother taught us that there was nothing so contemptible as a coward, nor so mean as a liar. That, with her, seemed to cover everything, and when one reflects, courage and truthfulness do seem to include the essential virtues."

AS VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

The next step of progress in the career of young Flower was in the village school, where he taught and "boarded round" in the old Yankee fashion. It would seem, from reports, that the teacher of this school ruled his pupils more by muscular than by moral suasion. He engaged in a general wrestling match, and easily threw one after another of the bigger boys. In this way he vanquished all but one, a surly youth, who declined to recognize the authority of the young pedagogue. This boy had an aversion to pronouncing the syllables of words separately as he spelled them. Flower insisted upon the syllables being pronounced separately; but wishing to avoid a personal encounter with the burly pupil, he engaged the services of another lad, and so, by a combination of brawn and tact subjugated the pugnacious young giant. "When I was eighteen," said Mr. Flower, "I was engaged to go to Philadelphia, as clerk in a general store, but had only been there two months when my employer failed, and I returned home and worked on my mother's farm, receiving a ton of hay for working nine days, and I had to do as much work as any one of the other eleven men in the field. Until I was fif-

teen I rarely wore shoes in the summer; and was very seldom without the country boy's regular supply of cuts and stone-bruises."

CLERK AND POSTMASTER.

In 1853 Mr. Flower, after brief experience as a clerk in a hardware store, obtained the appointment of deputy postmaster at Watertown, at fifty dollars a month and board, and remained in the position six years. "As soon as I got this situation," said the ex-governor, "I determined to save all the money I could, as I saw that no matter how shrewd a man may be it is necessary for him to have some money in his pocket when he leaves his own town to battle with the world. I was very proud of the first fifty dollars I saved, and invested it in a beautiful gold watch, because I could not spend the watch, and ready money would have been a constant temptation. Shortly afterwards a young man who was going West made me an offer of fifty-three dollars for the watch, and my mercantile instinct led me to part with it. He gave me his note for that amount, and the note to-day forms part of a collection of papers of similar character, which every man of affairs is more or less bound to acquire, and which I have at home in my desk."

BUSINESS VENTURES.

When Mr. Flower left the post-office he took the thousand dollars which he had saved and engaged in the jewelry business, the firm name being Hitchcock and Flower. After two years he bought his partner out, and continued in the business until 1869. During his sojourn in Watertown, young Flower was a member of the fire department. In 1859 he married Sarah M. Woodruff, a daughter of Norris M. Woodruff, of Watertown.

"To what do you attribute your success?" I asked.

"I have always been a reader of useful books, and a good listener. One can absorb useful information from any crowd that he may chance to mingle with. It may be of either a warning or an inspiring character, but it is still useful. When I was in the post-office, in Watertown, I read Blackstone's and Kent's 'Commentaries,' for the purpose of education. These books have been of immense advantage to me."

In 1866 Henry Keep, a famous railroad magnate, and a brother-in-law of Mrs. Flower, invited Mr. Flower to come to New York, and introduced him to the business world of the metropolis, and particularly of Wall street. This was done by Mr. Keep with a view to preparing Mr. Flower to assist Mrs. Keep in the management of her large property in case of his death. When Mr. Flower took charge of his sister-in-law's estate it was valued at $1,000,000. In a few years the value had quadrupled.

A WALL STREET CAREER.

When I asked the ex-governor how he made his money in Wall street, he replied: "By investing in properties, which, upon the most rigid examination, showed not only possibilities, but very strong probabilities, of development under expert management, and by never putting money into any enterprise unless I was accorded a voice in its management proportionate to the investment. In interesting one's self in railroads one should not only acquire a knowledge of the condition of the property, and of the character of the men managing it, but should try to foreshadow the trend of traffic in relation to it."

NEVER UNLOADED ON HIS FRIENDS.

Mr. Flower had the reputation in Wall street of never "unloading on his friends." When he advises any one

to invest in a property one might be sure that the ex-governor had backed his opinion with his own money, and when losses were sustained in such cases he was generally found to be the heaviest loser. In 1872 Mr. Flower was compelled, through ill-health, to sever his connection with the firm of Benedict, Flower and Company, and devote himself to the management of his sister-in-law's estate. It was not, however, easy to throw off the fascination of the "street." There is an old saying, "Once a Wall street man, always a Wall street man;" so it proved in the case of Mr. Flower. For a long time now, the firm of Flower and Company, in which A. R. Flower and J. B. Flower, brothers, and Frederick S. Flower, a nephew of the head of the house, are partners, has dominated Wall street. In 1890 R. P. Flower changed from an active to a special partner in the house.

HIS POLITICAL CAREER.

Mr. Flower cast his first vote for Buchanan, and was always an unswerving Democrat. He was never a believer in the "independent" voter.

"What is the element of success in politics?" I asked the ex-governor.

"Strict partisanship," he replied. "A man should either rise or fall with his party. On the shoulders of the party must be placed the absolute responsibility of the administration, no division, no compromise. Every young American must, if he expects to succeed in politics, familiarize himself with the national system, the State, county, and ward systems, right down to his own district. He must be thoroughly familiar with the working of the political machinery. Imagination is a great thing for a statesman, but it must be combined with practical knowledge to be effective."

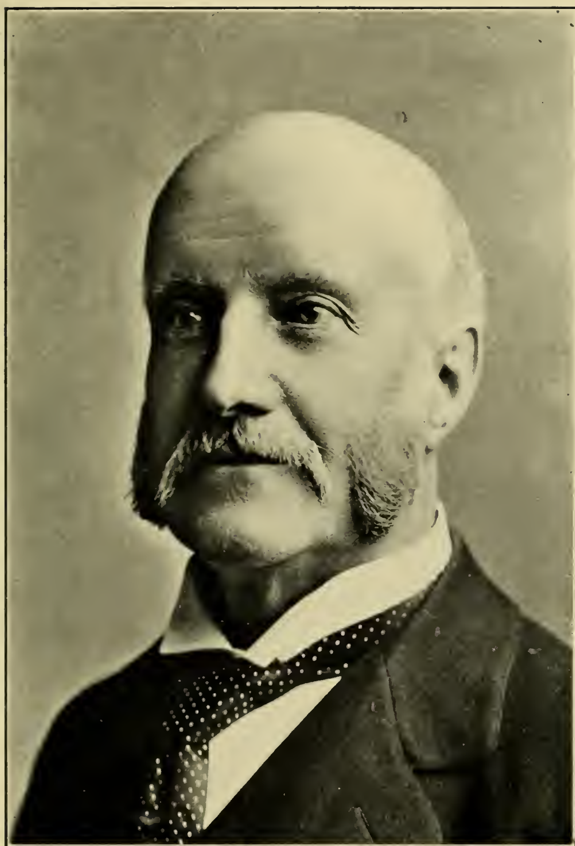
In 1881 Mr. Flower defeated William Waldorf Astor in the race for Congress, in the eleventh district, succeeding Levi P. Morton, who had resigned to become minister to France. He took a prominent part in the Forty-seventh Congress as a member of the committee on banking. Here he found it necessary to inform himself upon the theories of finance, which he found he had overlooked in his practical experience. In 1882 he refused a renomination for Congress, having stated in his first campaign that he would not accept a second term.

"My success in Congress," said he, "was due to the fact that I always tried to learn more about the work of the committee on which I chanced to be placed than any other member." When he was a member of the subway commission a discussion arose between that body and the Western Union Telegraph Company as to the constitutionality of laws ordering the wires under ground. One day Jay Gould called upon him, and suggested that their lawyers meet and submit briefs to Judge Blatchford. Mr. Flower replied: "I am not so much concerned about the constitutionality of the law. Your company has been laying cables without a permit, and if I can find out who ordered them to lay those cables on Sunday I shall proceed against him for disobeying the law, and if you are the man I shall take great pleasure in putting you in jail."

Mr. Flower was elected to the governorship in 1892, and his career in that office, and subsequently, is so well known as to make any allusion to it superfluous.

He had sound, practical views of charity, and believed in putting money out where he could himself see it do good. Many people in the section of the State where he was brought up have benefited by his munificence. At a considerable expense he had the little church at Theresa,

in which his parents used to worship, rebuilt into a beautiful little structure. He also gave to St. Thomas's Church in New York fifty thousand dollars, with which to build a four-story building, St. Thomas's House to be used for parish work, a Sunday-school, a diet kitchen, a class in needlework for young girls, and a club room and library for young men. The Flower Hospital also owes its existence to the ex-governor's generosity.



HENRY CLEWS.

X.

TO COUNTRY BOYS: HOW TO GET ALONG IN A GREAT CITY.

Henry Clews was an office boy, messenger, and errand boy in New York, working in a Broad-street office, at a point within two blocks of his present great banking house. As a stock broker he has made millions. He has, at my request, in the following article, given points to country boys who desire to succeed in a great city.

In nearly every one, says Mr. Clews, of the ten million families more or less of the United States outside of the great cities, there is at least one bright lad who longs for a city career. His father's farm, or store, or workshop, appears to him too narrow for the exercise of the talents which he believes are stirring within him, and which he desires, with all the impulses of youth, to put into activity in the largest possible fields. These and similar ambitions come into play in the minds of boys of from twelve to sixteen years. What steps shall these young people take to carry out their plans successfully, to become rich as merchants, or eminent as lawyers, or physicians, or clergymen; or to make great fortunes as stock speculators?

HOW TO START.

Obviously, the first step toward success in the city is to get into the city. All roads and all railways lead to

these great centres, but *the boy should not come without a definite object in view, or without an introduction to some one who can befriend him.* It is very easy for the boy, especially with the consent of his parents, to get a letter or two to some one in the nearest large city. The village storekeeper knows somebody in the great market, and will cheerfully vouch in writing for the lad's character. The principal of the school will do the same. Ambitious boys are never liars or dishonest, and their elders take pleasure in speaking well of them. Letters to almost any merchant or professional man in a city are useful. If the persons to whom the letters are addressed cannot give the boy a place they are valuable as references. And when, backed up in this way, the youth sets out to find a situation, his quest is easy. Boys are always wanted. A boy can find ten situations where a middle-aged man without capital looks vainly for one.

WHERE TO START.

Now that our lad is sure of a place he must bear in mind that *one place is about as good as another.* One of the great leaders of finance has said that, *in the long run, all businesses are alike in their results. There is just as much money in hardware as in dry goods, in drugs as in leather, and so on indefinitely.* And it is of no consequence where the boy begins, because he has to begin at the bottom.

A CASE IN POINT.

One of the most successful wholesale druggists in New York came to the city with high ambitions, and started on his career by washing the glasses at a soda fountain on Broadway. He wrote a good hand, was quick at figures, and had made good progress in Latin, but he was not ashamed to rinse tumblers because he could work

quadratic equations, and accurately construe Cæsar's *De Bello Gallico.* He did his work well, all through one hot summer; came to his duties early and stayed late; never being sick and never forsaking the soda fountain to attend even a baseball game. In all ways he displayed great alacrity and willingness; consequently he was soon promoted to the sales counter. The proprietors had noticed his good points, and it was in their own interest that they advanced him. From that his upward progress was easy and natural. And he added to other accomplishments, in due time, a knowledge of the qualities and values of drugs, acquired by diligent study of books, and by observation of the methods of the establishment. In this way, always learning, and always making his knowledge practical, his upward march was inevitable.

HIS RELATION TO HIS EMPLOYER.

Nor should a youth fall into the error of considering his employer a tyrant or taskmaster, whose aim is to keep his young assistants down. On the contrary, all well-disposed, industrious, truthful, and honest boys have the heartiest sympathy and regard of grown-up people, whether employers or not. A lad must not expect that every man he meets will be his mentor; but he may, with absolute certainty, count upon the good-will of every reputable business man whom he meets at the outset, and this may become of practical benefit if occasion offers.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD HABITS.

It might appear superfluous to insist upon the importance of good habits, were it not that lads between fifteen and twenty are, above all others, liable to acquire bad ones. At an age when wine, spirits, and tobacco are

particularly harmful to their unformed constitutions lads drink and smoke, often to an excess unknown to older people, partly from imitation, and partly out of a mistaken notion that such indulgences are manly. *A wise employer — and most employers have acquired wisdom in this direction — will not advance a clerk or assistant who drinks or smokes to excess, and will not retain him if it is convenient to find some one else to fill his place.*

COMMON COURTESY.

It is not unnecessary to add that, in addressing employers, a junior should always add the word "sir" to a "yes" or "no." This one act of respect and courtesy may change one's fortune for life. It is shamefully neglected in the United States.

SPECIAL STUDIES.

Every lad who has his way to make in the city should, between his fifteenth and twentieth years, learn some foreign language in addition to his own; it is good mind training. It would be well also to acquire a knowledge of stenography and typewriting; they will prove advantageous in his clerical work.

XI.

SIGHTLESS BUT FAR-SEEING:

A BLIND MERCHANT PRINCE: HOW HE GOT HIS START; CARDINAL RULES FOR BUSINESS SUCCESS; GUIDE BOARDS TO PROSPERITY.

Charles B. Rouss is known the country over for the marvellous success which has attended his career as a New York merchant, and for the great benefactions he has bestowed broadcast during his remarkable life. His career has been one of the wonders of New York. The other great merchants, his rivals, say they cannot see how he has managed to build up such a business out of nothing, or how he has managed the great fortune he has put to such good use. Yet Mr. Rouss himself does not see any element of the wonderful in what he has accomplished. To him, his success means only earnest endeavor, strict conformity to the rules of business, self-denial, long hours in the store, and a life as regular as clock-work for many, many years. His fortune he attributes to those qualities which, he says, are essential to the success of any man, and he holds that any man can acquire them if he will.

I called upon Mr. Rouss at the great Broadway store which he has erected, and sought an interview with him. I looked about me in wonder and admiration at the al-

most innumerable counters covered with every conceivable article of merchandise, and wondered if all this was really owned by the man who, a little over thirty years ago, was walking the streets of New York without a cent in his pocket. Seated at a small table in the centre of the great room, freely accessible to any one who desired to speak with him, and right in the midst of his clerks, was the blind merchant.

THE GREAT MERCHANT IN HIS STORE.

Presented by his manager, I walked up to the little table. Mr. Rouss took my hand and greeted me very pleasantly, after I had described my appearance to him so that he might get an idea of how I looked. I told him of my errand, that I had come to get from his own lips the story of his marvellous career.

He spoke first of his life in Virginia. He was the son of a farmer of little wealth, but good character and high intellectual attainments. Reared on the farm, he remained there helping his father, up to the age of fifteen, when he determined to start out for himself. He had previously attended an academy in Winchester, twelve miles distant from the farm, and had been constantly at the head of his class during every term. But he was not satisfied with mere knowledge, and being ambitious for a career in business, he decided that the sooner he began it the better. So, at the age of fifteen he went to Winchester and secured employment in one of the leading general stores of the place, which was then a city of only five thousand inhabitants. He began work at a dollar a week, and had his salary increased gradually until, at the age of eighteen, he had saved five hundred dollars from his three years' wages, when he rented a store and went into business for himself. At the end of six years he was

occupying the largest store in the city, and had accumulated sixty thousand dollars as the result of his work.

WAR WASTED HIS FORTUNE.

Then came the terrible war, and he went to the front. His large fortune was entirely swallowed up in gifts to the army, and the "Lost Cause" as the Confederacy was called. Business had been greatly paralyzed throughout Virginia by the war, and he saw no opening for him in Winchester any longer, so he worked for several months upon his father's farm.

After the first harvest of 1865 had been gathered he announced to the family that farm life was too slow and unsatisfactory for him, and he was determined to go to New York, and become, if possible, a second A. T. Stewart.

His parents listened very doubtfully to this project, and did not conceal their belief that it was a wild idea, but, though Charles was an obedient son, and listened with all respect to his parents' arguments, he felt that he had in him the elements of success, and he determined to do in New York as he had done in Winchester. He held that the immutable elements of success are the same in any locality, and that it is only the opportunities that are changed.

So, with his railroad ticket to New York, and just one dollar and eighty cents besides, he started out, after a stop-over in Baltimore, where he tried in vain to get credit, and arrived in the great metropolis with but a very few cents in his pocket. Indeed, he was eleven thousand dollars in debt.

HOW HE GOT HIS GREAT START.

Upon his arrival, he sought in vain for credit whereby he could establish business for himself, but everywhere

he was refused. He walked the streets day and night, eating at free-lunch counters and sleeping at police-stations. Finally, he met an old friend, who gave him a chance to earn some money. He was told that if he would sell a certain stock of goods he would be given a permanent place. He sold the goods, and realized a handsome profit on the deal. In a few months he had earned six thousand dollars, and from that time on he mounted upward, little by little, until finally his credit was unlimited. At the height of his success came the great financial panic of 1875, and he was again made penniless in a day, and he found himself fifty thousand dollars in debt.

It seems scarcely credible that a man who had failed to such an extent, and who had encountered such terrible difficulties, would have the pluck to again start anew. But Mr. Rouss was not discouraged. He opened a comparatively small store in Williamsburg at a rent of fifty cents a day, and in a few days his small stock was sold out. Then he moved into larger quarters, and at the end of three months he had moved six times. He was following his old custom, buying for cash, and was underselling everybody. Customers who had obtained bargains from him before flocked to him, and in a very short time he again had a bank account. Then began the steady upward course which has placed his name among the greatest business names of the country.

Every one knows that he now occupies one of the finest buildings on Broadway in New York, and is doing a business that is marvellous in its extent.

CARDINAL RULES FOR BUSINESS SUCCESS.

Mr. Rouss has given me a few of the rules which have guided his career, and, after reading them, who can fail

to see why he has succeeded? The following rules for a successful life could well be carried in the pocket-book of every young man and woman in America: —

Keep good company or none.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be fully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so that none will believe him. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

When you retire, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Never play at a game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see your way out of it again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

HIS METHOD OF DOING BUSINESS.

He is invariably down at six o'clock in the morning, and never leaves until half-past seven in the evening. Every one of the thousand or more letters received daily at the store is read to him, and he dictates the answers. Each evening the heads of twenty-eight departments come to him to report what they have done during the day, and everything throughout the store is really under his supervision. His business is conducted in the simplest way possible, and he does not believe in elaborate arrangements of any kind.

Charles B. Rouss has had to encounter difficulties greater than those that come in most of our paths, and yet here he is, a multi-millionaire, and still but little over sixty years old. His success has come to him quickly, too, though it has been simply the result of hard work and not mere luck, if there be such a thing as luck.

GUIDE–BOARDS TO MERCANTILE PROSPERITY.

His axioms for business are invincible. Here are some that he laid down for me: —

> The dignity of labor is the greatest of all dignities; the genius of work the greatest of all geniuses.
>
> Industry, integrity, economy, and promptness are cardinal requisites to certain and honorable success.
>
> Merit is the trade-mark of success; quality the true test of value.
>
> Not in time, place, or circumstances, but in *the man* lies success; and the larger the field the greater the results.
>
> Credit and partnerships are the scourge of commercial history, and the bane of commercial experience.

Beware of the gifts of the Greeks; they allure that they may destroy; credit is tempting, but ruin surely follows in its path.

Burn the ledger and learn to say NO; this is the best for both buyer and seller.

Learn when to buy, how to buy, and where to buy.

Buy for cash and sell for cash.

If you buy bargains sell bargains.

Quick sales and small profits make more sales and greater results.

Large profits and few sales mean, in time, no sales and no profits.

Bargain purchases without bargain sales is an ambition which overleaps itself, and is as unwise as it is unprofitable.

Long credits with large profits tempt both buyer and seller, but they awaken the siren-song which is ever chanting the funeral dirge of disappointed victims, both buyer and seller being chief mourners, and the sheriff the undertaker.

HIS PRIME SECRET: A CASH BUSINESS AND LOW PRICES.

Charles B. Rouss has practised what he preaches. His great Broadway store has become the purchasing centre of hundreds and thousands of men throughout the country, who believe in buying and selling for cash, and who have learned that it is one secret of his remarkable success.

It is a sad thing that this man who has been so much and has done so much must himself suffer a loss that seems to be irreparable. A few years ago his sight began to fail him, and he grew gradually worse and worse until now he can see absolutely nothing. It is a terrible affliction to a man who is so active and so neces-

sary to the world. Specialists without number have been consulted without avail; not one of them has been able to help him in the least. He feels his loss keenly. "Of what avail is my wealth," he said to me, "when I cannot see?"

Yet he always retains a keen interest in helping others. Many are the boys who owe their start in life to his kindly guidance and aid, and many of those he has helped to begin right are owners of their own stores to-day.

Any sketch of this remarkable man would be incomplete without reference to the philanthropic feature of his personality. Not a day passes that the needy, far and near, do not receive aid known only to him and his Maker; and his public benefactions are numerous and generous in the extreme. It is delightful to know that he is held in high honor by those who have known him longest and best; and that the Society of Southern Women in New York have presented to the city a statue of the wise, the patriotic, the beneficent blind merchant.

XII.

A SCOTCH-IRISH IMMIGRANT BOY: WHO SAVED HIS MONEY AND HAD AN EYE FOR INVESTMENTS.

THE PERCEPTION OF OPPORTUNITY; INTEGRITY; EARNESTNESS; AND ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

Samuel Sloan, the president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, was eighty-two years old when I called upon him. He came to America as a child, and was educated in the public schools of New York. At fourteen he was fitting for Columbia College, but the death of his father made it needful for him to enter an importing house as a clerk.

Once fairly started in his first employment, the boy turned his whole attention to making a business career for himself. He did not cultivate an intimacy with the easy-chair in the office. He did not watch the clock for quitting-time, or the calendar for pay-day. He worked hard for the interests of his employers, and was not long in giving promise of a brilliant future. His employers advanced him from one position of trust to another, until he commanded the best salary in the place. He was indefatigable. Even when a junior clerk he learned the requirements of the business thoroughly. For twenty years he never faltered in his devotion to the house.

SAVING AND INVESTING.

In speaking of this period of his life, Mr. Sloan said to me:

"I never regret the hard work I put in there. It gave me my wide acquaintance with men, with the value of money in the sense of capital, and with the ways of letting money earn money. No matter what my salary was, I saved some of it, and sought careful investments. It was here I earned my first thousand dollars, and saw it grow to five thousand in a few years. In fact, my savings were considerable before the end of my connection with the house."

This saving of money and the thrifty habits he had learned stood him in good stead against the hour of a great opportunity.

Living in Brooklyn, his good judgment as a business man was sought for the conduct of municipal affairs; he was afterwards made State senator by the votes of both parties.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

He had already a trained eye for seeing the main chance in business ventures. It was while serving the State at Albany, when he was about forty years old, that he recognized the great opportunity for a Hudson river railway. It was before Commodore Vanderbilt had turned his attention to rail traffic. Mr. Sloan saw his chance, when others did not. James Boorman had projected and built a single track road from the metropolis north, upon the east bank of the Hudson; yet it was poorly equipped with rolling stock, unfinished at its northerly end, and practically bankrupt when Mr. Sloan invested the bulk of his savings in the stock at seventeen cents on the dollar.

"That was the turning-point in my life," he declared. "I saw my work cut out for me. I was entitled to membership in the directorate and I took my place fully determined to rescue the road and make it pay. Governor Edwin D. Morgan and Moses H. Grinnell were elected to the same board. For ten years I devoted myself to the finishing, extending, and better equipment of the Hudson River Railroad. With what success you can judge when I say that under my care the stock rose gradually in value from seventeen cents to $1.30 per share."

Upon retiring from the presidency in 1864, in favor of Mr. Vanderbilt (who urged him in vain to stay), Mr. Sloan was already a rich man. His fellow-directors presented him with a superb service of plate costing $7,500, and a testimonial in the form of a letter, which said: "Permit us to add that it is the unanimous sense of the board that to your energy and fidelity, and to your judgment and ability, it is mainly due that the financial and material concerns of the company have been brought to the present condition of prosperity and strength."

After this he devoted himself to the affairs of the Lackawanna.

SUNDAY RAILWAY SERVICE.

"Why was it that you ordered your train service discontinued on Sunday, and have never resumed it?" I asked.

"Because I respect the Sabbath, and decline to ask my men to do work on that day which I would not do myself."

"The revenues of the road could be swelled by several millions a year by Sunday service," I suggested.

"Very likely. But they won't be while I am in con-

trol. We don't need the money, and our men are better off for the Sunday rest."

INTEGRITY, EARNESTNESS, AND ATTENTION TO DETAIL.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Sloan," I asked, "what traits of character offer the best promise of success in a beginner?"

The answer came like a flash: "First, integrity; second, earnestness; third, application to detail. A young man, or woman either, who possesses these is bound to win."

"Do you think these qualities are consistent with a Wall-street career?"

"Undoubtedly—unless you include cheap speculation. This is the clearing-house of America. Here is the financial pulse of the nation. Nowhere in the world does integrity find a readier appreciation. If a young man has the opportunity of an honorable career in finance, and he is possessed of these staying qualities, he will be heard from. But he must apply himself intensely—go into every detail, and study the questions connected with his work."

"How about the thirst for gold, and its accompanying demoralization?" I ventured.

"He must not be sordid. He must not permit the glitter of gold to blind him to the moral obligations of a Christian and a gentleman. Money is a means, not an end. Let him sacrifice a fortune, if need be, but never sacrifice a principle."

XIII.

THE BOY WHO BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN EXPRESS.

"It was either fish or cut bait with me," said Col. M. J. O'Brien, the president of the Southern Express, when I asked him about his early life. "My business career began when I was seven and a half years old. My father and mother had died; and to support my sisters I had to begin at once to earn my living. At first I received the enormous salary of twenty-five cents a week in the publishing house of John Murphy and Company, Baltimore, for attending to a roller. Later I became a clerk in a wholesale drug house, — that is," — and Colonel O'Brien paused, — "I opened the store in the morning and swept it out, and I rose to be a full-fledged dispenser of medicines. All this time the red wheels and the green bodies of the Adams Express wagons had a peculiar fascination for me.

"I was increasing in years and stature, and finally went to the Adams Express office, and importuned an official there so persistently for a position that, to get rid of me, — as I believe, — he offered me a job as a driver at Memphis, Tenn., doubtless thinking that would scare me off. A condition was that I was to leave the day after the next — the Fourth of July. I accepted, borrowed thirty dollars, and started for Memphis.

"My first trouble rose through want of knowledge — whether, in hitching up a horse, it was the bridle or the breeching-strap that belonged in the animal's mouth. All the money I had to my name — twenty-five cents — I had to pay a man for that important piece of information;" and Mr. O'Brien's eyes twinkled at my laughter.

HIS EDUCATION.

"But what was your education up to that time?" I inquired.

"When I was eight years old, I reasoned with myself that an education was necessary. I attended night school, and later a school under the supervision of the Sisters of Charity. When I was able to afford it I paid for instruction. If I had to start life over again my first aim would be to secure a college education. My education for the most part has been gained in the school of experience. It is a hard master, but what you learn you never forget. It is impressed indelibly upon your mind.

"Well, when I first put my foot on the step of an express wagon, in Memphis, I determined that it should lead to better things, that with intelligence and application it should earn for me a higher position; and that I would labor heart and soul for its attainment. In other words, my ambition was strong. I had an eye solely for advancement, performing my duties honestly and faithfully.

"Many were the nights that I slept in my wagon, on the bluff, waiting in uncertainty for the arrival of a steamer that would carry my freight and other matter to New Orleans and other points. The competition between the boats was very great in those days, and I was a person much sought after by the captains. My first duty after my arrival in Memphis, of course, was to repay the

money I had borrowed. My salary at first was thirty dollars a month. Out of that I had to pay twenty-five dollars a month for board and lodging at the cheapest place, so it took some time for me to get on a square footing with the world. Every boat that came along made me stay to some meal. I quickly saw that it was unnecessary for me to pay for board in Memphis, when I was continually dining out; and therefore I merely kept a room, which was a saving of twenty dollars a month. I suppose I could have shown favoritism to this or that captain, but I never did. I was working in the interest of the express company, and for them I worked solely. The first boat that touched received whatever I had, that it might be dispatched to another point as quickly as possible, and facilitate the service."

HIS FIRST SAVINGS.

"What were your first savings?"

"One dollar and a half; I remember it distinctly. When it reached that enviable mark, — one hundred dollars, — I felt like a millionaire. There is a great deal in putting aside your first one hundred dollars. I kept adding to it, little by little. I always lived within my means, and managed to save something. Most young men do not try to save and accumulate a nest-egg. The majority are extravagant and readily part with their earnings. It is well to form business principles early in life, and to learn to economize. It is the fundamental principle of business.

FROM SHIPPING CLERK TO A CASHIER.

"All the time I was a driver I kept looking higher. After a while my employers discovered that I could do something besides drive a wagon, and I was made a ship-

ping-clerk. At that time Memphis was the only channel through which, by steamboats, connections could be made with Vicksburg, New Orleans, and intermediate points. The character of my service as a shipping-clerk led in a year to my being sent to New Orleans to fill the place of cashier in that office. Previously, many business houses, including a bank, in Memphis had made me tempting offers. I turned a deaf ear, believing in the old adage that 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' If you have an object in view, don't swerve from it!

"Six months later, the Civil war broke out, and inflamed with patriotism, I left for Baltimore, hoping to enlist in a Confederate regiment in my native city. At that time the business of the Adams Express Company was so heavy in Washington that I was asked to accept temporary service in that city. I remained there six months, and then got through the lines near Louisville, and went South. I served on the gunboat 'Bienville,' under Captain Poindexter. My naval career was short and inglorious, being brought to an end without active service on account of threatening conditions that caused the self-destruction of the immature fleet. I went to Richmond, hoping that Secretary Mallory would give me a chance to win fame and glory. But the secretary of the treasury, who was present, induced me to reënter the express service in special charge of treasury shipments going from Richmond to points south. While discharging that duty, I was appointed by Robert Ould commissioner of the exchange of prisoners, to his bureau, and was attached to the staff of Major W. H. Hatch.

"After the war I was promoted from one position to another in the Southern Express Company, until in 1868 I was appointed general superintendent, and subsequently became vice president and general manager.

"The Southern Express Company, you know, was the Adams Express Company until 1860, when Mr. Plant, representing the holders of the latter's stocks in the South, purchased for them all the rights, titles, and contracts of the Adams Express Company covering the South, and created the Southern Express Company.

"Right here, I wish to speak about encouragement. I believe in it thoroughly. Slap a young man on the back and tell him he is doing well, if he is. There is nothing like it. Mr. Plant continually encouraged me by his words of approval, and by his genial manner toward me."

"Mr. O'Brien," I asked, "is there a marked road to success?"

"No rules can be laid down which will insure success. Circumstances play their part in every man's career, but with steady, honest endeavor, and unflinching zeal and determination, a young man can always meet with at least a fair share of prosperity, even if the goal of his ambition is not attained. It depends more upon self than luck. The youthful mind is often perplexed to know what profession or occupation to follow, but my belief is that when an avocation is selected it should be closely adhered to, and a young man should not be swayed by opportunities for temporary advancement in other fields. When he has made his choice he should, like the cobbler, 'stick to his last,' and there should be no limit to his ambition.

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

"The mind should be fixed upon the highest position; and the constant struggle to attain it is the strongest incentive to win success. Without disparaging educational influences, which cannot be valued too highly, the school of experience is a great one. Familiarity with

the smallest details of one's business is essential to the successful administration of any concern, and the man who has acquired his knowledge by working his way up, rung by rung, from the bottom, is the best equipped to direct those who perform the duties which he, at one time or another, himself discharged.

"There is nothing in existing conditions which should discourage young men in their pursuit of success.

"While their numbers are growing the opportunities are more numerous, and the young men of to-day have the same chance to win success as those of a quarter of a century ago. It rests entirely with the individual.

"Always be steadfast and loyal in promoting the interests of your employers, and let strict integrity be your guiding star. Feel that you are part and parcel of whatever business you are engaged in.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES.

"Make no promises which you are not sure can be fulfilled; and whenever higher honors are attained, do not forget that you once occupied a humble position; but, on the contrary, make your individual success the reason for words of encouragement that will stimulate the younger employee to persevere in his laudable ambition. A kind word costs nothing, and is self-repaying. Don't be forgetful of a mother's counsel.

"I think, on account of the common desire to expedite business, every one should learn stenography, telegraphy, and typewriting. Such men are in demand, and can find openings that prove stepping-stones to higher things. A knowledge of languages is also becoming more necessary on account of the growth of our country, and its interest in exportation.

"Stick to whatever you undertake after mature de-

deliberation, — that is my motto," concluded Col. M. J. O'Brien, a forcible, courteous gentleman, who started in life without any other resources than energy, skill, and integrity, and to-day controls the Southern express business of this country.

XIV.

A FARM BOY:

HOW GRIT, PROMPTNESS, ECONOMY, SAGACITY, AND PERSONAL COURAGE HAVE WON THE PRIZE.

One of the great generals of the War for the Union once said that he knew of no man who would make a better commander of an army corps than Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston.

This same general has known Colonel Pope for nearly forty years. He knew him in the army, and watched his career as the boy lieutenant of nineteen won rank on rank by sheer merit, until he led his regiment, the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, into Petersburg. He has known him in civil life, without other capital than good health, good habits, clear judgment, and an indomitable will, rising higher and higher, until, while still in middle life, he is a multi-millionaire, and the head of one of the greatest manufacturing concerns in the world. Colonel Pope's own workmen, at almost any time of the year, are numerous enough to form a full brigade. What wonder that any military man who knew these things would be glad to entrust him with the handling of an army corps if occasion should arise?

Colonel Pope's career is another of those from which a young man, whose inherited fortune is his head and his hands, can take much encouragement.

ALBERT A. POPE.

HE WAS A FAITHFUL BOY.

Before he was ten years of age he began working afternoons and during vacations for a farmer in Brookline, near Boston; and he never was a boy who shirked. He was full-blooded and bubbling over with animal spirits, and just as ready to resent a slight or an insult as any youngster in Suffolk County, but there was nothing sneaky or mean about him.

There are three things in which this ten-year-old farmer's helper differed markedly from his fellows: —

He was a natural leader: a natural trader: a natural money-saver.

Opportunity always comes for such a boy. Before he was thirteen years old young Pope had begun to buy fruit and vegetables from the farmers. He would go to them in the afternoon, make his purchases, and deliver to his customers before school in the morning. He carried the produce in a market basket on his arm. Later he hired his father's horse; and his market-wagon, with fresh vegetables and fruit, became quite a feature in the lower part of the town. He hired other boys to help him, and managed his affairs so thriftily that in one season he cleared more than one hundred dollars. The money-saving side of it is within the reach of any boy or young man, — so is the sturdy honesty that was characteristic of this young trader. No matter what the stress, young Pope always stood by his word.

HE KEPT HIS CREDIT FIRST-CLASS.

Young Pope's obligations were always met on time. From the first, he made it a rule *to pay every debt as soon as it was due.* This was vastly creditable to the poor boy who counted every cent, and who, to succeed,

must deny himself the spending money that other boys in his condition sometimes have. He was engaged in character-building as well as in credit-building.

HE NEVER SPENT BEFORE EARNING.

He kept careful account of his expenses. There are curiously interesting memoranda that young Pope made in those earliest days of struggle, — twenty-one cents of expense in one month, eighteen cents in another, and fourteen cents in yet another, — and that, too, while he was always with money in his pocket. This gives a clue to Colonel Pope's entire business career — *he never spent what he did n't have, and relatively very little of what he did have.* To this day, he has no patience with useless expenditure; and, although he has given away more than half a million dollars in charities and benefactions, and has surrounded himself with every sensible luxury, he is annoyed by anything that savors of waste. It would mean thousands and thousands more of happy homes if this knowledge and practice were universal.

THE BOY WAS IN DEMAND.

In 1858, when in his fifteenth year, he went as an assistant to a dealer in Quincy Market. The boy was getting on; he was in demand. Before sunrise in the morning, and after sundown in the evening, he rode back and forth in an open market-wagon with his employer, facing the severest weather, and never shrinking from any work. A few months later he began to work for a firm of dealers in shoe findings and leather, at four dollars a week. This was a life of drudgery — porter work, washing windows, cleaning sidewalks, carrying heavy bags and packages of material, running errands, etc. Four, five

miles, sometimes more, he trudged to his home, to save car fare. After a time his salary was five dollars.

AS A SOLDIER.

In the winter of 1861, when the mutterings of approaching war filled the air, young Pope began preparing for a soldier's life with the same systematic care that he had planned other enterprises in his boyhood. He studied the army regulations and tactics, carrying with him a copy of "Hardee" constantly. He familiarized himself with all the bugle-calls, which one of his sisters played for him as often as he wished.

In the summer of 1862, when Lincoln called for "three hundred thousand more," young Pope, at the age of nineteen, accepted the position of junior second lieutenant in Company I, of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers.

The regiment had not been long in service before he was made a first lieutenant, and, soon afterwards, a captain. He was employed on important detached services, and acted as commander of his regiment on many occasions.

HE ORGANIZED A REGIMENT IN A DAY.

Captain Pope was highly complimented by his superior officers for the ability and skill which he displayed in organizing in twelve hours a provisional regiment of artillery from the convalescent camp at Alexandria, with which force he advanced to the defence of Washington at the time of Early's raid, assuming command of Fort Slocum and Fort Stevens with forty-seven pieces of artillery.

He served in the principal Virginia campaigns, with Burnside in Tennessee, with Grant at Vicksburg, and under Sherman at Jackson, Mississippi. He commanded Fort Hell at Petersburg, and in the last attack led his

regiment into the city at the age of twenty-one years. He was breveted major "for gallant conduct at the battle of Fredericksburg;" and lieutenant-colonel "for gallant conduct at Knoxville, Poplar Springs Church, and in front of Petersburg," March 13, 1865. He was in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Sulphur Springs, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, Mississippi, Knoxville, Petersburg, and Poplar Springs Church. He was wounded slightly in one leg at Knoxville.

But it is not alone from a military point of view that Colonel Pope's army career is notable. The same habits of thrift and economy which had characterized him as a boy were carried into the service. *He saved his money.* While other officers were paying fifty cents a pound for butter, and treating themselves to costly delicacies, Colonel Pope was living very much as the private soldiers lived. And so, while men of his rank, and even general officers, came out of the service without a penny saved, he came back to civil life with over $3,000 in cash to his credit.

At the close of the war he returned to his former employer, but soon went into business for himself, in the line of slipper decorations and shoe manufacturers' supplies. Here his habits of thrift and his keen business judgment brought him success from the start, and he soon had a large and profitable trade.

HE FIRST SAW A BICYCLE IN 1876.

It was at the Centennial Exposition in 1876 that Colonel Pope first saw a bicycle. He was fascinated with the mechanism of the novel vehicle, and returned again and again to study the exhibit.

He soon became convinced that there was a great future for the bicycle, and he decided to become identified

with that industry. In 1877 he placed the first order for an importation of English machines, and in that year the Pope Manufacturing Company, for which he supplied the capital, was organized.

At thirty-five years old he had earned and saved the needful money.

The first order given for bicycles to be manufactured in the United States was in the spring of 1878. The Weed Sewing Machine Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, undertook this work, and was soon controlled and finally bought out by Colonel Pope.

In the interests of cycling, and for the purpose of educating the American mind to a proper appreciation of the advantage and profit of wheeling, he founded the "Wheelman;" and put upward of $60,000 into this enterprise. The same publication exists to-day under the name of "Outing."

He took the lead, and shouldered the expense of many of the suits between wheelmen and various city governments, the result of which was the throwing open of our public parks and boulevards for the use of bicyclers. These decisions practically placed the bicycle upon the same footing as a carriage or any other vehicle.

It was necessary in the earlier stages of the business to exercise great care in the matter of patents. All who owned any patented devices on the bicycle as a whole, or on appliances used in its construction, rushed in upon the pioneer company and demanded recompense in the way of royalties. Colonel Pope made it a point to buy outright all the patents which were considered valuable, and thus placed himself on a safe basis, at the same time greatly benefiting the general conditions of the trade by licensing others to manufacture under the rights which he controlled.

TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW.

Starting from the small beginning of manufacturing fifty machines in 1878, he has built up a phenomenal business, employing a capital of over $5,000,000, utilizing four factories at Hartford, Connecticut, with some eighteen acres of floor space, giving employment to more than three thousand expert mechanics, with an enrolled list of over three thousand eight hundred agents, and having a productive capacity of more than six hundred bicycles a day.

Through his untiring efforts Congress and many of the State legislative bodies have been aroused to the necessity of better roads; and throughout the United States the question of "Good Roads" is being agitated to such a degree through his persistent work, that the day is not distant when every legislative body in the country will be compelled to take measures along this line of needed reform.

Besides being president of the Pope Manufacturing Company, Colonel Pope is a director in other large concerns, as the American Loan and Trust Company. He is vice-president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, a life member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, one of the executive committee of the American Association of Inventors and Manufacturers, of the Hartford Board of Trade, and has been an official visitor of Wellesley College, and of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard College. He is also an officer or director in a great many other prominent corporations.

ECONOMICAL, NOT STINGY.

I have alluded to Colonel Pope's habits of economy and thrift, and to the influence they have had upon his suc-

cess in business. It is one thing to be economical, and quite another to be stingy or mean. Colonel Pope is economical; he is in no sense stingy. Waste of any kind in manufacturing or marketing seems a business crime to him. Waste of any sort annoys him. Said he to me one day: "When I see a man at a hotel order from the bill of fare a number of things that he does not want, and then muss them over and leave them just because they cost him nothing it makes me so uneasy that I hate to look at him. Such a man can't amount to much by himself. Every boy should be taught to save, to be careful of his clothes, careful of his food, careful of his money. It is n't possible for every man to become a millionaire, but it is possible for every one who has health to become independent."

I have often noticed Colonel Pope turning out superfluous electric lights, and I once saw an employee get a sharp reprimand because he started to do some casual figuring on a clean sheet of fine office paper.

There is no mystery about Colonel Pope's success in life. It is the natural outcome of conditions which any young man can create for himself in greater or less degree. And I am sure that, beginning now, such a boy would conquer wealth and position as this one did starting in 1858. It is all nonsense to say that opportunities no longer exist as they did then. The same lines may not present openings, but even greater possibilities are within reach all around.

XV.

A FARM BOY'S ROAD TO FAME.

PLOUGHMAN, TEACHER, LAWYER, LEGISLATOR — TOM WATSON.

Few public men in America are more interesting to-day than Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia. He was born on Sept. 5, 1858. His father was a tenant-farmer. He rented a farm of a few acres near the city of Augusta, and supported his family by its products and by doing work for his neighbors.

Tom was the oldest of the children. He became his father's right-hand helper, feeding and attending to their one mule, and doing anything else which his strength permitted. There were many mouths to feed, and so young Watson had little time for school. During the winter months, when other lads of his own age were free to go to school and enjoy their sports, he was busy hauling, to the neighboring city, the cord wood and light wood cut by his father. It was only when the land was being broken up, preparatory to putting in the next season's crops, and for the few weeks after the crops had been harvested, that the boy could go to school.

But his study was not limited to his school-days, for early in his life he learned the history of Alexander H. Stephens; and, taking him as a model, he studied at every possible opportunity.

STRUGGLING FOR AN EDUCATION.

When little more than sixteen, young Watson managed to spend one term in the Mercer University, at Macon, Ga. But it was to be the end of his dream of a college education, for his hard-earned dollars were soon spent, and his father's family still called for his active services to assist in their support. On his return from college, where he was known as the brightest boy in the freshman class, he determined to quit the farm and to try to get a place as teacher in the public schools. To obtain such an appointment, influence was required; but young Watson had no influence, and for weeks he trudged the streets of Augusta and the sandy roads of the surrounding country, begging work. Then learning of a vacancy for a teacher in the country, about fifty miles away, he set out to make his application with no other support than a letter of introduction from the school commissioner of Augusta. He was too late. A teacher had already received the appointment, but Tom learned of another vacancy still farther on. He again set out on his tramp through the country, this time to meet with success, and take charge of the school at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. That money all went to his father's household, the father having rented another place, which proved to be unhealthy, and where some of the family suffered constantly from chills and fever.

BEGINNINGS OF GREATNESS.

The next year Tom succeeded in getting a place in a school of Augusta. Then he began the study of law under Judge William R. McLaws, who, two years later, presented him to the bar for examination. Tom was so poor, at this time, that the judge requested the clerk of

the court to "credit Thomas E. Watson for a license fee," which the clerk did. For one year he returned to his teaching and practised law in the justices' courts. At the end of this time he applied to one of his old school teachers, then living at Thompson, Ga., to trust him for a year's board and lodging, so that he could get upon his feet in the practice of his profession. His old friend generously consented, and this proved to be the turning-point in his career. Before that year was out, success in business had come to Tom Watson, and never since then has he had financial trouble.

At twenty-six he was one of the best-known men in his State, and one of its ablest and most eloquent lawyers. He was elected several times to the Legislature, where he became prominent as an advocate of all measures tending to help farmers. In 1890 he was elected to Congress, where he became the leader of the Populists of the South. He received the nomination of this party for the Vice-Presidency, when William J. Bryan was nominated for the Presidency. Although he knew defeat was inevitable, he was loyal to his principles, and refused to follow his friends' advice to decline the nomination.

His home, near the small town of Thompson, Ga., is one of the most comfortable in that part of the State. He has extensive planting interests, and besides his large law practice, he devotes much time to literature, and has written several books on historical subjects.

A distinguished man of his own State, who has known Mr. Watson from boyhood, when asked the reason for his remarkable success, said:

"Tom is earnest, indefatigable, and resourceful. He studies his cases. He goes into court and wins them. He displays marked oratorical power. Men have learned

to respect his ability, and to know that his character is above reproach. He does not chew, smoke, drink, swear, or gamble.

"Naturally nothing can prevent the success of such a compound of amiability, intellectuality, honesty, ambition, dauntless spirit, and industry. Any boy with those qualities will go to the top, no matter whence he starts."

XVI.

WHAT A BLIND FARMER CAN DO.

Everywhere are to be found men heroically doing the work of life under the burden of grave infirmities. Almost every community has such men and women. Blindness is one of the most trying of adverse conditions. Yet what marvels do the blind accomplish! Clinton, Ind., is justly proud of one John Walther, blind from his birth, yet successful as a farmer and fence-builder. Some things told of him by the "Indianapolis Journal" would be incredible to those not familiar with the achievements of the blind.

Until he reached manhood, John lived on a farm with his father, and it was not uncommon to see him drive to the city with a load of corn, wheat, or other farm products. A piece of ground was given to him, and each year he would plant and cultivate a big garden, whose products he would market in Clinton, and place the proceeds to his credit in the bank. He would buy horses, cattle, and hogs. Even when a boy he was regarded as a good trader. It is now a common occurrence for John to stop in the middle of the road and trade horses with some jockey, and it is said that he is never worsted. He will go to any part of his father's large farm, unattended, in search of a truant horse or cow, and his searches are

usually successful. How he manages to distinguish the stock for which he is searching is a question which puzzles everybody, and a mystery which the blind man himself cannot or does not explain.

When he decides to go to town, he makes his way to the woods, and, with apparently as little difficulty as a man blessed with two good eyes, selects his favorite horse from perhaps a dozen grazing in the pasture. He has each season for years been a " hand " in the harvest field, and the farmers regard him as one of the fastest and most reliable wheat "shockers" in the neighborhood. It was three years ago during harvest that the blind man's brother became entangled in the machinery of a harvester and suffered a broken arm. As soon as the accident occurred, John started on a run from the field to the barn, and began hitching a team to a spring wagon.

He worked rapidly, and when the men bore the injured man to the house, the blind boy had the team hitched up, driven out in the road, and ready to start with his brother to a doctor in the city. He drove almost at breakneck speed, made the turns of the streets after reaching the city, and brought the horse to a standstill in front of a doctor's office. After assisting the wounded brother up the stairway into the office, he drew out his watch, slid his index finger quickly around the dial, and, with a sigh, remarked, "Just half-past ten — I was only twelve minutes driving to town."

There is no work on the farm that the blind man cannot do, and during idle times he builds and repairs fences. He can lay the "worm" of a rail fence as well as any man, and prides himself upon the rapid manner in which he gets along with the work. He built a plank fence along the gravel road in front of the Walther house. The line is perfectly straight, while the workmanship on the

fence and gates is not excelled by that of many men who can see and who profess to be carpenters.

Strangers visiting the Walther farm can hardly believe that the man they see at work is not in perfect possession of his senses. He apparently sees them coming, and asks their business in a hearty manner that conveys no suggestion of infirmity, and troublesome tramps have often been frightened away by the energetic voice which responded to their undesired approach. John Walther, too, is able to back his words with a strong arm, if necessary, against any one offering provocation, and he can defend himself just as effectively as if he had perfect eyesight. He knows the difference between friend and stranger even before a word has been spoken or a footfall heard, the intuition present more or less in every human mind being, in his case, acutely developed. The very atmosphere seems to convey to him the character of the person who is coming near. John Walther is in all respects one of the most remarkable examples of comparative success under the burden of physical infirmity that have been brought to public attention.

XVII.

THE BUTTER KING.

SEVENTY MILES OF COWS AND SEVEN MILLION POUNDS OF BUTTER.

John Newman, an English lad, came to this country when seventeen years old. He had a trade, that of a draper, and he worked for three dollars a week. He is now the butter king of the country, skimming the cream from an average of half a million quarts a day.

Newman was born in Bishop-Stortford, England, in 1842. There were eight boys in the family, more than could readily find labor; while there was no prospect in the hamlet for a man, an apprentice might find a place. At fourteen young Newman was apprenticed to a draper for three years, with no pay the first year but his board; a little pay the second year, and a trifle more the third. There are indications in his later success that he thoroughly and faithfully learned his trade; but he had a dull prospect before him, certainly no vista of prosperity. Things were in this condition when his Chicago aunt, Mrs. Robert Pinkerton, stirred him up with stories of American labor and American rewards. He yielded to her persuasion, and when his aunt returned to America John Newman sailed with her. But so rough was the voyage, and so severely did Neptune handle the English lad that when he arrived in New York he was not at all

disposed to sing that "Britannia rules the waves;" he, even now, has such unpleasant memories of the way in which he of the trident shook him up on that voyage, that he has resolved never to see dear old England again, until he goes over a suspension bridge from Sandy Hook to Land's End.

THREE DOLLARS A WEEK IN CHICAGO.

The travellers reached Chicago on a bright October morning in 1859, a year and a half before the beginning of the Civil War. The centre of the business section was then in the region of Randolph and Lake streets. The big houses of the day were Ross & Foster and Potter Palmer. Rivalry between these two gave the English lad an uplifting wave. He applied at once to Mr. Palmer for a position in the cloth department; this was on the very Saturday afternoon of his arrival in the great city. He started in on Monday morning, and received his three dollars at the end of the week, which covered his expenses with his landlord, lacking half a dollar. Like a crab, he was advancing backward.

But that faithful three years of apprenticeship in England began to tell. He showed that he knew cloth and knew how to sell it. The rival firms had him back and forth. Mr. Palmer went to New York and the rival firm tempted him with larger salary. Palmer got him back on his return. Thus he "see-sawed between the two great rival houses." But he was always discontented because he had no store of his own.

His chance came. The Crosby Opera House was to be opened; he made application for the management of miscellaneous matters in the auditorium of the house. "There are thirteen hundred applicants already," said Mr. Crosby to the little English fellow with the funny

little coat. "All right," replied Newman, "I am willing to be the thirteen hundred and first." His letters of recommendation gave him the prize, which he knew how to use. He hired the doorkeepers, ran the ushers and programmes, and owned, later, a hundred and twenty-five pairs of opera-glasses, which he rented. This was his first real business of his own.

Newman went to Elgin to visit the Pinkerton boys on their Dundee farm; this was at the close of the Civil War. The famous country store in Elgin was on one of the five corners about the centre circle owned by the McNeils. This store he bought, and his sign went up in 1865. Twice he was burned out, but each time he had a new stock two days after the fire.

THE ELGIN COWS AND CREAMERIES.

How he came to cast longing and loving glances upon the Elgin cow we do not know. It was probably the creamery that excited his love, and the cow for the sake of the creamery. For Lowrie, of the "Chicago Times-Herald," tells us that "Mr. Newman's aggregate cow was now composed, possibly, of twenty individuals. They gave enough milk to run a little factory, for which a little spring brook turned the wheel that drove the churn. The cow began to grow. It drew into its composite hide the aristocrats of the immediate Elgin district — proud animals that drink nothing but warm water in the winter, and live on clover blossoms in the summer, and cooked food in the cold weather. It grew to include the old-fashioned brindle cow of the careless farmer who thinks that all that looks like milk is milk. It has expanded until it is seventy miles long from end to end — a solid mottled procession of milkers." Think of a pro-

cession of cows that would reach from New York to Philadelphia!

"This aggregate cow now has fifty-five thousand members in its make-up, with large numbers of representatives in fifty-two towns. There is hustle and excitement at daylight as the force of dairymen go forth with big tin buckets to gather the crop from the herd. The milk is put into great cans, and long before the whistle sounds for the city workingman to march to his shop, this army of dairy-farmers is rattling over the country roads bound for one of the fifty-two factories which Newman built or bought" — the same English fellow who started with Potter Palmer at three dollars a week, forty years ago.

"The lines of wagons form in single file at the intake doors, and the contents of 14,600 cans — equalling about two-thirds of the milk-consumption of Chicago — are poured into the fifty-two vats, from which machines whirl off the cream, in steady streams, rejecting the blue remnant with twice the accuracy of a woman with a spoon."

The butter-king does not buy the milk, for milk is a very uncertain quantity. He buys the cream in the milk. Milk differs so much in the proportion of solid matter, the butterine material, that to buy so many quarts of the lacteal fluid would be an impossible way of doing business. The matter is calculated thus: An expert takes a sample every day from each can, which is put into a bottle marked with the patron's name; the aggregate samples are tested for the week for the percentage of butter fat or cream. Five pounds of butter to a hundred of milk is considered a high rate. The slip-shod farmer's contribution may not test over two pounds of butter to the hundred pounds of milk. Newman's system has been one of the great factors in making the Elgin district the

most famous butter country in the world. It even puts its product on sale in some of the English cities.

THE CREAMERY FARM AREA.

The aggregate Newman farm for cows contains about 250,000 acres; and Newman receives between seven and eight million pounds of butter a year, an almost incomprehensible bulk of cream-fruit. "A stack of the tubs would build a high fence around the great pyramid. A day's output would spread a slice of bread as big as Cook county — and spread it good and thick. A year's output spreads — a bewildering slice."

This English lad has served as president of the Elgin Board of Trade, and of the Board of Education. He is a good example of what boys of sterling qualities can do on American soil, no matter from what land they come to our hospitable shores.

XVIII.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BANKING:

HONESTY AND STRENGTH OF WILL; COURTESY, ECONOMY, SELF-CULTURE.

SIXTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

President Williams, of the Chemical Bank, New York, has had sixty years' experience in banking.

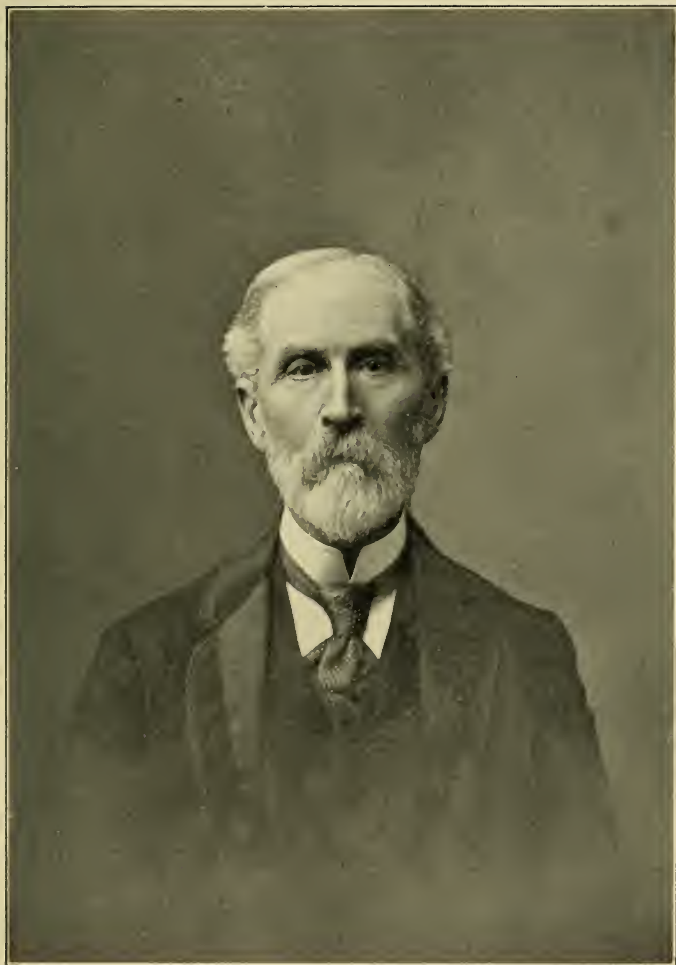
"Does the banking business require any peculiar talent in those who pursue it?" Mr. Williams was asked.

"No," he replied, "any intelligent, fairly educated man or boy may enter upon it with a chance of success. He must, however, be scrupulously, even rigidly, honest, and strong-willed. These qualities are absolutely indispensable. A young man may possess the former, but if the latter be lacking in his character he would better seek some employment involving less temptation than banking. The first thing we do when we contemplate engaging a young man is to satisfy ourselves that he is honest and of a strong will; the rest does n't bother us; having such material to work with we can soon make a banker."

THE VALUE OF COURTESY.

"What conduced to your success from the start?"

"Politeness. When I became assistant paying-teller I at once recognized the necessity of uniform courtesy to all. It was then that the formative influences of early life became of practical value to me. My childhood had



GEORGE G WILLIAMS.

been spent in a professional atmosphere. Culture and refinement surrounded me at home, and I'd have been a pretty poor specimen of humanity if I had not imbibed some of it. My father and mother took no pains to conceal their contempt for duplicity and cowardice. I learned to share their esteem for those qualities, and have tried to impart my feelings in this respect to all those who came under me in the bank.

"I at first observed that many a shabby coat hid a package of bonds or a snug sum of money, and that magnificent attire did not always cover a millionaire. This knowledge suggested to me the prudence, as well as justice, of being courteous on all occasions; and I have always made it a rule of the bank that its employees must be courteous to every one. Many an important customer is lost to a bank through the incivility or neglect of an employee. We act on the principle that an ounce of politeness saves a ton of correction, and that no institution can become so great or independent as to successfully ignore the rules of courtesy.

"I cannot too emphatically impress upon young men," continued Mr. Williams, "the absolute indispensability of politeness. In this bank the officers and clerks are always civil to whosoever enters the doors, and the example thus set clerks and messenger boys coming in here has borne good fruit, as we have been told by their employers. *If I had twenty tongues I'd preach politeness with them all—for a long experience has taught me that its results are tangible and inevitable. It is the Aladdin's lamp of success.*"

BANKING AS A PROFESSION.

"Is banking a profession or a trade?"

"Neither and both. It depends largely upon the man.

Some men will make a trade of a profession, while others lift a trade up to the standard of a profession."

"Please give an illustration?"

"Some men go into a bank with no other ambition than to be useful machines; at a salary, and in a position for life. This is by no means an illaudable ambition, as such men have doubtless recognized their inability to grasp questions of finance; and their desires are measured by their capacity. These intellectual machines are an invaluable part of the mechanism of a bank, and if the president be wise he will treat them well, pay them fairly, and try to keep them contented. Of course, the men I refer to are often brilliantly able men, but they are philosophically resigned to a good, steady situation, that secures to themselves and their families a comfortable income."

WHEN HE LEARNED A GREAT LESSON.

"When did you learn your first great lesson in banking?"

"When I became a discount clerk. The handling of commercial paper is one of the most difficult of the functions of a bank. Any fairly educated man can acquire the technical features of banking, but *the science of banking is the study of men.* Now, the discounting of paper peculiarly involves such a study. In this department I learned that the bases of all great institutions are in the character of the men who control them, and not in the brick and mortar, steel rails, or money which are behind them.

PERSONAL ECONOMY.

"A man may be a member of a most reputable and wealthy concern, but if his habits are expensive, beyond what his means warrant, be very careful about his paper,

or his firm's. He may not be living actually in excess of his income, but he is in a dangerous way. This principle applies equally to great corporations, which from time to time require loans on their securities.

"Finance is so intimately connected with all human affairs, that the man at the helm of a great bank must watch all points of the compass for warnings of impending storms. It is the study and knowledge of extraneous matters in their relation to finance that make banking a profession.

HASTE TO BE RICH.

"I have no sympathy," said Mr. Williams, upon another point, "with any man's ambition to become rich over night. Such an ambition is unwholesome and dangerous, and is the offspring of aggravated avarice and ill-advised enterprise. One can count on the fingers of a single hand, almost, all the men in this country who have suddenly acquired riches and have retained them.

"Why? Because *it takes longer to learn how to take care of wealth than it does to learn how to acquire it.* As the founder of the house of Rothschild once said: '*It is easier to make money than to keep it.*' A great many men, however, who have been years laying the foundations of great fortunes, have become famous in a day, but to them, of course, I do not refer."

THE SAVING HABIT FOR YOUNG MEN.

"What advice, Mr. Williams, would you give young men?"

"A young man should not only live within his income, no matter how small, but should save a little. This may be hard to do, but it is indispensable; and I don't know of a successful man, who has made his own money, who has not had to do it.

THE READING HABIT FOR YOUNG MEN.

"He should remember that knowledge increases his capacity to make money, and so should devote his evenings to study and reading. He should also avoid bad company, not only in people, but in books and newspapers. Self-denial is at times painful, but it is part of the fiery ordeal that produces the true metal. The value of time is too little appreciated, and cannot be measured by money.

TEMPTATION.

"A young man should be careful to avoid temptation beyond what he has strength of mind to resist. Temptation is necessary, and strengthens character, if resisted; but it is a very dangerous thing to trifle with.

The great trouble with most country boys who come to the city is that they have n't sufficient stamina to resist temptation. All such would do better to stay at home. The cause of disaster to so many country boys in the city is not in themselves so much as in their surroundings. They are sociably inclined, but have as a rule no society, save that which they pick up, and which too often proves not only unprofitable, but actively pernicious. The city boy on the other hand has the advantages of home and high social influences to guide and restrain him."

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS.

"What, Mr. Williams, do you consider the first essential of success?"

"The fear of God."

It was a significant answer, which came so quietly, yet so quickly, so gently, yet so uncompromisingly, from the man who has, for nearly half a century, practically shaped the policy and controlled the affairs of the mightiest

financial institution of the western hemisphere — the Chemical National Bank.

"What do you consider the most laudable ambition of man?"

"Live to build up a temple within yourself. Fear God and do your duty — that means, to yourself and to your fellowmen. God has given you the rough marble; shape it into divine form or shatter it, as you will. It all rests with you."

PRESIDENT WILLIAMS' PERSONALITY.

He is a son of Connecticut, and descended from one of the most distinguished Welsh-New England families. His remote ancestor, Robert Williams, a cousin of Roger Williams, settled at Roxbury, Massachusetts, shortly after the landing of the Pilgrims. From this sturdy Welshman descended the third president of Yale College, and also Colonel Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College. In this branch of the family is numbered William Williams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, David Williams, one of the three captors of Major John André, and General Jonathan Williams, who founded the Engineer Corps at West Point.

Doctor Datus Williams, the father of the subject of this sketch, resided and practised for nearly half a century in East Haddam, Connecticut, and was one of the leading men of the State. George G. Williams was born at East Haddam, in 1826, and was educated in the public schools and in Brainard Academy. It was at first his purpose to go to college and prepare for the bar; but at fifteen years of age he was offered a position as first assistant paying-teller of the Chemical Bank, which he accepted, and five years later succeeded to the position of paying-teller.

The next step in his promotion was to the discount

desk, and in 1855 he was made cashier, to succeed his old friend, John Q. Jones, who had been raised to the presidency of the bank. In 1878, upon the death of Mr. Jones, Mr. Williams was made president. A friend said, that Mr. Williams had been practically president of the bank for forty-four years, as the duties and cares of the head of the institution devolved upon him long before he was president in name.

The Chemical National Bank was incorporated in 1823 as the Chemical Manufacturing Company. It was re-organized in 1844, with a capital of $300,000, in 3,000 shares of $100 each. No dividend was declared for five years; as the policy of the bank was to gain public confidence by accumulating a large surplus, and the profits were put into the reserve fund. As a pioneer in the principles of security and strength in banking the Chemical Bank has been successful, and it is due very largely to Mr. Williams' rigid adherence to these principles that the bank occupies its present proud position. At the end of the first five years the dividends paid upon the bank stock amounted to fifteen per cent. every two months, with an additional ten per cent. annually, making one hundred per cent. a year. The bank's surplus is now more than six millions, while, since 1888, a dividend of one hundred and fifty per cent. per annum has been paid. The bank has issued no circulating notes, and the capital is still the same as in 1844. On the rarest of rare occasions shares of Chemical Bank stock are sold, usually in the settlement of some estate. The market value to-day for each $100 share is about $4,500.

ONE OF NEW YORK'S LEADING FINANCIERS.

Mr. Williams is one of the men of whom New York and the whole country may be justly proud, as he has

never failed to put his shoulder to the wheel, with other financiers, in times of great national financial stress. In 1893 Mr. Williams was president of the New York Clearing House Association, and an *ex-officio* member of the committee, now historic, which so courageously checked the progress of the panic, prevented a disastrous collapse, and turned the tide to a restoration of confidence. Mr. Williams is connected with the Union Trust Company, the United States Life Insurance Company, the Eagle Fire Insurance Company, the Fidelity and Casualty Company, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

He is not particularly a club man, but belongs to the Metropolitan and the Riding Clubs, and is a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the New England Society.

In 1867 Mr. Williams married Virginia King, of Massachusetts. Mrs. Williams is a graduate of Rutgers Female Seminary, of New York City.

XIX.

LINCOLN BANK:

A BOY PUT UPON HIS HONOR; THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

THOMAS L. JAMES, President of Lincoln Bank, New York, has a kindly face yet fearless. He impresses one at sight as of a strong vigorous nature, honest to the core. An erect and large-framed man, his manners are simple and courteous.

His grandparents came to this country from Wales about the year 1800. Among his ancestors was the celebrated Arctic explorer, Captain Thomas James, after whom James Bay was named.

HIS FATHER PUT HIM ON HONOR.

When I asked what particular home influence was most potential in forming his character, he replied:

"My father and mother never watched me, that I know of. They relied entirely on my honor. This developed in me a spirit of truthfulness and responsibility which has been of immense advantage to me. My father's theory was: 'If you treat a boy as if you thought he were honest you will bring out all the better instincts of his nature.'"

General James was born in Utica, New York. After being graduated from the high school of that city he

entered the service of the proprietor of the Utica "Liberty Press," as an apprentice, to learn the printer's trade.

"My first experience," said he, "was in folding and rolling newspapers, for which I got a dollar a week at the start. After a while my weekly salary reached the munificent sum of a dollar and a half, and I started

A SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT.

"When at length I got two dollars a week I thought that the world contained little more to be looked for. The horizon of my ambition was circumscribed by the possibilities of my native town. Beyond it I had hardly dared, even in imagination, to penetrate.

"In those days," Mr. James said to me, "apprentice boys boarded in the families of their employers, who took a kindly interest in them, and saw that they kept good habits and good company, and that their leisure hours were devoted to profitable uses. I cannot too strongly emphasize the great benefit of such a custom. Boys, instead of hanging about on street corners, enjoyed the good and refining influence of home life, and the society of reputable men and women. Drinking, gambling, and other vices were not tolerated; and when a boy left such a home he had a good strong body and a good strong moral character to enter the battle of life with. Another great advantage of this custom was that the employer and employee were brought into close personal contact. They exchanged views from their respective standpoints. Each was taught to sympathize with and understand the other. It was an association of labor with capital, and I know that if there were more of that sort of thing to-day there would be fewer strikes, and no occasion for walking delegates.

"That custom had its effect on my life, and it has been a cardinal point with me to have my door always open to my employees to come and talk with me on their personal affairs or their duties."

AS A NEWSPAPER MANAGER.

General James's first newspaper venture was when he purchased the "Madison County Journal," which was a Whig organ published in Hamilton, N.Y.

In politics he was singularly courteous and considerate, judiciously advocating his views without alienating those who thought otherwise.

President Grant appointed General James to the postmastership of New York. Here he did such important work in increasing the postal facilities that the commercial public, regardless of political creed, was prepared to demand his retention in office in case a Democrat should succeed Grant as President.

"I made myself familiar with the minutest details of the work," said Mr. James to me upon this point. "I found it was largely a matter of knowing the men — of finding out the individual capacity of each. A man, in order to be worked economically, must not be overworked; he must be taught that those in a position of authority over him are actuated by a spirit of justice in their treatment of him. There must always be a feeling of good fellowship between superior and subordinate, a oneness of purpose in the work."

THE STAR-ROUTE PROSECUTION.

General James's career as postmaster-general under Garfield, although brief, was famous for several reasons. He discovered an annual deficit of about two millions of

dollars, which had existed previous to 1865, and had varied from year to year. Reorganization and retrenchment were in order. A wholesale reduction of the post-office force took place. The reductions that were made in the expenses of the "star-route" and steamboat services alone amounted to more than two millions of dollars, and the coöperation of General James with the department of justice in the "star-route" prosecutions was one of the great events of his career. Subsequently he sent a report to Congress advocating the expediency of two-cent letter postage. The fame of his post-office reforms both in New York and Washington became so great that experts were sent from foreign governments to investigate his methods.

After serving for ten months as chief of the postal service General James resigned, and returned to New York to take the presidency of the Lincoln Bank, which he still holds.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

As our brief interview was coming to a close, I asked — "Do you consider a young man's chances as good to-day as they were when you were a boy?"

"Yes," he replied, "they are much better; particularly in the West, in the mining and railway engineering professions."

"What do you regard as the greatest element of success in the men you have known?"

"*Intense earnestness, pluck, and perseverance.* There is very little of such a thing as genius in the world. When a man is called a genius it generally means that he has gotten to know more about a certain thing than anybody else. It is n't genius that makes a horse go in

two-twenty: it is first, that he is a good horse; and next, that he is thoroughly trained to perform the task."

"To what do you attribute your success as a banker?"

"*Being here early and staying late;* and having an admirable board of directors, not an ornamental board, merely figureheads, — but actual directors."

"What would you advise a young man to do in order to succeed?"

"*Live within his income.*"

XX.

THE VALUE OF ENERGY, ALERTNESS, SELF-CONTROL:

THE POSSIBILITIES OF ACHIEVEMENT DEPICTED BY ONE WHO HAD A GREAT CAREER IN INDIA.

"THE world was never before so rich in opportunities for a young man as it is to-day," said Sir Richard Temple to the writer, recently. "The old saying that there is plenty of room at the top is as true to-day as it ever was. And this room is not reserved for age and experience. It is for the young man if he will gain it by hard work, and hold it with the ability and integrity which a position of responsibility demands."

Such words from such a man should inspire every youth who reads them, for Sir Richard began at the bottom and earned for himself an extraordinary career.

To start life with a modest clerkship in the East India Company, and to rise to the governorship of multi-millions of her majesty's Indian subjects, is surely a remarkable achievement.

Yet Richard Temple did this, and more. The story of his life is exemplary; it is fascinating and full of golden lessons.

When I arrived at Worcester, I found the Temple carriage waiting, and then followed an hour's delightful ride over hill and dale, along winding roads, hedge-bor-

dered, from which sloped fair fields in such perfect cultivation that the country seemed like one vast, well-kept park.

Turning from the highway into the Temple estate, the road wound through avenues of tall trees, between which one could obtain a glimpse, now and then, of "The Nash," a quaint and many-gabled old red house with tall chimneys, and ivy clambering about the latticed windows. A wonderful old house it is, worthy of a volume in itself.

For a man who has lived so busy a life serving his country Sir Richard is a thoroughly travelled man, and it is remarkable what a profound and varied knowledge he possesses of all countries and peoples. It is many years since he visited the United States, yet he retains the liveliest memories of the distinguished men he met, and of the cities he visited. He was governor of India at the time President Grant made his famous tour of the world, and it devolved upon him to receive and entertain our great warrior. It is a memory he cherishes, for he recalled to mind incidents of that time as if they happened but yesterday.

After dinner he took me to walk about the grounds, pointing out the beauties of the garden and hothouses, for he is a devoted lover of flowers; and, while we walked, he talked to me about the object of my visit, — since I had asked him for words of counsel for youthful readers in America.

"Yes," he said; "this is the age of young men, and the pity is that they do not realize it more. What power, what wonderful

POSSIBILITY OF ACHIEVEMENT

there is in youth. Du Maurier has said, speaking of human possibilities, that each of us stands within a tri-

angle, the sides of which he called heredity, birth, and education; that we can act and achieve only within these set limits. It serves well enough as a figure, but too many young men rest supinely within the triangle who might step beyond it.

"I am what I am! That was my motto. Heredity certainly stands for something, but achievement stands for more. I began my work when quite young. At twenty-two I was in command. At twenty-five I held a most important position. That should be the rule. If a man is to do anything let him do it while young. At twenty-five he should be in the fullness of mental and bodily strength. At fifty he is no better, save for a certain polish.

"The mistake many young men make is in their ignorance of themselves, and their lack of

SELF-CONTROL.

An ancient philosopher has said that he who conquers himself is greater than he who takes a city. How can a young man expect to conquer in the battle of life if he has not learned first to become master of himself?

"Temper has ruined many a man. It should be absolutely controlled in public and in private life. There is nothing else that will cause such a waste of the vital tissues as anger. Perhaps you noticed that Latin inscription over the fireplace in the oak room, — *pulcherrimum genus victoriæ seipsum vincere,* — 'the fairest kind of victory is self-conquest.' It was the motto of my ancestors: it has been mine, and has influenced all my life.

"The days of youth should be spent in preparation; but it should be preparation of the right sort. A young man should early make up his mind what he wants to do; and then prepare for that with all his heart.

"Failures come in life, not always from lack of ability, but from lack of

ENERGY AND ALERTNESS.

Failures are more often the result of opportunities being missed through inertness than from any other cause.

"Robert Peel did a great deal for our young men in his lectures. I remember how he urged always, that success can be achieved only by making use of every moment. 'Never lose time! Never lose time!' — that was the watchword he would have young men take.

"If I were asked to epitomize advice to young men in the briefest phrase possible, I cannot think of anything better than to echo those three words, — 'Never lose time.' Failures come from doing nothing.

"Young men should be active, ready for any and every emergency. I remember an object lesson I received when a very young man, which impressed me greatly. A famous boat had been constructed, and, strange to say, the builders had made a very remarkable error of judgment. They had made the boat so large that it was impossible to launch it. I do not recall just the details of the affair, but I know all the great engineers in the country were called in for advice. But, great as they were, they were helpless, and it seemed as if the beautiful ship was doomed to destruction.

"One day there came a young man, unknown to fame, who looked at the boat. He was a youth of resources, of ideas; moreover, he had courage to believe in himself. His plan for saving the ship was laid before the firm of shipbuilders. It was received not too warmly, but he was given permission to try. That was all he needed. He lifted the boat right out of its perilous position.

"'It can't be done!' That was the encouragement he

received. But it did not daunt him. He did it. Readiness and action, with good sound ideas as a basis, can overcome seemingly insuperable difficulties. That young man eventually became one of the greatest engineers of the century.

"That is what young men should remember, to be always ready and to be energetic. This, you will see at once, means that one must be always preparing. He must be studying and striving always.

OBSERVATION.

"I think observation is a quality that is not made so much of as it should be. No matter what a man's business, he should put his best thought into it. It matters not whether he is a laborer or a prime minister. He is more valuable to himself and his employer if he is a thinker. He cannot be such unless he observes keenly, trains his eyes to take in everything about him, and his mind to reflect upon it.

"There is no better training for this than to cultivate a taste for drawing and painting. Every one should make it as much a part of his education as 'the three R's.' To be sure, it is very necessary that there should be a good mental balance, or else many would be led to think that they are great masters, and would have an absurd desire to become artists; and so, going astray, they would lead a miserable existence by struggling to become artists; when, if they had simply made that a pastime, a recreation, and followed some more sensible work, they would become more happy and useful in the great beehive of life, where there is room only for honest, energetic workers.

SPECIALISTS.

"What do I think of the tendency toward specializing in every business? Ah, that is a peculiar result of the mode of life that has developed toward the close of this century. It is very different from what it was even twenty-five years ago.

"It is very good for a young man to become a specialist, because it is a necessity of the times. But I am of the opinion that it can be carried too far. No man should so utterly wrap himself up in one phase of business as to make him ignorant of what is going on about him in other ways, and especially should he guard against becoming a specialist in any line of business to the extent of ignoring other branches of the same general work. Yet this is done constantly.

"I will tell you a story that will illustrate this. When I was in India one of my staff officers was a mathematician of unparalleled brilliancy; but while he was squaring the circle a riot was arising.

"Knowledge is the great thing to possess. It holds to-day and always will. Knowledge is power. First, acquire general knowledge, then special. Profound learning is a splendid thing, but knowledge is better.

FAILURES IN LIFE.

"What causes failures? Many things. I think success is due largely to heredity. What I mean by success being hereditary is that birth counts for a good deal; that one may inherit qualities and gifts which, if put to the best use, by an energetic spirit, will insure the highest form of success, — on the other hand, if abused, they stand for nothing. I have seen many young men possessing eminent gifts, starting out well in life, make

terrible failures. The reasons for it have been many, but chief among them may be mentioned, I think, lack of energy, and an improper knowledge — an inability I might say — to realize what life means, and why they are here.

"I will quote for you a classic line that is a favorite of mine, and one I remember always. I hope it may be an inspiration to the youth of America as it has been to me. It is:

"'Strive to excel in whatever you undertake, and to win in open competition.'"

XXI.

THE RELATION OF PLODDING TO SUCCESS:

THE PREMIER OF CANADA.

"It is the gift of plodding." These words were spoken to me, one afternoon recently, by Wilfrid Laurier, the brilliant Canadian premier, as he sat in his sitting-room at the Shoreham Hotel.

Sir Wilfrid is a remarkably fine specimen of physical manhood. He is tall and well proportioned, with a fine head, clean shaven face, and brown hair which is fast changing to gray; and, as he wears it rather long, it adds to the classic cast of his features. He has the bluest of blue eyes, and a frank way of looking at the one he is addressing which stamps his words with sincerity.

He was speaking of the element of success in life; and, as he uttered the words quoted above, he struck the arm of his chair with a large, shapely hand, which bore the trace of character to every pointed finger tip.

"It is not a popular axiom just now, when all the world seems in a mad rush, but success comes from plodding," he went on. "The young man who determines above all else to become rich, and who closes his eyes to everything but the almighty dollar, who stops at nothing and spares no time or pains in the effort for wealth, but who, at the end of his life, can write his check for a mil-

lion dollars, no doubt considers that he has won success; the scholar who burns the midnight oil, who turns deaf ears to the siren voice of pleasure, and buries himself in his books, succeeds in winning knowledge; the statesman who bends every energy toward mastering statecraft is successful in becoming the great leader of his party. They all succeed. And why? Because they have possessed the gift of plodding.

THE BOY WHO PLODS, AND THE BOY WHO DOES NOT.

"I was glancing over the Canadian papers just before you came in, and in one of them I saw a list of names of the young men who will shortly be admitted from a certain school to the Canadian bar. I know two of these young men; I know them well. One of them is unusually bright; I don't think I ever met a more fortunately equipped lad. He has a most receptive memory, and a pleasing manner of address. He can learn anything he undertakes; and, in consequence, it was an easy matter for him to lead his classes, when he so determined. He has the natural endowments to make a great lawyer; and yet I doubt, I exceedingly doubt if he will ever become one, because he lacks perseverance; and, while he begins everything well, he seldom ends anything well.

"The other lad has not such bright endowments — none of the flash and brilliancy of the first one; but I feel morally certain that there is a great future before him. He is n't ashamed to plod; he is grit all the way through. He undertakes a matter, and if it is hard he grapples with it; he tussles with it, and he sticks to it until he conquers it. He is a French boy, but in his power of perseverance he is thoroughly Scottish; and that is why I say that some day he will become a great

jurist. He will succeed, because he has the gift of plodding."

EDUCATION.

"And what do you consider is the most essential requisite to a young person's success in the battles of life, Sir Wilfrid?"

"Most assuredly, in this age of the world, education must be the underlying foundation for the future success of either a young man or woman. They should determine that no sacrifice is too great, no struggle too hard, which will give them thorough education. The higher the education the better the chances in life will be. The uneducated youth is handicapped to-day; ten years from now he will be hopelessly so, for each passing year will enhance the value of education. If money is the object, cultivated brains command money; without them success in the professions is an impossibility, and there is no avocation which is not helped by them. For this reason the importance of an education as a stepping-stone to success can scarcely be over-estimated."

PERSONAL.

Sir Wilfrid is of French extraction. His ancestors were among those who left the land of "sunshine and romance," and founded "La Nouvelle France." The elder Laurier was a provincial land surveyor, and expected his son to follow his profession; but while still a mere boy Wilfrid showed the natural bent of his mind; for, whenever he could do so, he would leave his school to go to the court room to listen to the legal contests going on there. His father very wisely encouraged this inclination, and placed him in the school of L'Assomption, where he received his college education, and after which

he studied for the bar under the famous Rodolphe La Flamme, who, seventeen years later, was associated with him in the government under Alexander Mackenzie.

A STRONG SENSE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

From his earliest youth Sir Wilfrid has always had a strong sense of right and wrong, and it is this instinct which has governed his professional life. No question has ever been too difficult for him to weigh its details, and to decide its merits; and, having thus decided, to be an unflinching advocate of what he deemed right. In consequence of this he has had frequently to face intense opposition, which has called for high courage on his part. This was notably true in the attack he made on Ultramontanism in 1877. He began his public life in 1871; in 1874 he entered the House of Commons, and soon became actively identified with the Liberal party. He has always been a devoted Roman Catholic, but shortly after he entered the House of Commons he became convinced that the best government is that which is separated from church interference, and he did not hesitate to say so. This brought him enemies, but when, in 1877, he made his fierce attack on Ultramontanism, and on the floor of the House declared that the priests of the parishes had no right to intimidate voters, he created vehement feeling, and many of his best friends thought he had committed political suicide. He was defeated at the next election, but it was not long before time proved the wisdom of his position, and he was returned to the House.

In 1878 Alexander Mackenzie invited him into his cabinet, where he was given the portfolio of Inland Revenues. In 1896 he became premier of the Liberal-Conservative government, a position he still holds.

Sir Wilfrid is one of the well-known supporters of the

temperance cause in the Dominion. He is a leader among men because he has a reputation for unsullied integrity, great executive ability, commanding eloquence, and because he has a kindly heart, chivalrous instincts, and a thoroughly lovable nature. He married, in 1868, Miss La Fontaine, and the union has been a most happy one. Lady Laurier has proved herself as great a leader in society as her distinguished husband has been in politics, and their home in Quebec has always been noted for its hospitality.

XXII.

JOHN SHERMAN'S BOYHOOD.

John Sherman was five years old, and his brother, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, eight, when their father died. The widowed mother was left with eleven children, the oldest, Charles, being eighteen years old, and at college; the youngest, Fanny, an infant of three months. The family was not in poverty, but, considering the number in it, "with spare means of support," to use John's phrase. The father, Charles Robert Sherman, was the son of a Connecticut judge; he and Mary Hoyt Sherman rode to the wilderness of Ohio on horseback, carrying the infant Charles on a pillow before them. This was in 1811. He became a lawyer, and a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio.

"My mother," says John, "was carefully educated at the then famous seminary at Poughkeepsie, New York. I never knew her to scold, much less to strike her children. The separation of the family was imperative, but the friends of my father were numerous. Charles entered Mr. Stoddard's family; James accepted a clerkship at Cincinnati; Tecumseh was adopted into the family of Hon. Thomas Ewing." After a couple of years of schooling John was received into the home of his uncle, John Sherman, of Mount Vernon, fifty miles from the old homestead at Lancaster.

"My four years at Mount Vernon were well spent. I learned to translate Latin very well; and obtained some knowledge of algebra, geometry, and kindred studies." At twelve he returned to his mother's home at Lancaster.

"My brother, William Tecumseh, was three years my senior," he says, "and he and his associates of his own age rather looked down upon their juniors. Still, I had a good deal of intercourse with him, mainly in the way of advice on his part. At that time he was a steady student, quiet in his manners, and easily moved by sympathy or affection. I was regarded as a wild, reckless lad, eager in controversy and ready to fight. No one could then anticipate that he was to be a great warrior, and I a plodding lawyer and politician. I fired my first gun over his shoulder. He took me with him to carry the game, mostly squirrels and pigeons. He was then destined to West Point, and was preparing for it."

John Sherman then spent two years at Howe Academy. Algebra and surveying were his favorite studies, in which he became proficient.

"I now recall," he said, "many pleasing memories of what occurred at that period when the life of a boy is beginning to open to the future. It is the period of greatest danger and highest hope. Even at that early age I had day-dreams for the future, and my mother was the central picture. If fortunes could be made by others, why could not I make one? I wished I were a man. It began to appear to me that I could not wait to go through college. What were Latin and Greek to me, when they would delay me in making my fortune?"

His brother Charles tried to persuade John to stick to his course; but the boy was resolute to pay his own way. Before very long a good position was secured for him

in a surveying party, as a "rodman," under Colonel Curtis, and John began resolutely to prepare for it. He was only fourteen. The work was not to commence till spring. "I worked hard that winter," he says; "for hard work, I thought, is the way to fortune. I studied the mode of levelling. I saw a man on the Hocking Canal operate his instrument, take the rear sight from the level of the water in the canal, then by a succession of levels backward and forward carry his level to the objective point. Then the man was kind enough to show me how, by simple addition and subtraction, the result could be obtained. I was well advanced in arithmetic, and in mathematics generally, and was confident, even if I was only fourteen, that I could do the work."

Business began; and he learned one lesson the first day. He and a friend started to walk to Beverly. It was only sixteen miles, and he insisted they could walk it after dinner. "I was a little tired," he says, "and I asked how far we had gone; he said, 'a mile and a half.' I began then to appreciate my folly in not starting in the morning. It was sundown when we were six miles from Beverly, and I was completely tired out. We reached Beverly about ten o'clock, weary and hungry. This taught me a lesson I never forgot — not to insist upon anything I knew nothing about."

He bore with fortitude the demolition of his tent by a storm, and the successive discomforts of a rodman's life; but he convinced the men that a boy of fourteen could do a man's work skilfully and well.

He showed his sturdiness. A discussion took place upon temperance, a school-teacher and the rodman advocating the novel idea of total abstinence: the schoolmaster was mobbed, but Sherman went untouched.

Afterwards he was removed from his position for political reasons.

He studied law with his brother Charles, at Mansfield; reading Blackstone, Coke, Kent, and Chitty. "We held famous moot courts," he says, "in which cases were tried with all the earnestness, industry, and skill that could have been evoked by real cases. I have always regarded our contests in this moot court as the most important part of my legal training."

At nineteen he was ready for the bar, but could not be admitted until he was twenty-one. But his brother Charles found him skilful in directions which were distasteful to himself; and John was prepared to make a strong lawyer as soon as he could be admitted.

While a rodman he had read much. "I occupied my leisure in reading novels, histories, and such books as I could easily get," he says. "Books were sent from Lancaster, or borrowed in Beverly. I read most of the British classics, the "Spectator," Shakespeare, Byron, and Scott. I read all I could find on the history of America.

"In the law office I read, in addition to the routine books prescribed by Judge Parker, a great variety of literary and historical works, and had, in effect, practised my profession a year or more in advance of my admission to the bar."

Mr. Sherman made a home for his mother as soon as he was admitted to the bar. The defects of his early education were soon lost sight of, through his indomitable habits of self-culture during his long and honorable professional career. His ability as a lawyer, and as a practical business man, brought to him a national reputation; and his service in public life made friends for him throughout the Union, and greatly endeared him to his own neighbors in the Buckeye State.

XXIII.

HE WAS EQUAL TO HIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

John Hay was twenty-one years old when he went into Abraham Lincoln's law office at Springfield, Illinois. The opportunity came to him through his uncle, Milton Hay, a prized opportunity, no doubt; yet the young man little realized how great and far-reaching in its influence upon his life would be his association with Lincoln; or that, because of it, just forty years later, and after displaying fidelity in successive positions to which he would be called, the premiership of the President's cabinet would be offered him. Lincoln was then just fifty years old, a leader of the bar of the State, and long a champion of liberty, conspicuous in State and nation as the antagonist of Stephen A. Douglas. Lincoln was attracted to Hay, and loved and trusted him till the close of life.

John Hay, the fourth son of Dr. Charles Hay, was born at Salem, Indiana, October 8, 1838. His ancestor, John, was the son of a Scottish soldier, who left his own country to serve the Elector-Palatine, after which he went to Kentucky. His two grandsons served in the Revolutionary War. John's grandfather became a brickmaker at Springfield, Illinois; he is said to have been noted for force of character. "The boy John grew up

in the hardy outdoor life of the formative period of the middle West," says his biographer. "A good constitution and a fair education were the results of his home surroundings, neither the body nor the mind suffering from want of development. The son of a physician, and grandson of a soldier, possessing the sturdy qualities of the Scots, but conversant with pioneer conditions, somewhat rough, yet instinct with fresh and noble life, he was preparing for the future successes and duties before him. He was acquiring a thorough American education."

His mother was a Rhode Islander, from Providence; and Hay, at sixteen, matriculated at Brown University, where he was graduated in 1858. He became a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, and he is said to be still an ardent fraternity man. He was decidedly and eminently gifted in composition, his college essays achieving distinction, and that, too, in a class which produced journalists and literary men.

THE EDUCATION OF A GREAT PRESENCE AND OF HEROIC TIMES.

Intimate acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln was equal to a university education in the formation of character, especially during the four years of a great war, seen and studied, with all its stirring events and eminent men, in the nation's capital and at the Executive Mansion.

When Lincoln went to Washington as President two men went with him as his secretaries. One was John G. Nicolay, a Bavarian, who had been Lincoln's secretary at Springfield. Hay also went with him, although six years younger than Nicolay; and these two men were associates with each other during four years of incessant

activity in the service of their great chief. They were associated also in that last fond work of preparing a standard life of Abraham Lincoln, the fruit of many years of reflection and study upon the great man and the great events of the Civil War, concerning which they say they were so fully agreed that every part of it is the statement and sentiment of each. This "Life of Lincoln" ran through two or three years of "The Century" before it was issued in book form.

"We knew Mr. Lincoln intimately before his election to the Presidency," said Mr. Hay. "We came from Illinois to Washington with him, and remained by his side and in his service — separately or together — until the day of his death. We are the daily and nightly witnesses of the incidents and anxieties, the fears and the hopes which prevaded the Executive Mansion and the National Capital.

"If we gained nothing else by our long association with Mr. Lincoln, we hope, at least, that we acquired from him the habit of judging men and events with candor and impartiality."

Lincoln's confidence in this young man of twenty-five made him the President's adjutant and aid-de-camp, and gave him a position of service for several months under General Hunter and General Gilmore, with the rank of major; he became lieutenant-colonel and colonel by brevet, and later he was often known, especially among politicians and journalists, as "Colonel Hay." He was one of the score of persons who witnessed the death of the Martyr-President, whom he had loved and served.

If he had chosen his career, and perhaps he did, he could not have travelled a better path than he did to secure personal development and expansion. Like

a precious fabric, which is subjected to a succession of processes, each of which adds value to it, so John Hay was passed in rapid succession, from one European capital to another, so that he could fully comprehend their peculiarities and their needs. At Paris, the great capital of France, he was first secretary of the legation from 1865 to 1867; then, at the Austrian capital, he was *chargé d'affaires,* in 1867; and at the Spanish capital he was General Sickles's secretary of legation, until 1870. It was as if he had a prolonged educational tour of these three great European countries, while all the time he was practising and studying diplomacy.

THE NOBLE COMPANY OF AUTHORS.

Like Lowell, whom he resembles in some essential respects, in fibre, in virility, polish, and sturdy, yet well-curbed Americanism, like Bancroft also, Hay was an author, and of both prose and verse, in each of which he wrote what has been read everywhere. His "Life of Lincoln" — for which he received $50,000 — would, of course, make him eminent among biographers; yet it is a work which is said to be little known in England. The "Pike County Ballads," with the new literary creations, "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," were written during three weeks of leisure, in 1871. "I accumulated thirty or forty," he said, "and these, with some I had written during my college days, were handed to Mr. Field, who made a volume of them. I had not intended to publish them in book form." "The Breadwinners," a striking story of Cleveland life, whose authorship was long a literary mystery, Colonel Hay recently acknowledged. His "Castilian Days," which has been compared with Howell's "Venetian Life," gives instructive and delightful sketches of Spanish scenes and character,

especially timely and interesting reading now. One of his most spirited poems, which shows his keen sympathy with Spain, begins:

> "Land of unconquered Pelayo! Land of the Cid Campeador,
> Sea-girdled mother of men! Spain, name of glory and power!"

Some of Hay's "Distiches" display a penetrating study of human nature; these are specimens:

> Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns;
> Utter the You twenty times where once you utter the I.
>
> Be not too anxious to gain your next-door neighbor's approval;
> Live your own life, and let him strive your approval to gain.
>
> Try not to beat back the current, yet be not drowned in its waters;
> Speak with the speech of the world; think with the thoughts of the few.
>
> Make all good men your well-wishers, and then, in the years' steady sifting,
> Some of them turn to friends. Friends are the sunshine of life.

That nothing might be wanting to this man, who did everything admirably, Hay was called to the staff of the "New York Tribune" for five years; and when Whitelaw Reid was absent in Europe for seven months Colonel Hay was the only one with whom he would leave the responsibility of that great paper.

This man who asked for wisdom got, also, riches and a good wife together. He married one of the daughters of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, an extraordinary and exceedingly wealthy man, who founded Adelbert College with a third of his property, in memory of his son. To John Hay he gave a beautiful home on Euclid avenue;

and Hay, who was practically penniless when he married Miss Stone, received from her father, it is said, from one to two million dollars. He also received the degree of LL.D., from his alma mater, a year ago. "Thou hast asked wisdom; thou shalt have riches and honor."

Hay always has had great political influence in a quiet way, and was undemonstratively active in 1876, 1880, and 1884. He was a decided friend of McKinley, and, after Hanna, he was the leading spirit in the McKinley campaign councils. He is said to have set in motion the wave of McKinley enthusiasm.

After all, he is only stepping one step higher; for, as few may be aware, he was Assistant Secretary of State from 1879 to 1881.

As the United States Minister at the Court of St. James, he made a host of friends in Great Britain; and as Secretary of State, under President McKinley, he has been easily equal to his great opportunity.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

XXIV.

THE WORKING MEN WHO WERE CARNEGIE'S PARTNERS.

VIGOR AND SELF-RELIANCE, ABILITY AND FIDELITY, ONWARD EVER, ALWAYS UPWARD.

PART I.

NOWHERE except in America, and seldom even there, could such a story as this be told. It is the story of a man who rose without influence from poverty to wealth, who climbed the difficult ladder of achievement by force of will, who helped to make others wealthy at the same time, and who passed within a few years, from the humble environment of a stake driver in an engineer corps to the leadership of forty-five thousand men in an industry so vast that the mythical tales of the Titans of old are exceeded by the modern reality. Such is the marvellous record of Charles M. Schwab, so long the vigorous young president of the Carnegie Steel Company, who is now at the head of the great billion dollar steel plant on Staten Island. Little more than a score of years ago he was earning one dollar a day in the Carnegie works. He has now acquired a property of more than forty millions of dollars, and he is said to draw the biggest salary paid to a business man in the world.

Why did this boy, among thousands of other boys who had the same chance, rise to fame, while they did not?

What is the kernel in the nut? How did he do it? I went a thousand miles to find out.

It was unnecessary for me to make an elaborate explanation of the spirit of my errand. Mr. Schwab said at once: "If my example will prove of interest or help to others you are welcome to it. There are certainly some lessons I have learned, and some rules of conduct I have observed, which are of general value."

SELF-RELIANT AND VIGOROUS, HE AIMED TO EXCEL.

We plunged at once into the story of his life: how he first acquired a public school education in his native village of Loretto, Pennsylvania, and, at fifteen years of age, drove a mail wagon between Loretto and Crescent, a neighboring town. A year later found him working in a grocery store at Braddock, at ten dollars a month and board. There he worked hard all day, and slept in the store at night as a watchman. Occasionally he was given a few hours for recreation, and these he invariably spent in the steel works at Braddock, which had a fascination for him. In 1880, to his great joy, he obtained a place in the Carnegie works. The plant, then, was not the great concern it is now, nor was the young man's position a lucrative one; yet the opportunity to gratify his inclination was most welcome. He became stake driver in the engineer corps, at thirty dollars per month, during the erection of some buildings. In just seven years of study and work he became chief engineer, and was sent, in that capacity, to build the great Homestead steel plant, which he managed for two years after its completion. Then he was sent to be manager of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works for two years.

"How do you explain your rapid promotion?" I asked.

"In the first place," replied Mr. Schwab, "*I always*

stood on my own feet — always relied upon myself. It is really a detriment to have any one behind you. When you depend upon yourself you know that it is only on your merit that you will succeed. Then you discover your latent powers, awake to your manhood, and are on your mettle to do your utmost. It is a very good motto to depend upon yourself. I am a great believer in self-reliant manliness, which is manhood in its noblest form.

"There was one thing that I discovered very early, — *that it would be well to make myself indispensable, instead of continually looking at the clock.* Employers appreciate to the full men who may be trusted to do their work as if they were working for themselves.

"We do everything in our power to make men realize their importance. Once a week, every Saturday, I have the heads of the various departments, upward of forty, take luncheon with me. Not a word of business is permitted during the meal; but after everything is cleared away we discuss matters in hand and exchange opinions. Every one of the gentlemen present is at liberty to advise, to suggest, and to air his ideas. The value of these meetings is very great. On Monday the gentlemen who have lunched with me call their head men together, and have similar meetings.

"When I first went to work for Mr. Carnegie I had over me an impetuous, hustling man. It was necessary for me to be up to the top notch to give satisfaction. I worked faster than I otherwise would have done, and to him I attribute the impetus that I acquired. My whole object in life then was to show him my worth and to prove it. I thought and dreamed of nothing else but the steel works. In consequence, I became his assistant. *I attribute my first great success to hard and active work.* I found that those who were quickest were those to be promoted.

HE MASTERED METALLURGY, THE GLORY OF CHEMISTRY.

"At that time science began to play an important part in the manufacture of steel. My salary, at the age of twenty-one, warranted me in marrying, so I had a home of my own; I believe in early marriages, as a rule. In my own house I rigged up a laboratory, and *studied chemistry in the evenings*, determined that there should be nothing in the manufacture of steel that I would not know. Although I had received no technical education, I made myself master of chemistry, and of the laboratory, which proved of lasting value."

The strength and superior qualities of American armor plate — the substantial strength of our battleships and cruisers — are largely due to Mr. Schwab, who raised the standard of armor; and this may be followed back to his first experiments in his laboratory.

"The point I wish to make," continued he, "is that my experimental work was not in the line of my duty, but it gave me greater knowledge. Achievement is possible to a man who does something else besides his mere duty that attracts the attention of his superiors to him, as one who is equipping himself for advancement. *An employer picks out his assistants from the best informed, most competent, and conscientious.*"

ONWARD EVER, ALWAYS UPWARD.

At this point I asked if Mr. Carnegie had not proved a factor in his encouragement.

"Yes," said he, "Mr. Carnegie and others took a general interest in me, which I tried to foster by doing my level best. A man who is not susceptible to encouragement will not succeed. I never encourage those who are willing to continue in the even tenor of their ways.

They are not extraordinary individuals. They attract no attention, are overlooked, or drop out. You see the point. A man must be wide awake and up to date. His future mostly depends upon himself."

"Do you think the chances for a young man to-day are as great as they were when you began?"

"*There were never before so many opportunities for the right kind of young men.* For example, one of my head men told me that he had been three weeks trying to find a man competent to take charge of an important position, and when I last saw him he had not succeeded. Employers everywhere are on the lookout for competent, pushing, 'get there' men, and when they are found they do not easily part with them."

It has been shown how Mr. Schwab tried to make himself indispensable. One day, after he had risen to be general manager of the Carnegie Steel Company, a gentleman from England walked into the office, and offered him a larger salary than the President of the United States receives, if he would take charge of his English works. Mr. Schwab refused, but did not tell Mr. Carnegie. Some months afterwards Mr. Carnegie heard of it, and took pains to say to Mr. Schwab that he "must not think of it."

"It is not what I want," he replied.

"What is it you do want?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"To be a partner in your company," said Mr. Schwab.

He became one, and in 1896 was elected president.

"Here is another point," he continued; "*first be master of what you undertake, and the money will follow.*"

HE WHO SEEKS THE TOP MUST START AT THE BOTTOM.

"But you believe in a college education?" I ventured.

"Not for a business man. I have noted how few suc-

cessful business men have received a college education. In the first place a man, to understand his business, must start at the bottom of the ladder and work himself up. To do so, he must *commence when young, when he learns quickly and may be led.* A college man seldom rivets his whole attention on his work. He is in dreamland most of the time, gives his evenings to society, and tries to combine work and pleasure. *He is not wrapped up in his work.* It is remarkable how few in our works who hold responsible positions have even received technical education. One day Mr. Wittkenstein, the Carnegie of Austria, attended my Saturday meeting. Glancing over those present, he asked: 'How many of these gentlemen, Mr. Schwab, received a technical education?' That had never occurred to me before, and, on inquiry, it was found that only three of those present had. The rest had risen from the ranks, and *solely on their merits. Nothing else cuts any figure with us. It is a great mistake to think that young men are not wanted for responsible positions.* Any prejudice that existed long since died.

"I do not mean to say that I am not a believer in education," continued Mr. Schwab. "I am a great believer in *self-education after graduation from a high grade of public school.* A man, to be successful even as a specialist, should have *a good general knowledge, and, therefore, ought to read and study much.* A well-informed man is always the brighter for it. All through my life I have read and studied."

PART II.

THE WORKS, AND THE SUPERINTENDENTS.

The *Carnegie Steel Works,* when I visited them, — vast as they are, and wondrous in their suggestion of man's mastery over the forces of nature, and inspiring in the thought of their usefulness to a whole cityful of people and to the armies and navies of the nation, — did not impress me so much as did the men who have made them what they are. *There I found thirty-two splendid mechanics and business men, some of them earning salaries of $50,000, $75,000, and even $100,000 a year, who were the working partners of Andrew Carnegie.*

I felt it a privilege to meet these men, to study them at close range, and to glean from each and all the absorbing story of the possibilities of a mechanic on American soil.

Nearly every one of these keen-eyed, quick-brained, hard-muscled men had risen from the ranks. Mr. Schwab, who introduced me, said that some of them began as day laborers.

"Our six general superintendents, in charge of our seven great works," said he, "earned their positions by exceptional services tending toward greater perfection in material, and increase of output. They advanced step by step, according to the importance of their services. No one may rest on his laurels here who hopes for future advancement. There were thirty-two members in the firm, and those superintendents who were partners owe their partnerships to Mr. Carnegie, solely and entirely on account of his appreciation of their helpfulness to him in his business.

WHAT COMMON SCHOOL COMMON SENSE DOES.

Thomas Morrison, the general superintendent of the Edgar Thomson Works, at Braddock, Pennsylvania, I found to be a forceful example of the self-made man. He was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, and received a common school education. He served an apprenticeship as a machinist and engineer; attended evening school to receive instruction in mechanical drawing, and then, wearying of the blacksmith shop, sought larger opportunities in Scotland and England. In 1886 he came to America and started in at the Homestead Works as a machinist. Through industry and hard work he was promoted to be foreman of the machine shop, and, later, assistant master mechanic. In 1889 he was given charge of the armor plate department. Then in 1891, after Mr. Carnegie had acquired the Duquesne works, Morrison went there as superintendent, and, in 1895, to the Edgar Thomson works, as general superintendent. These successive promotions he attributes entirely to industry and hard work. He talked interestingly, too, to the writer, on the plan and policy of the works.

"It is one of the duties of the superintendent," he said, "to single out likely men, and it is policy for a man to do exceptional work and to make himself known and noticeable to his superiors. One of the telling points is *loyalty to one's work* — to never feel through with an undertaking *till one has done his utmost.*

"It is a good way, that: *to do more than is required of you*, to bring yourself forward. *The able, industrious, and clear-headed man is always in demand;* and, as I have said, it is one of the duties of the superintendent to bring such a man forward: *we need him; but we can only know him by his work.* Such is the history of

our head men in various stations — they practically compelled recognition. *They stepped ahead of the ranks, and became noticeable on account of their work and ability.*"

BRIGHT MEN ARE IN INCREASING DEMAND.

"Have all the good places been taken — all the chances for young men exhausted?" This question I asked of W. E. Corey, general superintendent of the Homestead works.

"By no means," he cheerily replied. "*We need good men more than ever before.* It is not always the smartest man, however, who gets along the best; *it is the man with bulldog tenacity, the man who perseveres and never gives up, who succeeds.*"

Mr. Corey entered the laboratory of the Edgar Thomson works when a boy of only sixteen years. But he left work for a short time to study bookkeeping at Duff's College, in Pittsburg. "*I studied chemistry at night, at home,*" he said; which showed the boy's earnest desire to acquire knowledge, and to equip himself for the seemingly uncertain future opening before him.

"Then I entered the order department of the plate mill at Homestead, and subsequently rose, by successive stages, to my present position, just as any young man may, if he *pays attention to business* and endeavors to make his life a success. The point which I wish to emphasize is, *that to make headway you must have plenty of push and energy, must always endeavor to go ahead, must not know what the word "fail" means; and must not be satisfied to merely do the work laid out for you, but do more.*"

ABILITY AND FIDELITY PROMOTED THEM.

Mr. Corey's greatest triumph was his invention of the Carnegie re-forged armor. Services of like nature Mr. Carnegie delighted in recognizing and encouraging.

"And," said Mr. Corey, "*there is just as much chance in these works, to-day, for a young man to make himself valuable as there ever was ;* and just as surely as he does he will be rewarded."

JAMES SCOTT, general superintendent of the Lucy Furnaces, is another type of the practical man. Coming to this country from Dalkeith, Scotland, some twenty-seven years ago, he served his apprenticeship with his father, who was a blacksmith; then worked as a machinist in New York for about a year, then in Ohio with the Port Washington Iron and Steel Company, and, two years later, in 1877, went to the Lucy Furnaces, as a machinist and engineer, to take charge of the machinery. In nine years he rose to be assistant superintendent, and, two years later, became general superintendent.

PUSH AND ENERGY ENCOURAGE THOSE BELOW.

"You are unfortunate," he said, "if you cannot *throw your heart into your work ;* also if you are not appreciated. Mr. Carnegie encouraged me by his appreciation, which was a great stimulus to further effort. I endeavor now to encourage my foremen, and to help them to better their condition; and, if they show that they are worthy men and are likely to rise, they are shifted around from one position to another to further increase their scope and knowledge of the business. All the foremen in the Lucy Furnaces have been taken from the ranks, and it is a fact that our best men are those who came to us as boys, and have been trained by us. The man who is

generally favored is the pushing, energetic one, he who is likely to set a good example, which those beneath him will imitate.

"To show you the power of example, I may relate that H. M. Curry, who, when I came to the Lucy Furnaces, was manager, was my inspiration. Those were the days when the furnaces were almost in a primitive state, and required the greatest nursing to turn out one hundred tons of pig iron a day. Often, when I came to work in the morning, I passed Mr. Curry going to breakfast, in all probability not having been in bed for forty-eight hours. That led me to reflect. His skill and enthusiastic energy impressed me forcibly, and have remained with me as illustrations of the importance of man's duty."

Emil Swenson, who was a general superintendent of the Keystone Bridge Works when I visited this establishment, was born in Sweden, and is the only general superintendent who received a technical education. He attended public school, and the technical school at Gothenburg; then he spent two years in Munich, and in 1878 was graduated from what is generally considered the highest technical school in the world, at Zurich, Switzerland. Coming to America, he secured a place as a common laborer in the Hudson River tunnel, and worked there awhile, handling bricks and mortar. In 1882 he went to the South Pennsylvania Railroad as a rodman, and rose to be resident engineer of construction. Three years later he went to the Phœnix Bridge Company as bridge draughtsman, and in that capacity went to the Keystone Bridge Company, where in 1889 he was appointed engineer in charge of detailing. Four years later, after the company had been taken by the Carnegie interest, he was made chief engineer; and two years ago

advanced to his present position. *He, too, attributes his promotions to his endeavor to always do that which he had on hand to the best of his ability; to always surpass, if possible, his latest achievement.* After having been engaged in bridge business for a couple of months he saw plainly his opportunity. He followed it intently, even as now, believing that an engineer must keep pace with the times. His maxim is: "Never permit yourself to become a back number; rather be a little ahead of the times."

FIVE WISE MATERNAL WORDS.

"My old Scottish mother," said CAPTAIN L. T. BROWN, who was at the time of my visit the general superintendent of the Union Lower Mills, "impressed upon my memory as a child the motto, '*Be loyal to your employers.*' I have never forgotten those five words. I was born here in Pittsburg, and received only a public school education. When fourteen years old I went to work for the Schoenberger Company as an assistant roller. But the call to arms stirred me and I enlisted. After the war I saw some Indian fighting on the plains. In 1872 I came here as manager, and have been promoted to be general superintendent. May a lad of to-day do the same as I? Certainly; *times were never brighter for the average mill hand.* The foreign demand for our superior materials creates home competition in quality, and *puts a premium on the ability and service of our mechanics. I see nothing but encouragement ahead for the young man of to-day;* but, as usual, he must begin at the bottom of the ladder, and *depend mostly upon himself* to rise to the top."

JOSEPH E. SCHWAB, who is C. M. Schwab's brother, I found to be the general superintendent of the Duquesne works; and, like his brother, he is a self-made man of great ability and energy.

"I entered the Edgar Thomson Steel Works when I was nineteen years old," he said, "but previously I had been educated at St. Francis College, at Loretto, Pennsylvania, and had also received something of a technical education. The latter I thoroughly believe in, if it is not too exhaustive, and if it is combined with practical work. It is far better to have a little technical education, and to gain the rest of your knowledge by work, than to receive, practically nothing but a scientific education. My knowledge proved of great assistance to me in my position as draughtsman and in 1872 I went to the Homestead Steel Works as superintendent of the department producing structural material. Four years ago I was appointed superintendent of the Upper Union Mills, and six months later I became general superintendent of the Duquesne steel works and blast furnaces.

"What caused my rise? *Hard work, principally.* Possibly, also, *a willingness to assume other duties, whenever time permitted,* was a prominent factor. *Sobriety, integrity, fidelity, iron habits of industry, enthusiasm, and alertness to opportunity, — these are the qualities that underlie success.*"

XXV.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS:

THE GOOD WILL AND FELLOWSHIP OF EMPLOYEES.

Samuel Jones, when mayor of Toledo, Ohio, won for himself a wide reputation, as a municipal, social, and industrial reformer, being known throughout the country as "Golden Rule Jones."

He is president of the Acme Oil Company; an inventor and manufacturer of a successful patent — the Acme sucker-rod, an implement for pumping oil wells. He has made a fortune as a successful operator in oil, and he has done it without influence or backing, by dint of industry, honesty, and push, starting as a poor, penniless boy, with only such education as he could acquire by himself.

BORN IN A HUMBLE HOME.

Mr. Jones was born in 1846, in Wales. Of this humble home he says:

"It could scarcely be dignified by the name of cottage, for, as I saw it a few years ago, it seemed a little barren hut, though still occupied." It is in memory of this modest birthplace, over the sea, which is known as *Tan y Craig* (Under the Rock), that Mr. Jones has named his handsome Toledo mansion *Tan y Oderwen* (Under the Oak).

Perhaps the following autobiographical statement will serve better than anything I could write to present his life story:

"I came with my parents to America when I was three years old, and I have often heard them tell of the tedious voyage of thirty days in an emigrant sailing ship, and the subsequent voyage over the Erie Canal to central New York, where they settled in Lewis County. My parents were very poor and very pious. The poverty in our family was so stringent that it was necessary for me to go out and work, and I bear upon my body, to-day, the marks of the injustice and wrong of child labor.

"At the age of eighteen I heard of the opportunities in the oil regions in Pennsylvania, and at once made my way to Titusville. I landed there with fifteen cents in my pocket, and without an acquaintance in the State. For three days I went through one of the most trying experiences of any young man's life — living without money and seeking work among strangers.

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES.

"But I was on the right track; I was in a land of opportunities. I soon found work and a business in producing crude petroleum.

"Since 1870 I have been more or less of an oil producer. In 1866 I came to the Ohio oil fields, producing oil at Lima. Since that time I have followed it in Ohio and Indiana, and to some extent in Pennyslvania and West Virginia. In 1893 I invented improved appliances for producing oil, and, finding manufacturers unwilling to make the articles, fearing there would be no profit, I undertook their manufacture.

"This brought me in contact with labor conditions in a city for the first time in my life. As a rule, labor in

the oil fields had enjoyed large wages compared with similar classes outside.

A FRACTION OF A DOLLAR.

"I found men working in Toledo for a fraction of a dollar a day. I began to wonder how it was possible for men to live on such a small sum of money in a way becoming to the citizens of a free republic. I studied social conditions, and these led me to feel very keenly the degradation of my fellow-men, and I at once declared that the 'going wages' rule should not govern in the Acme Sucker-Rod Company, which is the firm name of our business. I said that the rule that every man is entitled to such a share of the product of his toil as will enable him to live decently, and in such a way that he and his children may be fitted to be citizens of the free republic, should be the rule governing the wages of our establishment.

"To break down the feeling of social inequality, we began to 'get together' — that is, we had little excursions down the bay. We invited our workmen and their families, and also some other people who live in big houses and do not work with their hands. We sought to mix them, to let them understand that we were all people, — just people, you know.

GOOD WILL AND FELLOWSHIP IN BUSINESS.

"As our business increased we took in new men. We made no special effort to select. We asked no questions as to their habits, their morals, their religion, or their irreligion. We were ignoring the sacred rule of business, getting along in a sort of free and easy way, occasionally giving the boys a word of caution printed on their pay envelopes, or a little letter expressing good

will and fellowship. Then we came to feel the need of a rule to govern the place. We thought, to that extent, we ought to be like other people. So we had the following printed on a piece of tin, and nailed to the wall. It 's there to-day:

"'THE RULE GOVERNING THIS FACTORY: *Therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them.'*

"In 1895, at Christmas time, we made a little cash dividend, accompanying it with such a letter as we believed would be helpful. In 1896 we repeated the dividend and the letter. In 1897 and 1898 we did the same."

In response to the query as to how he would regulate property interests, Mayor Jones said:

"If you will read the Fourth of Acts and see how property was regarded and treated by the early Christians you will read what I believe to be the one scientific way in which property can be handled for the good of all. The manifest destiny of the world is to realize brotherhood. We are brothers, not competitors.

"By far the best thing the Acme Sucker-Rod Company has done has been to open the adjoining corner lot as a Golden Rule park and playground. Here is a spot of God's green earth in the heart of the industrial part of our city, that is as free to the people as when the red Indian trod there. And I am sure that the healthful play of the children, and the delightful studies of the older ones as we discuss the questions of brotherhood, golden rule, and right relations generally, in our Sunday afternoon meetings, will do more to bring about the era of peace and good will than all else that has been done there. And now we have added Golden Rule Hall, where we may continue these studies.

TRYING TO LEARN HOW TO HELP EACH OTHER.

"How delightful are the hours which we pass together in the study of the question of right social relations! How much like men it makes us feel to think that we are spending a part of our time in trying to learn how we can help each other; that is, help all the people, instead of devoting it all to the piggish business of helping ourselves.

"As an outgrowth of that spirit, during the past year, we have: our Coöperative Insurance, the Coöperative Oil Company, the Tuesday Night Social Study Club, and the Equality Club.

"Our experience during these years has been progressive, and, I believe, profitable, in a moral as well as a material way. I have learned much of my relation to my fellow men during that time. I have learned that we are all dependent on each other.

"In introducing the shorter workday and trying to establish living wages, we have tried to acknowledge, in some measure, the relation of brotherhood that exists between us and all other men; for this bond is only limited by the confines of the globe itself."

LOVED BY HIS EMPLOYEES.

Upon going to his factory one morning, during a hard winter, Mr. Jones found that some one in the office had affixed a sign to the outside door, "No help wanted." This he ordered taken away, as being contrary to the spirit of the institution.

"Men who apply for work should have at least a decent reception," he said; "maybe we can help them by kind words, even if we have no work for them."

When there was a temporary depression in the oil

business Mr. Jones issued an order that his work people should not suffer:

"Keep a little flour in the barrel, and see that they have coal enough to keep them warm."

Returning from a recent trip to Europe, the warmest welcome was that given by a crowd of his employees, who gathered at the Toledo depot to greet him as the train rolled in.

A WRONG CONCEPTION OF SUCCESS.

"The trouble with a great many young men," said Mr. Jones recently, "is that they have a wrong conception of success. Large numbers imagine it lies in mere money-making. Yet the average millionaire is not a happy or even a contented man. He has been so engrossed from his youth in piling up dollars that he has had no time for the cultivation of the higher qualities of his mind and heart, in the exercise of which lies the only true happiness. Emerson said: 'Happiness lies only in the triumph of principle.'

"If a business man would be truly successful he must be careful to keep money his servant, and not let it become his master. Many rich men are the slaves of their own wealth; and their sons, growing up without a purpose in life, never know what real living is. To live we must work, and one must work to live. It is not birth, nor money, nor a college education that makes a man; it is work.

"I can never express too earnestly my thankfulness that I learned from my good mother to set up usefulness as my standard of success — usefulness to others as well as to myself."

XXVI.

FROM MAINE TO MICHIGAN.

An interview with Hon. Hazen S. Pingree, Governor of Michigan, was no easy thing to obtain. "Approachable?" Very. I found him to be a great favorite with newspaper men, but the most-sought-after man in Michigan. When he arrived at the simply furnished room that served as his official headquarters in Detroit, it was to find it bordered with a human wainscoting, each anxious member of which was waiting patiently, or otherwise, to ask some favor of the chief executive. As he entered, the room suddenly became absolutely quiet; for there was something about the governor's powerful personality that commanded attention. But soon each want, no matter how small, was attended to in his kindly but straightforward way.

An interesting medley of petitioners was present on the day of this interview. The first was a widowed mother, requesting a favor for her son, — a wreck of the Spanish-American war.

"I'll do the best I can for you," said the governor, heartily, as she left the room, — and every one knew what that meant.

Next came a gayly-dressed young woman, with a bill, which she asked the governor to please push through the Legislature. She was patiently referred to the represent-

HAZEN S. PINGREE.

ative from her district. Then a soldier stood before him with a transportation snarl to untangle; a book agent; a broadcloth-coated dandy and a street laborer, each seeking help; and then a gaunt, ill-clad old woman, who, in broken English, with harrowing tears and gestures of despair, laid her humble burdens in supplication before him. It was a touching picture.

Hers was not a case to lay before the governor of the State, but she will never know it, poor woman; for the generous hand of the great-hearted man slid quickly down to the nest of the golden eagle that sent her gratefully away.

"You are not a native of the State you govern," said I, as the governor leisurely seated himself for the interview.

"No; I was born in Denmark, Me. My father owned a forty-acre farm, and I was brought up there until I was about seventeen years old."

"And you did —"

"Just what any one would do on a small farm; worked in summer and went to school in the winter. Then I started out to make my own way in the world, and the first work I found was in a cotton mill at Saco, Me. In 1860 I went to Hopkinton, Mass., and learned the trade of a cutter in a shoe factory. Soon after that the war broke out."

"And you enlisted?"

"Yes, I have two honorable discharges as a private. I value them more than my position as governor."

"How long were you in the war?"

"From 1862 until its close. I first enlisted in Company F, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and, with that regiment, took part in the battles of Bull Run, Fredericksburg Road, Harris Farm, Cold Har-

bor, Spottsylvania Court-House, North Anne, and South Anne."

"Then you know something of the horrors of war, from your own experience?"

"Yes; that is the reason I am an advocate of the universal peace project."

"You believe in that?"

"Decidedly; and moreover, I believe that ten years from now every man who calls himself a Christian will be ready to plead for peace."

"Let us return to your experience in the war. Were you ever a prisoner?"

"Several others and myself were captured on May 25, 1864, by a squad of Mosby's men. We were confined five months at Andersonville; and from there were taken to Salisbury prison in North Carolina, then to Millen, Ga., where we were exchanged in November, 1864. I rejoined my regiment in front of Petersburg and was in the expedition to Weldon Railroad, the battles of Boynton Road, Petersburg, Sailors' Creek, Farnsville, and Appomattox."

"And after the war?"

"I came to Detroit and obtained employment in a shoe factory. Soon after that my partner and myself started one of our own. He had a little less than a thousand dollars, and I had four hundred and sixty dollars—left from my army pay."

"That seemed a large sum, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I thought if I could ever get to making fifty pairs of shoes a day I should be perfectly happy."

The number is amusingly small, when it is remembered that this factory, the embryo of which he spoke, had grown up under the governor's personal supervision, until it became one of the largest in the United States.

"But tell me, governor, when you were starting out in life, did you ever look forward to the career you have carved out for yourself?"

"No," said he, with the promptness that characterized all of his speech, "I never had anything mapped out in my life. I did whatever there happened to be for me to do, and let the result take care of itself."

"Is it the same with your political success, or is that the outgrowth of youthful ambition?"

HOW HE BECAME MAYOR OF DETROIT.

"No, I was pushed into that by accident. I had never been in the common council chamber before I was elected mayor of Detroit. The thing that caught me was that my friends began to say that I was afraid of the position; so of course I had to accept the nomination to prove that I was n't."

This was clever of his friends. The fact is that at that time the city needed the governor's brains to manage its affairs. He was elected mayor of Detroit four consecutive terms, and was in his eighth year as mayor when he resigned. Even his most earnest political opponents admit that he was the best mayor the city ever had.

"But during the formative years of your career, did you ever worry over the possibility of failure?"

"No," said the governor serenely, "I never did, and don't now. I was never given to worrying."

In this, as other ways, the governor was remarkable. During the stormiest of political times he was never in the least disturbed when he reached home, to sleep as peacefully as a child.

"What would you suggest, governor, as the best route by which the young man of to-day may obtain success?"

"He can do one of two things: go to work for somebody else, or, if he cannot stand that, he can buy a small farm."

"Then you think there is not the chance in the United States now that there was thirty years ago?"

"There is n't a doubt about it. The young men of to-day are to be pitied — there is n't anything for them to do. The subject is a serious one," said the governor, speaking rapidly. "Why, if I had nothing, I would n't know how to advise my own son to start. You know I don't claim to know much, but I do understand a little about the shoe business, and I can tell you honestly that with the knowledge I have gained in many years of experience, and with the influence of my friends, I could not start in the shoe business to-day with the chance of success that I had then."

"And the causes of this?"

"Are trusts and monopolies."

"And the result?"

A GREAT CHANGE PROPHESIED.

"There will be a great change in this country before many years. Free schools have so educated the people that they will not submit to this injustice forever, even though it is powerfully organized against them."

"But how will this change be effected?"

"Through the splitting up of political parties — but it is sure to come."

"Recognizing the conditions that the young man of to-day has to contend with, what guide-posts would you point out to him?"

"In the first place I would advise every young man to be honest and outspoken at all times. What people want is open, frank talk. There is too much catering

and palavering and round-about talking nowadays. It is a great mistake. Then, of course, in order to accomplish anything, the young man must have plenty of energy and perseverance."

By inheritance Governor Pingree was a patriot and fighter. In his possession were three historic muskets, one of which was used by his great-grandfather in the Revolutionary war; another by his grandfather in the War of 1812, and one by himself in the Civil war. His first American forefather was Moses Pingree, who emigrated to this country in 1640. Many of his descendants have figured with distinction in American history, among them being Samuel Everett Pingree, governor of Vermont from 1884 to 1886.

Governor Pingree was a strikingly interesting example of self-earned success. His indomitable will, tireless energy, and unyielding perseverance were the machinery with which he manufactured the fabric of his career. But the pattern was stamped by his own individuality, and was like no other ever seen, — it was *sui generis.*

On the battlefield of public life Governor Pingree was a general who said, "Come on!" not "Go on!" He acted with the bold, unfettered authority that springs from an honest belief in the justice of his opinions, and never put his plans out of focus by shifting his ground. When once resolved he was as immovable as a fixed star. He was absolutely fearless, because he was absolutely honest, and was not afraid to fight, single-handed, the greatest financial power the world has ever known. He was a champion of the people and a believer in them.

HE WAS NOT A DEMAGOGUE.

"But they call you a demagogue. How does that accusation affect you?"

The governor smiled, as if he considered it a joke.

"Well, that amuses me," said he. "They don't do that around here any more. They 've worn it out, I guess. No, it does n't disturb me a particle. I always go on the principle that lies never hurt anybody."

Governor Pingree was a man of powerful physique and dignity of bearing. But he was delightfully oblivious to his own importance, and was entirely devoid of ostentation in everything that he did or said. His disposition was buoyant, his manner that of frank simplicity, and he was prodigal in his generosity and sympathy for those in need. In his private business the welfare of his employees was always balanced in the scale with his own.

In the camps of the Spanish war he was known as "Father Pingree," and when the boys returned to Detroit he was the first to greet them. But no one ever saw him in an open carriage behind the band; he was always away off in a corner of the station, where the ambulances were waiting, giving a word of encouragement to this poor fellow, and patting that one on the back. He worked for forty hours at a time, without a thought of sleep, to keep up a cheerful welcome, though many a time he was seen to turn away to brush the tears from his eyes.

The home life of Governor Pingree was as beautiful as his life in public was successful. His residence, a three-story gray stone house, was a model of quiet elegance and refinement, and there his greatest happiness was found.

When the governor died in London, Michigan arose as one man to honor his memory, and the workingmen mourned as having lost a friend.

XXVII.

THE GENEROUS TREATMENT OF WORKMEN —IT PAYS:

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

"HARD work and thoughtful consideration of the suggestions of others," was the answer of one of the most successful manufacturers of the country, to a request for the secret of his success and the success of his factory, often called "the model factory of the world." The speaker was John H. Patterson, the young, energetic, and enthusiastic president of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio. "My brother and I never knew anything but steady, honest work in the old days when the place where this factory stands was only a cornfield. Hence, when it came to the pull for a place in the business world we were prepared by our training."

Mr. Patterson was educated at Miami University and Dartmouth. With no special experience in business, he became clerk in a canal office. On one occasion he made a suggestion to his employer regarding the improvement of certain methods, and was plainly told to mind his own business. The sting of the reproof led the young clerk to determine that, if he ever became an employer he would encourage suggestions from his employees in every way possible.

Mr. Patterson, by frugality and industry, gradually saved money and pushed ahead until he became manager of a coal mine. He noticed that the income from the stores with which the miners had their dealings was not proportionate to the business. He heard of the cash register, then recently invented, and promptly telegraphed for two of them. With his brother, who was with him in the coal-mine enterprise, he became interested in the cash register, and bought the patent.

DIFFICULTIES MET AND MASTERED.

Then the Pattersons commenced to manufacture the cash register. They were not, at first, successful. One of the stockholders sold to Mr. Patterson and his brother a considerable amount of the stock, and the next day refused $2,000 offered by the buyers to cancel the sale. When the early difficulties had been overcome the business grew so rapidly that, by 1888, a large building was necessary. It was determined to build a new factory in one of the southern suburbs of Dayton. The building was like thousands of others devoted to mechanical purposes, and the system was that usual in factories intended wholly to obtain the greatest product with the least expenditure of money, and with little thought for the comfort of the employees. The greatest difficulties which the Pattersons had to contend with, at this time, were a lack of sympathy among their wage-earners, and the inability to get thoroughly skilled workmen. In 1894, after ten years of effort, with a market fairly open before them, and success ahead if the machine could be made to work perfectly, they were confronted by the complete failure of a new invention, and the return from England of a carload of broken machines, instead of the draft for $30,000 which had been expected.

Nothing daunted, and determined to learn the causes of the difficulties in the works, the president and secretary moved their desks into the factory. Observation convinced them that the best way to obtain success was to revolutionize the usual business methods, and to adopt a system which was, in many respects, entirely different from that in other places.

Recalling his own experience as a clerk, the president resolved that the officers and working force should be on the best of terms; that the assistance of every employee, from the lowest to the highest, should be deserved, if not won, by kindness; that more money could be made by giving careful thought to the condition of the workers, enabling them to labor under the most favorable circumstances, and thus increasing their output while decreasing the cost; and that a proper division of responsibility, as well as of labor, would release the heads of the company so that they could give time and thought to expansion and questions of business policy.

Thus was begun in 1894 a new departure in modern manufacturing methods, and the organization of a system which has made the name of Patterson, and the fame of the company and of its factory, known everywhere. The individuality of the concern, as much as the excellence of its product, has given the National Cash Register Company its world-wide reputation. Having determined upon a revolution in their system, the president and his associates brought to bear all their former training and experience, and all that could be learned from the experience of others. President Patterson would have been a successful schoolmaster, had he chosen teaching for his profession, or a great general, had he preferred to be a soldier, for his factory plans show an intuitive appreciation of the best in education, and of the strategic value

of a thorough organization. But it is in suggesting new ideas in business, in looking far ahead for the best methods of presenting his work and winning men, and in surrounding himself with strong men for special work, that Mr. Patterson, with his brother's coöperation, has shown his power.

A LIBERAL POLICY BRINGS A GOLDEN REWARD.

The change determined upon resulted first, in the substitution of the committee system for the superintendent and manager, the members of the committees being chosen from the best in the ranks; secondly, in encouraging assistance from all classes, by offering prizes for the best suggestions regarding every feature of every department of the business; thirdly, in systematizing plans for training and educating the employees, in order that the highest intelligence might be developed among the workmen and applied to the manufacture of the product; fourthly, in providing for the physical comfort and mental and moral training of all employees at work and in their homes.

To make clear these objects, as well as to win the intelligent coöperation of all the workmen, frequent meetings of all departments were planned where there could be an exchange of opinion and presentation of complaints, with both sides heard. Then came conventions of officers, workmen, and salesmen, resulting in the admirable gatherings, now an annual feature, which bring together for an entire week hundreds of agents and the large office and factory force. A semi-monthly magazine was established, and afterwards other periodicals.

"The more we talked face to face, and the more we published through the printed page, the better we un-

understood each other, the less trouble we had, and the more good suggestions we got for our business," explained Mr. Patterson.

PRIZES FOR SUGGESTIONS.

Thus deliberately, year by year, these ideas have been developed and applied to improved conditions; and it is here as much as in the direct business plans that these brothers show their remarkable foresight as well as genuine love for their fellowmen. Each year $1,200 in prizes are offered for suggestions, the offers being open to all employees except heads of departments and their assistants. Every one, from messenger boy upward, is eager to join in the competition and help to build up the business. Autographic registers in every department afford immediate means for making the suggestions. Of the four thousand suggestions made last year more than one thousand were adopted for use. The semi-annual presentation of prizes is a great occasion, and brings together several thousand people in a delightful "family gathering."

Lectures and entertainments are frequently prepared and given. Over six thousand beautifully colored lantern slides of the finest kind have been made upon all topics, including travel, health, business organization, education, history, science, and art, for use in this instruction. No more intelligent company of men and women can be found in any establishment than these fifteen hundred workmen.

"Comfort in shop and at home is essential to exact work and high skill," is the guiding principle throughout this factory. Hence the buildings are models of neatness and cleanliness, the workroom having as much attention as the office. Free baths are provided in every

building, and each employee is entitled to twenty minutes of the company's time each week. Special systems of ventilation, large windows, and cheerful rooms decorated with palms during the winter, make work a pleasure.

The company employs over two hundred women, and one of the most noticeable things in the entire organization is the chivalry shown to them by their fellow-workers. In all the rooms are supplied chairs with backs and foot-rests, instead of the usual form of stools. White aprons with sleeves are provided, and kept in order at the company's expense. Toilet rooms with every provision for convenience and comfort are arranged on each floor. Noting one day the discomfort attending cold lunches, the president immediately ordered arrangements made for providing warm lunches for the women. This resulted in the fitting up of a refreshment room on the fourth floor, to which the elevator carries the employees, and there, in a most attractive apartment, a warm lunch is served each day, at the company's expense, to every woman employee. The result of this was seen at once in the increased output of the departments, so that the company realized immediately a profit of at least twenty-five per cent. on the cost of the lunches.

ENCOURAGING HOME LIFE.

To encourage home life and comforts the hours of work were reduced for men from ten to nine and one-half hours, and for women from ten to eight hours, while the rate of wages remains as on a basis of ten hours. In addition to this the young women have ten minutes' recess, morning and afternoon, and they come an hour after the men in the morning, and leave ten minutes be-

fore them in the evening. Saturday half-holidays for all employees have been the rule during the past year. A kindergarten for the little children, and a cooking school for the older girls and young women have been provided at the company's expense. No effort is spared to cultivate a high standard of social life among all connected with the company. On these occasions all distinction of position is forgotten, and there is a kindly mingling of the men and women and their families.

These evidences of interest on the part of the company have been responded to by the employees, not only in increased loyalty and enthusiasm, but also in the development of independent thought and action. The young women are organized in an excellent women's club, the "Century," which is a member of the State and National federations, and which each year carries out a programme that would do credit to any club in the country. The men have a "Progress Club," for the discussion of the many topics of the day. A large club has been organized for night study in drawing, mathematics, and other subjects of value in the factory. A choral society, a relief association, which includes in its membership a large majority of the employees, and which provides for help in time of sickness, a bicycle club, and other societies, give evidence of the interest of the people themselves.

Nor have President Patterson and his associates been satisfied with limiting their efforts to their employees. They believe that the factory should be a helpful influence in its neighborhood, and even in the entire city. Hence the advantages offered to employees are extended to the suburb in which the factory is situated. Their first effort in this direction was the beautifying of the company's grounds, which are to-day among the most

delightful garden spots in the world. This was followed by the offering of prizes for the prettiest home grounds, front yards, back yards, vine planting, and window-boxes, in South Park. Through the Improvement Association the appearance of this portion of the city has been changed.

ELEVATING SOCIAL INFLUENCES.

Through the "N. C. R. House," a pretty cottage presided over by a devoted deaconess, the moral, social, and intellectual life of the entire suburb is influenced. Contrary to the common rule, the houses facing the factory bring the highest rents, and the street adjoining it is said to be the most beautiful street in the world, considering the size of the lots and the cost of the houses, averaging eighteen hundred dollars each. For the children of the neighborhood are provided boys' clubs, girls' clubs, sewing and millinery schools, and the boys' prize vegetable gardens. These last, growing out of the early experience of the owners in the value of work, have been remarkably successful. A Sunday-school, held in the large hall of the factory, has an attendance of over five hundred, and supplying a delightful Sunday afternoon for the neighborhood. A mother's guild, a kindergarten association, a branch library, with several hundred well-selected volumes, and all the leading magazines, open to all employees and the neighborhood alike, attest the mutual sympathy of the company and those living near.

Summing up the work and its guiding principles, President Patterson said:

"Labor does not want to be under obligations; hence, when well treated, it will return the treatment. The quickest way to reach working people is found to be through the kindergarten, lunches for the daughters,

shorter hours, and everything that shows consideration, even though it does not cost much. Everything is done that we can afford to do. Perhaps one-fourth of our people misconstrued our intentions, and did not appreciate what was done, hence we separated. Now nearly all are loyally seconding every effort.

A VERITABLE GARDEN.

"We have made it almost impossible for a man to live in this community and neglect his premises. At first I met with a strange and unaccountable opposition in my efforts to get the people in the neighborhood of the factory to beautify their yards, or even to keep them clear of rubbish heaps. Morning-glory seeds are cheap. I bought several hundred packages of these, and induced a few to plant them. I had pictures taken of all the unsightly yards and spots about the neighborhood. These were converted into lantern slides, and exhibited with appropriate comments wherever the people congregated. This created a storm of indignation, but in doing this I was exercising the privilege of any citizen. It had its good results.

"Little by little, the offensive places were cleaned up, and a smoky, disreputable region has become a veritable garden. There are no people about here now who would tear down the vines and litter up their yards. They take a pride in the appearance of the community."

XXVIII.

A RICH MAN WHO IS PRAISED BY THE POOR.

Late one afternoon I stopped to converse with a policeman in Central Park. Another policeman came up. Nathan Straus was mentioned.

"Well, I tell you," said the first policeman, stamping his foot, "there is a man!"

"Charities! He's the only man in New York City who gives real charities. Why, when others want to give, they go to him, and have him do it for them. He knows what's what. I tell you, he's the most respected man in New York City."

"That's right."

Go on the East Side, and ask about Nathan Straus, and you will hear what is as pleasant as it is rare, — the poor giving the rich man unstinted praise. But do not speak to Mr. Straus about his work as charity; he dislikes to have it called by that name.

PRACTICAL, MERCIFUL BENEFICENCE.

The greatest blessing that he has conferred on New York is helping the poor to get pure, sterilized milk. No work of beneficence ever before showed such surprising results. It has reduced the death rate of infants over fifty per cent. Formerly almost seventy-five per cent. of the children of the very poor died.

It was in the summer of 1893 that Mr. Straus opened his first milk depot, at which milk was sold for four cents a quart; one and one-half cents a bottle for sterilized pure milk; one cent a bottle (six ounces) for modified milk; and one cent a glass for pure milk.

It was a loss to the benefactor, but he established other depots throughout the unhealthy portions of the city and in the parks. Doctors received blanks to fill out for milk for those unable to purchase, and to such it was given free. A doctor's prescription was honored. What followed? The death rate was reduced.

At the instigation of his son — who died from a cold contracted in distributing coal — coal yards had been established on the docks and elsewhere. The dealers at that time were retailing coal at ten cents and fourteen cents a basket, which made the price from twelve dollars to sixteen dollars per ton. At Mr. Straus's depots five-cent tickets procured twenty and twenty-five pounds; ten-cent tickets, forty and fifty pounds, and so on. Most of the coal was carried in baskets on the shoulders and backs of those who, in some cases, had walked miles to obtain it. During the last financial panic grocery stores were started, where five cents procured a large amount of food. Lodging houses were opened, where a clean bed and a breakfast of coffee and bread could be procured for five cents, and lunch rooms where two cents purchased bread and coffee and corned beef.

The great financier, J. Pierpont Morgan, asked Mr. Straus to be permitted to assist him in the grocery stores, and a large central depot was rented at 345 Grand street, for which Mr. Morgan furnished the money and Mr. Straus acted as manager.

Although all these charities in which Mr. Straus has been interested have entailed a steady loss, a great num-

ber of those he benefited and benefits are under the impression that he does not sustain a loss, and that they merely buy for less than they would pay elsewhere.

HE DOES NOT WOUND THEIR SELF-RESPECT.

This is exactly the impression he desires them to possess — in his own words:

"I do not wish to make a single one feel that he is receiving charity, or is in any way a pauper. Such an impression is harmful, and lowers the standard of those who have a right to consider that they are the sinews of the country. I wish them to feel only that they are buying at low prices. Suppose that those who buy five cents' worth of groceries and trudge a distance for them are able to pay a little more. The mere fact that they walk far to save a few cents proves that their hard earned pennies are precious, and that there is the necessity of getting all that can be obtained for their money."

HE IS A KEEN, ENERGETIC MANAGER.

Such is the keynote of Mr. Straus's love for humanity. He is not a "lord bountiful," but a generous man, unsolicitous of thanks. There are many records of him having helped individuals. Two young men in his employ were threatened with an early death from consumption. He sent them to a sanitarium in the Adirondacks for a year, when they returned sound in health. During their absence, their salaries were paid to their families.

In business Mr. Straus is a strict disciplinarian. He believes that every man should attend strictly to duty, and this is the fundamental secret of his success. In his own words, "Any man with the ordinary amount of business instinct can succeed. To succeed, you must be honest, believe in your own ability, and after having se-

lected your path in life, stick to it through thick and thin. With ordinary mental endowments, there is no reason why any young man should fail.

"Do I think the chances of to-day are as great as some years ago? They are greater. The thing is to take advantage of opportunities and utilize them to the best of your ability. Chances or opportunities come to every one often in a lifetime. They should be recognized. Never let one slip; but weigh the possibilities. The great trouble is, a great many young men do not bestir themselves. They fall into a rut, and lack 'ginger.' This is a bustling world, and every young man should be wide-awake and on the lookout, constantly giving conscientious attention to duty. Duty, integrity, and energy are the watchwords, and will direct you on the road to success. Remember that the opportunities of to-day are as great as ever."

THE BACKGROUND OF HIS LIFE.

But though Mr. Straus is a tireless worker he finds time for a little recreation. He is one of the best gentleman drivers in the city, and he delights to race on the speedway. Still the background of his life is charity. For many years he desired to establish a sterilizing plant on Randall's Island, for the benefit of waifs and foundlings taken there. The death rate was very high. At length he gained his point, and a recent unsolicited letter from the matron contained the gratifying statement "that the death rate since the installation of the plant has been reduced fully fifty per cent."

In such deeds Nathan Straus delights. His life is one of perpetual attention to duty and to business, and he encourages others who would succeed, by saying: "Go

at it with a will, and stick to your ambitious aspirations through thick and thin!"

Mr. Straus himself is an excellent example of the success of the principle which he urges upon others as a rule of life. His whole career has been distinguished by tireless energy and industry, and the interests which are under his control have never suffered for any lack of careful and thorough attention. He has always been deliberate and consistent in adopting and adhering to any policy, public or private, and never deserts those whom he has seen fit to honor with his confidence, save on absolute proof of their unworthiness.

XXIX.

THE DISCOVERER OF TWO HUNDRED INVENTIONS:

SUCCESS FOUND IN HARD WORK.

Nikola Tesla, the electrician, was born in 1858, at Smiljan, Lika, on the borderland of Austro-Hungary. His mother had great ingenuity, and delighted in the construction of looms and churns. His father was a clergyman in the Greek Church, and intended that his son should succeed him in the sacred office. There were many children in the family, of whom Nikola was one of the youngest, and the most remarkable. He always dominated his brothers and sisters in their games, and at school he had a decided aptitude for study. At school one day the master was experimenting in mechanics before the class. The children were gathered round the desk, Nikola in the front row. The teacher proceeded to demonstrate what he considered one of the main principles of electricity. He explained just why the lever moved, and had almost finished, when Nikola, who had been listening intently, interrupted him. "That can't be true," he said quietly. The master looked at him in astonishment, and demanded an explanation of his words. "Well, I say that is n't true," said Nikola again; "I can't tell you why to-day, but I will to-morrow."

The master dismissed the class, and warned Nikola that if he did not prove his assertion before the week was out, he would have to answer for his impudence. The young student went home, and confidently began his experiments to prove that the master was wrong. All night long he worked, becoming more hopeful every moment. Before daylight he had finished his model, and went to bed triumphant. He declares that when he went up to the desk and showed his machine to the teacher he felt more triumphant than he has ever felt since; and when he was openly commended before the school his joy was supreme. It was not long before the whole town knew that Nikola Tesla was destined for a great electrician, and his career had begun.

THE RACE OF GENIUS.

Young Tesla's early studies were in electricity and magnetism. Later he went to Prague and Buda-Pesth to study languages. He then entered the laboratory of a great inventor at Vienna; but becoming dissatisfied, went to Paris, and engaged in the labor of furnishing that city with electric lights. Then he went to other cities; ever rising in his profession, making new improvements, new discoveries, and adding continually to his fame. His name became known all over the continent and in London. The king of Servia, proud of such a subject, decorated him; and the emperor of Austria did likewise. His rise was almost phenomenal, and many places in Europe were open to him.

Tesla was a lover of liberty. He looked with longing eyes toward America, where there is such a promising field for electricians. He had read of Edison, and determined to come to New York and seek a place with the great inventor. Edison gladly received him; and for

many years the two worked together, each relying to a certain extent on the other, and each profiting by the other's knowledge. Gradually their ideas began to differ, and it was decided that they had better separate.

SUPERIOR TO DISCOURAGEMENT.

On the morning of March 13, 1895, Mr. Tesla met with a bitter experience in the entire destruction of his fine laboratory on South Fifth avenue by fire. It was a hard blow to the inventor, who cried like a child. The work of years had gone up in smoke; and two tottering walls, like tumbling monuments, marked the place where he had spent years of toil and tribulation in trying to wrest the secrets from Nature. But before the ashes were fairly cold he was planning for new quarters on East Houston street. While the valuable papers, notes, and data for years were destroyed, the man was still alive.

"More divine, the master of all these."

The new laboratory soon grew, and it is now one of the best equipped in the country. Mr. Tesla is in his laboratory at half-past eight every morning, and spends a long day there, planning, experimenting, and making models. He puts an enormous amount of energy into his work, and never stops until he has hit upon the idea he is after. He has a corps of clever assistants, but is careful to do all the important work himself.

"THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS HARD WORK."

This was Tesla's answer to my question, when I called upon him to inquire the secret of his advancement in scientific discovery.

"To be successful in this world," continued the great electrician, "one must perform the hardest kind of work.

You must keep at it night and day, and not stop a minute. There is no royal road. This has been the plan I have followed for years. I work from sixteen to twenty hours out of the twenty-four."

The life of Tesla is passed in continuous labor in his laboratory, where, after working all day, from eight in the morning till eight at night, he has often had his dinner brought in, and where he has continued to work till eleven or twelve. Twice in two years he has been to the theatre. On very rare occasions he has heeded some social call.

Mr. Tesla's hours are crammed with experiments and scientific investigations. He has already patented some two hundred inventions, has a similar number in various stages of evolution in his laboratory, and is dreaming daily of new worlds to conquer.

DUPLICATING THE FIREFLY'S LIGHT.

"It may interest you," he said to me, "to know that my system of vacuum-tube lighting is a success. It is now almost ready to be given to the public, and I expect soon to make an announcement on the subject. I have been watching very carefully what other inventors have been doing in this direction, and can assure you that my light will meet all requirements."

The aim and ambition of electricians is to actually manufacture artificial daylight. At first thought, it seems a very easy matter to duplicate the light of the firefly. Nevertheless, for ages, the insect has successfully kept the secrets of its phosphorescent prison-house, baffled the brains of the world, and proved as elusive to electricians as the will-o'-the-wisp. Of late, several electricians have been making remarkable headway — notably Tesla, Edison, Moore, and Haines. All have been

devoting their time to vacuum-tubes. Mr. Tesla showed his friends, some time since, what he could accomplish with a single tube, producing a good photograph made at a distance of four feet with only two minutes' exposure. That he has at last succeeded in producing artificial sunlight, which will stream from long glass tubes, is not surprising, in view of his long years of patient experiment and hard work. The points in favor of the Tesla light are beautiful illumination, the absence of deadly wires, and the non-employment of any kind of filament in the tubes.

He has made a machine for measuring the electric discharges from the earth; thus suggesting the possibility of "calling up" and communicating with the planet Mars some day by means of signals. And he has tried to harness the electrical discharge of the earth for human service. Before he took up the subject the alternating current had no recognized place. Now it is used everywhere, and has cheapened light and power. This he has made use of in transmitting the energy of Niagara Falls to the surrounding cities and towns.

He believes that his discovery of the rotating magnetic field is the invention by which he will be best known. The "Tesla Oscillator" is a blending of the dynamo and the steam engine; the idea being to get the electric current directly from steam.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In personal appearance he is tall and commanding. Like Cassius, he has a "lean and hungry look" and "thinks too much."

Mr. Tesla is a great genius, survey him as you will. To every one he is courteous. He always inspires you by his noble character. He fully believes that a firm

faith is the best divinity, a good life the best philosophy, a clear conscience the best law, honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic. His achievements in electrical science have already marked him as one of the greatest benefactors to civilized society which our age has produced.

XXX.

A CAPTAIN OF INVENTION:

AND THE GIRL WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.

"I WAS a mere cipher in that vast sea of human enterprise," said Henry Bessemer, speaking of his arrival in London in 1831. Although but eighteen years old, and without an acquaintance in the city, he soon made work for himself by inventing a process of copying bas-reliefs on cardboard, by which one could learn in ten minutes how to make a die from an embossed stamp, for a penny. Ascertaining that in this way the raised stamps on official papers could be forged, he invented a perforated stamp which could not be forged or removed. At the stamp office the chief told him that the government was losing £100,000 a year through the custom of removing stamps from old parchments and using them again. The chief also appreciated the new danger of easy counterfeiting. So he offered Bessemer a definite sum for his process of perforation, or an office for life at £800 a year. Bessemer chose the office, and hastened to tell the good news to a young woman with whom he had agreed to share his fortune. In explaining his invention, he told how it would prevent any one from taking a valuable stamp from a document a hundred years old and using it a second time.

A FLASH OF WOMAN'S WIT.

"*Yes,*" said his betrothed, "*I understand that; but if all stamps had a date put upon them, they could not afterwards be used without detection.*"

A lightning-flash of woman's wit had done more than his months of study. And the same little word would render Henry's perforation device of far less value than a last year's bird's nest. Henry felt proud of the young woman's ingenuity, and suggested the improvement at the stamp office. Perforation was abandoned; but, alas! as a consequence, he was deprived of his promised office; the government coolly making use, from that day to this, without compensation, of the idea conveyed by that little, insignificant word "date."

So it would seem that Bessemer's betrothed knew too much. And it came about that the government prevented the stealing of official stamps by stealing from Bessemer.

A DISTINGUISHED FATHER.

Bessemer's father, Antony Bessemer, was extraordinarily gifted. Born in London, his boyhood was spent in Holland. At twenty years of age he erected pumping-engines at Haarlem to drain the turf-pits. Before he was twenty-five this genius was elected one of the "Forty Immortals" of the French Academy, for improvements in the microscope. The Revolution drove him from France; he barely escaped from the mob and from prison. In London he achieved distinction as a type-founder. "Bessemer type" lasted nearly twice as long as other type.

Henry's father perceived that his son was a "chip off the old block." On a visit to London he purchased for

the boy "one of those beautiful Holtzappel foot-lathes," and the youth studied and practised turning, with all the enthusiasm of genius and youth. At eighteen he went to London, and invented a machine to make patterns of Utrecht velvet.

Bessemer's inventions indicate a mental activity and versatility, as "a keen observer, original thinker, and clever inventor, rarely or never equalled. In two consecutive years Mr. Bessemer took out twenty-seven patents; in some instances, four or five for the most diverse subjects in a single day. For improvements in sugar manufacture, he was awarded the Prince Albert gold medal. He extracted eighty-five per cent. of juice from the cane. Scott Russell came next, but fell short ten per cent., although he used a powerful press."

To this day the mechanical means of making Bessemer's gold paint remains a secret. At first he made one thousand per cent. profit; it still yields three hundred per cent. profit. "Three out of my five assistants have died; if the other two were to die, and myself, too, no one would know what the invention is." But, after writing thus in 1871, Bessemer rewarded their faithfulness by handing over to these two men the large and profitable business of the bronze-powder and gold-paint factory at Camden Town.

But the invention which placed his name with those of Watt, Arkwright, Stephenson, and other revolutionists of methods, was his method of making "Bessemer steel."

"STRONGER METAL FOR GUNS."

"The shots rotate properly," said Commander Minie to Bessemer, "but if you cannot get stronger metal for your guns, such heavy projectiles will be of little use."

Bessemer was exhibiting to the French authorities at Vincennes his elongated projectiles from a light cast-iron smooth-bore gun. "Stronger metal for the guns!" — that was the problem; his mind instantly grappled with it, and he finally solved it.

Up to 1740 the finest steel made by the Hindoos cost £10,000 a ton. Huntsman's process produced equally good steel for £50 to £100 a ton.

"Bessemer had no connection with the iron or steel trade, and knew little or nothing of metallurgy." This was a disadvantage, yet an advantage; for he entered on his career untrammelled by notions. "Persons wholly unconnected with a particular business," he says, "are the men who make all the great inventions of the age."

About eighteen months he experimented, when he was successful. Then he engaged St. Pancras, the old residence of Richard Baxter, for experimental iron works. "The primitive apparatus being ready, the engine was made to force streams of air, under high pressure, through the bottom of the vessel, which was lined with fire-clay; the stoker, in some bewilderment, poured in the liquefied metal. Instantly, out came a volcanic eruption of such dazzling coruscations as had never been seen before. The heat was so extreme that the iron-holders seemed about to melt. They were soon relieved by finding that the decarburization or combustion had expended its fury; and, most wonderful of all, the product was steel. The new metal was tried; its quality was good. The problem was solved. The new process seemed successful. The inventor was elated.

"Astonished at his own success, he went to the Patent Office and examined all the patents to see whether anybody had done the same thing before. He found no trace of such an operation, but observed that steam had

been used in that way. So he specified both in his patent." "The result of my experiment," he says, "showed me that the highest temperature ever known in the arts can be produced by the simple introduction of atmospheric air into cast iron."

When Bessemer was to read his account a gentleman at a hotel said: "Clay, I want you to go down with me this morning. A fellow has come down from London to read a paper on making steel from cast iron without fuel! Ha! ha! ha!" Before night he laughed the other way, and said he "would at once place his establishment under the invention."

Bessemer told them that steel would eventually supersede iron for railway purposes. Napoleon III., his greatest patron, at the outset wished it introduced at Roulle; Nasmyth thought it a great discovery. Bessemer was offered £50,000 for the patent. He put large royalties upon it.

But dismal failures occurred. Six weeks later the whole thing was voted a "failure" by assembled ironmasters.

"AFTER CLOUDS, SUNSHINE."

It was found that phosphorus and sulphur in the iron made the trouble. Robert Mushet and Bessemer both claim to have discovered the remedy, the introduction of ferro-manganese or Spiegeleisen. While denying an encroachment upon Mushet, Bessemer gave the less fortunate inventor an annuity of three hundred pounds. Robert Mushet ever proclaimed that he first applied manganese to Bessemer metal; but Henry Bessemer was never proved to have infringed any patent right by the free use of manganese. The Bessemer process became

perfect, after four years' application and £20,000 spent in experiments.

To make Bessemer iron and steel a commercial success was another thing. Exultant at first, iron-masters were afraid of it.

THE INVENTOR BECAME IRON-WORKER.

But he bought up his licenses already given, built works at Sheffield, and began underselling his neighbors by twenty pounds a ton. Soon they came to him and paid his royalty — some of them very reluctantly.

This man, who six years before knew no more about making iron than a school-boy, was master of iron-masters the world over.

"According to the best information extant, in the twenty-one years after the process was first successfully worked, the production of steel by it, notwithstanding its slow progress at first, amounted to no less than twenty-five million tons; and if we estimate the saving, as compared with the old process which it superseded, at forty pounds a ton, the total would be about £1,000,000,000. In 1882 the world's production was over four million tons. Over one hundred works had adopted it, and over three thousand three hundred converters had been erected." Since the process was perfected the annual production of steel in England has been raised from fifty thousand to three million tons, while its cost has been reduced more than five hundred per cent. The United States product for 1897 was 5,475,315 long tons.

Perhaps in no department of industry has the Bessemer process caused greater improvement. The superiority of steel to iron rails is not now questioned. A steel rail lasts nine times as long as an iron one; the

difference in cost is trifling. In 1880 sixteen thousand miles of steel rails had been laid in Great Britain; when the twenty-five thousand miles of British railway were relaid in steel there would be an annual saving of £3,000,000 in the cost of renewal of rails. Were this economy extended to the world's railway system the annual saving would be over £20,000,000 or $100,000,000.

HONOR, PROFIT, AND FAME.

Bessemer was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1879, and received gold medals, especially the Albert gold medal in 1872, and a gold medal from Napoleon III., weighing twelve ounces.

Profit as well as honor came to him; when his patents expired, in 1870, he had received, in royalties, over a million sterling, or, to use his own expression, 1,057,748 "of the beautiful little gold medals issued by the Royal Mint, with the benign features of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria stamped upon them." The Sheffield works had yielded the owners eighty-one times their original capital in fourteen years; that is, their profit every two months paid for the original investment.

Bessemer's inventive brain ceased its work on earth March 14, 1898. He looked back upon eighty-five years. Abraham Hewitt, rehearsing the effects of his great invention upon travel, transportation, and labor, said that he was practically, though not theoretically, the "great apostle of Democracy," and "printing, the mariner's compass, the discovery of America, and the steam engine, are the only capital events in modern history which belong to the same category as the Bessemer process."

Two towns in the United States are named for him — Bessemer, Michigan, and Bessemer, Alabama.

"Bessemer earned and merited all he got. His immortal contribution to the welfare of humanity was the result of no accident, but of toil, self-sacrifice, devotion, and fortitude. He became very rich, but his personal fortune, compared with the addition which he made to the wealth of the world, was but as a grain of sand on a beach, or one star in the sky."

ROBERT BONNER.

XXXI.

PRUDENCE, PERSEVERANCE, AND ENTERPRISE OF ROBERT BONNER.

Robert Bonner was "a Scotchman born in Ireland," at Londonderry, April 24, 1824; and he became president of the "Scotch-Irish Society of America." He came to America in 1839. As a mere boy, he worked in the printing-office of the "Hartford Courant," as an apprentice, at twenty-five dollars the first year, thirty-five for the second, and forty-five for the third, with board and lodging. The paper had a circulation then of only five hundred copies. "I had a great deal of typesetting to do," he said, "and it was hard work." He felt elated when he was hired as printer, and also when, for good work later, he was given an extra twelve cents an hour.

"A printing-office is not a bad school," said Mr. Bonner to me not long ago, "and from setting up good literature in type I learned many things, simply from reading the articles I set up. I can never forget one great truth that came to me unexpectedly one day. I was setting up an article by Ralph Waldo Emerson, when I came across these words:

"'O discontented man! Whatever you want, pay the price and take it.'

"Those words made a profound impression upon my youthful mind. I soon saw that work is the price paid

for all success, and from that time on I have been willing to pay the price. In the printing-office in Hartford I did my best, and was promoted when the time came, and so it continued."

Young Bonner was the quickest typesetter in the office of the "Hartford Courant," and on one occasion set up the president's message at the rate of seventeen hundred ems an hour, to enable that paper to get the message out in advance of other papers. He proved so intelligent as a printer that he sometimes occupied the editorial chair.

"How did you come to found the 'New York Ledger,' Mr. Bonner?" I asked.

Mr. Bonner's bright face became brighter still at mention of that publication with which his name and fame are inseparably connected, and he went on in his plain, unpretentious way to tell the story of his Aladdin-like rise to wealth through the novel and magnificent business methods which he introduced in the management of that paper.

"The 'New York Ledger,' was, in 1850, a small financial sheet known as the 'Merchants' Ledger.' I was then employed upon it, and I had n't been there long when the proprietor wanted to sell, and I bought him out. I ran the paper a short time as a financial paper, and then gradually converted it into a family journal.

"My ideal of a story, first of all," he continued, "was that not a word should appear in it that would cause a mother embarrassment if one of her children should stop her while she was reading and ask, 'Mamma, what does that mean?'

"When I gradually substituted reading matter in my journal, its circulation was increased, and I was very much encouraged. My first feat of enterprise was in 1853, when I engaged Mrs. Sigourney to contribute a

poem every week, which she continued to do until the day of her death. Two years later I engaged Fanny Fern.

"She was, at that time, by far the most popular woman writer of the day, but she had never written for the press. Her latest book had just reached an enormous sale, and she rather looked down upon newspaper work. I first offered her twenty-five dollars a column for a story. She refused it. I wrote her again and offered fifty dollars a column. This she also declined, but the return mail brought her another offer from me of seventy-five dollars a column. Upon this she said to a friend, 'I like the spirit of that man Bonner, and I wish you would go down and see him.' Her friend came, and I arranged to give her a thousand dollars for a ten-column story. The story was published, and all the newspapers were talking of my unheard-of extravagance in paying such a sum for a story. I had fifty thousand dollars' worth of free advertising out of the arrangement, and people began to ask for the 'Ledger.' Before that I had trouble to get the newsdealers to take the 'Ledger.' Afterwards they were very glad to get it."

Mr. Bonner then went on to tell of his dealings with Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Bonner first became acquainted with the great preacher through a poem which Mr. Beecher sent to the "Ledger," in behalf of a friend. Mr. Bonner wrote back that he did n't want poetry, but would be glad to have Mr. Beecher himself write something for the paper. "I offered him two thousand dollars a year for a half to three-quarters of a column every week. He accepted the offer, and from that time until his death he was a regular contributor."

"You also paid him thirty thousand dollars for his novel, 'Norwood,' did you not? Was n't that a large price for a novel?"

"Yes, I paid him that, but it was a good business venture, for the whole country was soon talking of it, and the sale of the 'Ledger' was wonderfully increased.

"I also paid Edward Everett ten thousand dollars for a series of articles. Mr. Everett was then at the height of his fame, having been president of Harvard college and minister to England. He was very anxious that Mount Vernon should be bought and preserved. He was lecturing over the country to help the fund for that purpose, and I told him that if he would write me the articles, I would give ten thousand dollars to the fund. He accepted the offer, and the 'Ledger' was again the most talked-of paper in the country, and added tens of thousands to its already great list of readers."

For the "Ledger" Mr. Bonner secured a poem from Longfellow, a novel from Dickens, for which he paid five thousand dollars, and a poem from Tennyson. They made his paper read, and gave his readers satisfaction in the value of what they read.

Robert Bonner never claimed or received all the credit due to him for his remarkable enterprise in advertising. His manner of commending the "Ledger" to the people was wholly his own. When he startled the public by his extravagance in taking columns of a daily journal, or one entire side, he secured the end he had in view. His method of repeating three or four lines, such as,— "Fanny Fern writes only for the 'Ledger,'" — or, "Read Mrs. Southworth's new story in the 'Ledger,'" —and this repeated over and over again, till men turned from it in disgust, and did not conceal their ill-temper, was a system of itself. "What is the use," said a man to Mr. Bonner, "of your taking the whole side of the 'Herald,' and repeating that statement a thousand times?" "Would you have asked that question," replied Mr.

Bonner, "if I had inserted it but once? I put it in to attract your attention, and make you ask that question."

In New York Mr. Bonner soon conquered his way to a place among prominent, leading, and successful men. He was willing to dare; and he succeeded. He sometimes put up every dollar he had in bringing his enterprises to public attention, but he would not get into debt, and always refused to accept credit.

"May I ask you when you began to save, Mr. Bonner, and how you accumulated your first hundred dollars?"

"I always saved something," replied Mr. Bonner. "Even when I was making only thirty-five and forty dollars a year I managed to save a little. I never accumulated money for the sake of getting rich, though. I saved because I knew it was best to live within my income, however small, and have something laid up for a rainy day. Don't you know that Dickens makes a character in one of his works say these words, or something similar: 'James Smith makes a hundred pounds a year, and he spends a hundred and ten pounds. Result, — misery. John Jones makes a hundred pounds a year, and spends only ninety. Result, — happiness.' If a man spends more than he makes he is bound to be miserable; but if he saves something he will have a feeling of contentment.

"I saved my first hundred dollars, however, after I left Hartford, and came to New York to make my living. I was almost of age before I began depositing in a bank. One day I found that I had seventy dollars ahead, and with that I opened an account in the Chambers Street Savings Bank. I kept up my deposits in that bank until they amounted to a thousand dollars a week. One day I noticed that the cashier had put an item of three dollars and some cents in red ink below my last deposit. This

was my first interest. 'Why,' said I, 'I did not have to work for that,' and I then first realized that money would make money. It seemed wonderful to me."

Mr. Bonner's charities were always liberal, practical, generous; putting his money where it would do the most good to his fellowmen.

THE BONNER HORSES.

Mr. Bonner had a manly love for fine horses. He did not love them as a gambler, for the stakes, for he never allowed his horses to race for money. He loved them as they loved horses who carved them on the friezes of the Parthenon. His first horse was bought as a remedy for a threatened breakdown of health. One day, in 1856, his family physician, Doctor Samuel Hall, said: "Robert, I've bought a horse for you, and I want one hundred dollars to pay for him with. That horse is the only medicine I can give you. Come out now and drive him." That was the beginning of a horse career which has made Robert Bonner famous. From that day to his death he owned horses.

Maud S. was added in 1880 by purchase from William H. Vanderbilt. One day a wealthy horseman called to see him.

"Bonner," said he, "would you like to own Maud S.?"

"Certainly," said the horse lover.

"Well, I think Vanderbilt would sell her. His eyesight is giving out, and he can't see her as he drives. He does n't want this fact known, but I am sure you can get her if you make the right kind of an offer."

Maud S. had then made a record of 2:11¾ and had done record-breaking team work, including the pulling of a load of hay in team harness, in which she had "pulled

the whole load." Mr. Vanderbilt wished to dispose of the horse to Bonner because he knew the latter would use her well.

After the purchase Maud S. won a series of races, or would have won races, but Bonner would enter her in none except against time. But she made record runs. In 1881 she did her mile in 2:10¼, driven by W. W. Blair, who had driven her in 1880. In 1884 she reduced her own record, no horse meanwhile having beaten her, to 2:09¾, and in 1885 she lowered it, driven by John Murphy, to 2:08¾.

Among Mr. Bonner's other purchases was Sunol. This horse he bought of Leland Stanford for forty thousand dollars, upon the occasion of a visit to the Palo Alto stables. Stanford loved horses as well as Robert Bonner, and the two spent days in the stables.

After Bonner had paid for Sunol he discovered that the horse was lame. "I am going to cure that horse," said he, "without letting Leland Stanford know. If I tell him he will send me back my check, and I shall be obliged to return Sunol. But if I cure the horse I know I shall have a prize."

Mr. Bonner went to work upon Sunol. In curing this magnificent animal he developed the veterinary germ that afterwards made him the leading authority upon horses. Sunol lived to run many a race. And Bonner, in curing him, learned a few facts that other horse-experts did not know, and he put them into practice. Since then, hundreds of prominent men with racing horses have called upon him, bringing limping animals, and have taken away those that were much better, and would soon recover.

He made the very remarkable yet simple discovery that most lame feet are caused by the uneven paring of

the horse's hoofs as the shoes are put on. The horse has to walk on the side of his foot. After a while, the foot becomes lame, the knee gets twisted, and the horse is useless for service.

Mr. Bonner's three sons took the "Ledger" about ten years ago. One of them was recently asked his father's great characteristic. "Great power," he replied, "of concentrating his whole energy upon whatever he took in hand; ability to throw his whole soul into any enterprise which it seemed good to him to undertake."

XXXII.

KING OF THE PENNY PRESS.

It is doubtful whether, in the whole history of journalism, there can be found a parallel to this story of a young man's rise, through energy and native ability, which I have in part prepared from the "London Bookman."

Before Alfred Harmsworth was twenty-three he published his first periodical, "Answers," with a very small capital. Before he was thirty he was a millionaire. Now he is chief proprietor of several dailies, and twenty-two periodicals, and head of the largest publishing business in the world. Every journal issued has been successful; not one has been discontinued. The Harmsworth publications have the largest circulation in almost every department of British journalism, including morning and evening dailies, and numerous class weeklies, — such as women's papers, cycling papers, humorous papers, and boys' papers. The total weekly output exceeds seven millions. Of the "Daily Mail" nearly four hundred thousand copies are sold every day, and the circulation continues to increase in spite of the struggles of its older contemporaries and the news-agents' objection to half-penny papers.

THE HARMSWORTH FRATERNITY.

Alfred Harmsworth owns rather more than half of the entire property. Harold Harmsworth is the next largest

shareholder; the other brothers following in the order of their age. One of the many remarkable features of the whole undertaking is the youthfulness of those who initiated and conduct it. Alfred Harmsworth was born on July 15, 1865. He is assisted by five brothers: Harold, business manager; Cecil, literary editor; Leicester, Alfred's right-hand man in the editorial department; Hildebrand, and St. John. They will soon be joined by another brother, Vyvyan George. Mr. Harmsworth's only regret is that he has not more brothers. The average age of the whole staff, excluding small boys, is twenty-three years.

The father of Harmsworth was a successful barrister; his mother a daughter of the late William Maffett, of Dublin, in which county Alfred Harmsworth was born. He was educated at the grammar school, Stamford, Lincolnshire, and under the Rev. J. L. Milne, of Streete Court, West-gate-on-Sea. His parents wished him to prepare for the bar, but the journalistic instinct asserted itself too strongly to be resisted. At fifteen he edited a school paper, and at seventeen, after a holiday scamper through Europe, he entered the office of the "Illustrated London News," as editor of one of William Ingram's publications. He has done practically every kind of newspaper work, from reporting fires and police-court proceedings up to writing for London dailies. At twenty-one he married Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Milner, of Kidlington, Oxonia. Mrs. Harmsworth writes occasionally; for some time she helped her husband in his journalistic work. Her literary judgment is excellent.

THE HARMSWORTH PERIODICALS.

The following is a complete list of the Harmsworth periodicals. They are published every week, with one

exception. They are penny or half-penny papers, and have been established within ten years following 1888: Answers, Comic Cuts, Illustrated Chips, Forget-Me-Not, The Funny Wonder, Home, Sweet Home, Halfpenny Marvel, Sunday Companion, Union Jack, Pluck Library, Boys' Friend, Home Chat, Comic Home Journal, Sunday Stories, Home Companion, Fashion Novelties, Rambler, The Cycle, Heartsease Library. In addition to this list, complete works, "Sixty Years a Queen," and "Nelson and his Times," or other books, are occasionally issued weekly or monthly.

Always a hard worker, Alfred Harmsworth continues to take active part in the business of which he is the head. He is quick and facile, and bears his enormous responsibilities lightly. He is in constant communication with his editors and principal assistants. Mr. Harmsworth is a frequent contributor to his various journals, and directs the policy of both the "Daily Mail" and the "Evening News." He and his brothers have the reins of their business well in hand, and allow no department in any of their publications to get beyond their reach.

The Harmsworths' phenomenal success is not to be explained by one "secret;" there are many contributing factors. Perhaps the chief are the brothers' unanimity of mind and affection, and their knowledge of human nature. They not only know exactly what the public wants, they also know how to get the best out of those who can supply it. Alfred Harmsworth, in particular, has studied the science and art of newspaper and periodical production in all parts of the globe. Every new Harmsworth venture is carefully considered beforehand; when necessary, and practicable, experiments are made, and every conceivable precaution is taken against failure.

Undoubtedly, the system of profit-sharing in vogue in the Harmworth establishments has greatly contributed to their prosperity. Every Friday evening, employers and employed meet for social intercourse and recreation. Every member of the staff is welcome, and six or eight billiard tables are provided. The employees run a little weekly illustrated organ, called "The Cue," for their own gratification and amusement.

EVER STRIVING FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

The firm is always striving to improve its mechanical equipment. The Messrs. Harmsworth have scoured the earth in search of the latest and best newspaper appliances, and their agents are always on the lookout to test the newest developments. They use extensively the Linotype and Empire typesetting machines, finding them a great improvement on hand-composition. They make their own printing ink, and have completed arrangements by which they can manufacture paper, whenever they wish to do so. Their paper-pattern-cutting department is the second largest in the kingdom.

Although Messrs. Harmsworth's machinery scarcely ever stops, the mechanical difficulty of getting done rapidly and well the vast amount of printing necessary increases from week to week. The "Daily Mail," for example, is printed in four different buildings, requiring, for its production, not only the costly and up-to-date machinery originally provided for it, but also all the plant of the "Evening News" and the "News of the World."

RIGHT IDEAS OF JOURNALISM.

When I asked Mr. Harmsworth to mention some of the essentials of success in journalism, he said:

"I believe in hard work, but hard work is not enough. Many people work with their eyes on the ground. I believe in travel. Our young men don't go abroad enough. I attribute our family success in no small measure to the fact that all my brothers and I have travelled extensively. I believe that half the journalistic notions of what the public wants to read are wrong. They are largely based either on old-fashioned tradition or upon the journalist's personal tastes. I believe the public is a far better critic than is usually imagined. And I do not believe that any amount of advertising will keep up a bad thing. The public does not care one iota about size; if anything, a small journal is preferred to a big one. It is a broad principle of our business never to compete in size with anybody. More money has been lost in journalism on the theory that the public wants bulk than on any other theory. What the public wants is quality, character, individuality.

"I think specialization is already and, as the years pass, will become more and more the keynote of success. The world's effective workers are constantly increasing in number. Competition is steadily growing keener. The man who wins recognition in this twentieth century will have to do some one thing extremely well. If I were giving just one word of advice to a young man I should say — concentrate.

THE CONCENTRATION OF ENERGY.

"As for myself, I feel that whatever position I have attained is due to focusing my energies and time. When I went into journalism I made up my mind that I would master the business of editing and publishing. This is a vast specialty, but then I was very young and had a good deal of self-confidence. I was always on the look-

out for information, and when I was twenty-one I published a little weekly called 'Answers.' Its purpose was to give the public fresh facts and knowledge on about every subject under the sun, and to sugar-coat the pill with light and entertaining articles and stories. To the form and appearance of 'Answers,' I gave but little attention; it was the kernel inside the shell upon which I concentrated my thoughts. 'Answers' gave me a good income from the start, and has ever since been one of my most valuable properties.

"We are glad to get good American newspaper men in London. They are quicker, and have more ideas than their English brothers of the pen. My greatest difficulty is to get men with new and practical ideas, or with the ability to give a new turn to old ones. Not one man in a thousand has a brain of this kind, but it is more frequent among Americans than among my own countrymen. We welcome the right kind of Americans, but there is a wrong kind, which we certainly do not want.

"To speak aside from journalism, I may say that the Americans who are in most demand in England are mechanical experts. Except in ship-building, we recognize your superiority in all things mechanical. Good American electrical engineers, for example, have no difficulty in obtaining excellent positions in London. In electric transit we are far behind you."

XXXIII.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S SIX MAXIMS.

Joseph Jefferson stands in high regard among the people of the United States; and his "Six Maxims" suggest that one element of his strength, and of the strength of men like him, is that great men live according to rule. To live by method implies that a man is broadly thoughtful of life and its conditions, and that he has will, consistency, and character to conform to what his understanding declares to be desirable.

Jefferson's "Six Maxims" are these:

1. The surest way to score a failure is to imitate some one else.
2. Never act to or at your auditors; always act for them.
3. Never try to gauge the intelligence of your audience by the price of the seats.
4. Always keep the promises you make to the public.
5. Always do the thing you can do best.
6. Never allow vulgarity or impurity to find a place in your performances.

The first of these rules corresponds to the highest rule of elocution as taught in our "schools of expression," which is, to get in your own mind and heart a full sense of the thought or feeling to be uttered, and then develop the expression of it. This does not preclude study of models, which every student of art must pursue in order to be successful.

DRILLING HIS SON TOM.

Jefferson gives an interesting illustration of what he meant, in training one of his four sons to play "Rip Van Winkle."

Mr. Jefferson took greatest interest, perhaps, in preparing Tom for the "Rip Van Winkle" scene in which that character regains consciousness after a sleep of twenty years. Just before the first rehearsal the older man explained his plan of action.

"Now, Tom, I will lie down as if asleep," he said, in effect. "Then I will waken, exactly as I would if I were performing on the stage of a crowded theatre. You must watch me intently. But you must not try to catch the gestures or the facial changes. Never mind the outer man; it is the inner man you must observe. By that I mean that you must try to discover the workings of my mind. For when I begin to waken as 'Rip Van Winkle' I strive to put myself in the mental attitude that would have been his on recovering himself after half a lifetime's slumber. I try to express the uncertainty, the confusion, the hopes, and the fears that would crowd the mind of a person passing through such an extraordinary experience.

"It is n't necessary that your interpretation should be outwardly like mine; in fact, I should be extremely doubtful of your success if it were. There will surely be some resemblance, since you are a Jefferson; and so, no matter how you try to do otherwise, you will probably be somewhat imitative. But the great point will be to express properly the thoughts and emotions of the wakening 'Rip Van Winkle' in your own way. Never mind just how you do this, and don't try to produce the desired effects in the same way every time; the thing you must

be concerned with is your own notion of the part and your personal feelings when you are playing it.

"When it comes to your turn to do the wakening act I will watch you critically, and I can certainly tell whether you have succeeded in feeling the part or not."

AN IMPROMPTU SUCCESS.

These six rules Jefferson has conformed to, and to them, doubtless, in addition to his great genius, he considers that he owes his success. He had an aptitude, however, to do a thing impromptu, when the time demanded.

On one occasion, he achieved a degree of success in a bit of off-hand acting, which he could not reproduce by later studied attempts. He was playing "Mr. Golightly," in "Lend Me Five Shillings," his son Charles B. being also in the cast. In that play, "Mr. Golightly" wears a butterfly necktie fastened to the collar button by a loop of rubber string. One night the loop became unbuttoned and the butterfly fell to the ground. Jefferson was unconscious of the mishap, but he knew something had happened, for scattered auditors were laughing all over the house in that hesitating way which shows uncertainty as to whether the cause of the laughter is designed or accidental. Charles B. saw what was the matter, of course, and made signs which conveyed the truth to his father. When he understood the situation a complicated and highly comical look, expressing surprise, annoyance, and relief, passed quickly over his face. At sight of this the audience, assured that the whole thing was part of the "business" and so legitimate cause for laughter, burst into a hearty guffaw. Jefferson then picked up the tie and buttoned it again to his collar, whereat there was more laughter and a round of applause.

All this happened in less time than it takes to write it, and, the result being a hit, Jefferson determined to introduce that same business regularly thereafter, and tried it next night. But it was not in any sense a success. It seemed utterly impossible for the actor to counterfeit the facial expressions of perplexity and impatience, followed by whimsical comprehension, that had been apparent when the business was really an accident, and it had to be abandoned before the week was over.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

It is said that it is one of the traditions of the Jefferson family that Boucicault did not believe a phenomenally successful piece could be evolved from the "Rip Van Winkle" idea. This view of the situation he placed definitely and frankly before Mr. Jefferson when asked to begin the work. When the piece was finished the playwright begged the actor not to attempt its production.

"You see," pleaded Boucicault, almost in tears, "the 'Rip Van Winkle' of the play, though young and lusty in the first act, is old, gray-haired, decrepit, and wrinkled later on, and, in fact, through all the best part of the piece. Now, I have studied the preference of theatre-goers closely enough to know that they will not accept you as an old man, and I am sure you will play to disaster whenever you attempt that part."

But this sort of talk did not shake Jefferson's faith, and at this late date it is hardly necessary to say that the Boucicault "Rip Van Winkle," as played by Joe Jefferson, scored an immediate and profitable triumph.

Mr. Jefferson's personal character has given him the confidence of the American public, and his portrayal of Irving's sleeping Dutchman has been a matchless success.

XXXIV.

SECRET OF BOURKE COCKRAN'S SUCCESS ON THE PLATFORM AND AT THE BAR.

Not very many years ago Bourke Cockran, the famous speaker, and one of the most popular orators in the country, landed in New York, a stranger, with only one hundred dollars to start him in his career. He was a strong, healthy young Irishman, ambitious to be somebody and do something, and willing to work at any honorable business until able to gratify his higher aims. He was well-educated, and of marked ability, and it was not his habit to be idle; so he secured a place as a clerk in A. T. Stewart's store. A month later he became a teacher at a public school on Rutgers street, where he gave instruction in French, Latin, and history. Then he accepted an appointment as principal of a public school. But Bourke Cockran had selected for his life work the study and practice of law. All his evenings and spare moments were devoted to this, which at once absorbed his whole energy. On Saturdays he studied law in the office of the late Chauncey Schaffer. At length he gave up his place as principal, and for nearly a year lived on his savings, and studied. In 1876 he was admitted to the bar of New York. He was always possessed of a genial nature and ready wit, and made friends quickly wherever he went, and it was not long before the young man found an open door in his new calling.

HIS EARLY CAREER.

The beginner's first case was in connection with the trial of five men, at White Plains, who were arraigned for selling liquor on Sunday. He defended four of them. Three of the four were acquitted, while the jurors disagreed in the case of the fourth. Frank Larkin, of Sing Sing, who was then the leading criminal lawyer of Westchester county, defended the fifth, and lost the case.

In speaking of this, his first success, Mr. Cockran described it as "a combination of work and fortuity, though a favorable circumstance. Looking back on it now," he continued, "it seems to me that the jurors were more or less affected by a desire to encourage a young man who was beginning. If that was their feeling it certainly produced the desired result. Of course that trial gave me a confidence in myself that was of incalculable benefit."

His rise, thenceforth, was rapid. Establishing himself as a lawyer in New York City, where he had thousands of competitors, he was soon known as a man of great ability as an advocate, and of supreme eloquence as a speaker. It was only a short time before his practice was large and profitable, for he seldom, if ever, lost a case, and his faculty of speech, combined with his thorough study and knowledge of law, enabled him to make irresistible arguments in court. He gradually took a foremost place among the great lawyers of the metropolis, and his fame as an orator spread throughout the nation.

I asked Mr. Cockran to tell me something about his work, and the way in which he managed to achieve such immediate success.

SUCCESS THE RESULT OF WORK.

"You are asking me a question," he replied, "that has been presented to me time and again, and one which I have never yet been able to answer satisfactorily. I think most men are more successful than they deserve to be. So far as I am concerned, that is certainly true. Generally speaking, however, success is the result, and the laudable result, of absorption in your work.

"No truly ambitious young man will mind working to achieve his ambition. If I see a boy dissatisfied at having to wait and study before beginning active work, I make up my mind at once that that boy will not succeed when at length he does get started. Patience and arduous preparation are necessary to success.

"I believe a man can qualify himself for any calling, and will be recognized. There are too many eyes on the lookout for him to remain undiscovered. There are thousands this moment seeking qualified lawyers, doctors, bricklayers, pavers, drivers, and day laborers. Employers are as anxious to get good service as workers to obtain good employment.

"The passport to success is merit; and, in my judgment, there is no other. You can give a young man but very little real assistance toward the goal of his ambition. If he is in earnest, is persistent, is self-reliant, he will succeed by his own merit, whether you assist him or not."

ORATORY A NATURAL GIFT.

"I suppose you had no training in oratory, Mr. Cockran?"

"Well, I can hardly say that I had. I think that is one gift that comes more naturally to a man than any other. I seldom write an address before delivering it;

though, when I have time, I prepare my speeches very carefully. I think them out very thoroughly beforehand, and then depend largely upon the inspiration of the moment for expression. That is the only way to produce an effect upon an audience. Let a man know what he wants to say, let him plan it out carefully beforehand, and go before his audience with plenty of words at his command, and the inspiration of the moment will tell what is the proper and telling form of expression. I am always unconscious of everything but my subject, whenever I produce any good effect. Everything else sinks out of sight, and I think only of my topic and what I want to say.

A SPEAKER MUST KNOW HIS AUDIENCE.

"An audience must become one great mass to me before I feel that I am expressing myself forcibly. If I can distinguish any one face I always fail to do anything worth mentioning. Unless I lose all consciousness of individuals, unless my audience becomes one being, as it were, which I see in a hazy way, and with which I talk as I would face to face with a friend, I can do nothing. Everything depends upon the circumstance of the moment, in making a speech, and how I feel, and how the audience feels; and when a speaker is unable to read his auditors, he isn't likely to be successful. A speaker must know his audience; he must play upon it as one plays upon an instrument. He must know just how his hearers feel at each moment. How a speaker knows this I cannot tell. It is simply a feeling that comes — somehow. In this way he can tell when his audience is no longer interested, long before there are any signs of it apparent to others; long before the moving and noise begin. There is some sign, some indescrib-

able feeling, that warns him. It is a part of a speaker's art, given to him by nature."

"Mr. Cockran," I asked, "in preparing a speech do you make notes?"

"Yes, occasionally; it is important to get an outline — the principal points impressed indelibly upon your mind, so that they are on the tip of your tongue. That is particularly necessary, when you have the platform to yourself, have no interruptions, and have no opportunity for a cue. But in debate it is a bad plan to have a speech prepared, though you should be conversant with the subject. You must speak on whatever point the debate turns upon. If you do not you are hopelessly lost. People do not want irrelevant remarks, entirely foreign to the topic under discussion.

"I will not say," added Mr. Cockran, in reply to a question as to his success, "that I have succeeded; but that I have been more successful than I deserved to be."

XXXV.

FROM LOG CABIN TO SENATE.

Albert G. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana, was born Oct. 6, 1862, in a log cabin in Highland County, Ohio. His parents were engaged in farming, and were in only ordinary circumstances when the war broke out. His father, and his four half-brothers, enlisted. His mother was a volunteer nurse. The war worked the financial ruin of the family; and as soon as it was over they moved to Illinois, settling near Sullivan as tenants. From the first young Beveridge was called upon to perform such labors on the farm as his age would permit. At ten he worked in every field, except one, surrounding Sullivan. At fourteen he was a railroad laborer, and at sixteen he went into the logging-camps, where he was placed in charge of rough men, getting out walnut logs, for which Illinois was then famous. He attended school only when he could find no work. Aspirations for something better were born early, and he began to thirst for education.

FAITHFUL IN WORK, DILIGENT IN STUDY.

In the logging-camps he had to be content with two or three months' schooling a year. Instead of wasting his evenings, he spent them in study. When he was seventeen years of age there was a vacancy in the district

cadetship at West Point, and the congressman announced that the place would be filled by competitive examination. Beveridge increased his night hours of study, asked one day off, rode to Paris, and passed the examination. In a list of twenty-five, most of whom were trained in city schools, he took second place. He was at work the next morning and studying the next evening.

The ambition of the log-roller attracted the attention of Edward Anderson, a lumberman who, in 1881, advanced him fifty dollars with which to enter college. With this amount he stepped from the life of a logger to that of a student, entering De Pauw University. He served as a steward in a college club, and added to his original fund of fifty dollars by taking the freshman essay prize of twenty-five dollars. In the summer he returned to work in Moultrie County harvest fields and broke the wheat-cutting records of the country. He carried his books with him morning, noon, and night, and studied persistently. When he returned to college he began to be recognized as an exceptional man. He had shaped his course and worked to it.

HE ENTERED EVERY COMPETITIVE CONTEST.

While he attended to the duties which fell to him as steward of a club, he lost no time. He tried to win every prize offered for competitive effort, and he won enough money prizes to pay his college expenses for two years. His triumphs in college reached their limit when he won the State oratorical contest in 1884; and also the inter-state competition at Columbus, Ohio, where he met the champions of all the Mississippi valley State associations. Beveridge was a great social favorite in college, but all understood that, if he had lessons unmastered, or was at work on any theme or task, he could not be drawn away

from his room. It was this uncompromising rule of never sacrificing labor for pleasure — together with always aiming for the highest, and never knowing the meaning of the word "discouragement" — that has predominated in his life.

His plan of aiming at the highest pinnacle was forcibly demonstrated when he sought a location to practise law. Instead of following the example of fellow-students in settling in a small town, he went directly to Indianapolis, where competition was the strongest and where the reward was greatest. Instead of applying for office instruction under men of smaller calibre, he went directly to Gen. Benjamin Harrison and asked to study with him. Failing in this, he obtained employment with McDonald, Butler, and Mason, who shared prestige with Harrison. When he arrived in Indianapolis he wore a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat. He believed the theory that, after all said to the contrary, the coat has something to do with the man. Though during his early years he often had but one meal a day he always wore good clothes and was dignified. He soon became an acting third partner, and in 1886 was an opponent of General Harrison in a case at issue. In 1889 he opened an office of his own, and his first fee was from Governor Hovey.

ORATORICAL POWER.

Mr. Beveridge's speech-making career began in the campaign of 1884, his first meeting being in a blacksmith shop. It is claimed he has made more speeches in Indiana in the last twelve years than any other man. His second engagement was attended with an incident which brought out many points of character and did much in advancing him. It was his first important

speech. He was advertised by the Republicans of Bloomington as "Hon. A. J. Beveridge, of Illinois," and the people from far and near congregated, expecting to hear Governor Beveridge of Illinois, — who, by the way, was not related to young Beveridge. When the committee saw a student of twenty-two step from the train and answer to the mighty name of Beveridge there was a general impression that the State committee had deceived them. Many of the farmers went home in disgust. Beveridge hurried to the platform. "He was a revelation — a dream of oratory and a trip-hammer of argument."

The crowd stood spellbound three hours, charmed by such speaking as they had never heard before. He said afterwards that a failure on that occasion would have checked him for many months, and his determination to carry his point made him a victor under most discouraging conditions. Slowly his name passed up and down Indiana, and then spread beyond the State boundary lines. In 1893 the Union League Club of Chicago selected him to respond at their Washington's Birthday banquet to the toast "Washington as a Patriot." He electrified them. Since then he has been in demand in Chicago. In 1896 he was selected to close the national Republican campaign with a speech in the Chicago Auditorium, replying to Altgeld's address delivered at Cooper Institute, New York.

ENERGY THE KEYNOTE OF SUCCESS.

"If I were to select the prime requisites for success," says Mr. Beveridge, "I would say, first of all, energy. But equally necessary as energy are concentration and determination. Shielded from the wind and hitting in the same place every time, little drops of water will

wear a hole into the living rock. But if the wind blows them here and there over a small surface they have little effect. Thus with a man's energies — let them be concentrated and persistent. Hard study and hard work never injure; no standard is too lofty. But once having selected your pinnacle, no matter how difficult the way, never, never rest until you have reached it."

XXXVI.

ARTISTIC FAME IN A DAY—AFTER LONG YEARS OF PREPARATION.

Paul Weyland Bartlett is a young man, full of enthusiasm, who distinguished himself in Paris, but it was only after the most toilsome effort.

Any one who exhibits at the Salon does so with hundreds of others, and, however admirable a piece of sculpture may be, it is very apt to rest unnoticed among the vast collection of clays, marbles, and bronzes shown at each exhibition. Mr. Bartlett realized this. His work might be good, but what of it? Paris was filled with artists of talent. If he exhibited one large piece, he courted failure, however undeserved. He studied to avoid this. He would not exhibit one, but would display hundreds of pieces of sculpture. But the Salon would not admit more than two pieces of sculpture by one artist.

It was different with small bronzes. If each piece of sculpture were no bigger than his hand, or, at most, his two hands, he could put a hundred in a glass case or two, and the cases would be admitted and exhibited. This he knew. At once he decided to take advantage of it. It meant ever so much more work, for it is nearly as difficult to model a small design in clay as it is a large one, but he would gain in attention and criticism. He toiled

devotedly until he had made over a hundred models, — perfect, inspiring designs of historic characters, — animals, insects; in short, a small museum of sculptured curiosities. These he decided to send, but he was not yet satisfied. He knew from long years of apprenticeship in a bronze-casting foundry how to cast in bronze. The expense of careful work of this kind is considerable, and as he was not wealthy, he could not think of paying for having his splendid collection so cast. Still, he wanted to exhibit bronzes, and decided to cast his work himself. He secured the privilege from the founder with whom he had been apprenticed of working in the shops. With his own hands he made the molds for his statuettes, and cast them in bronze, firing them in such a way as to give them all the rare hues shown in the finest examples of bronzes handed down from the Greek and Roman period. These he displayed in his case, and had it admitted to the Salon. Then he awaited the verdict. The case containing his exquisite bronzes was the talk of the exhibition. Hundreds stopped to admire the number of delicate and perfect representations and the beautiful coloring. Parisian artists examined and questioned and gesticulated before the case. This set the critics to examining, and they made the artist celebrated. Mr. Bartlett found himself famous in a day, the papers said; but he knew better. After years of preparation, and months and months of particular and painstaking toil, recognition came to him.

Mr. Bartlett had done good work before this. Indeed, he had considerable standing as a sculptor, but it had not crystallized into that thing called fame until this bright idea was carried out. He went to Paris in early life and worked quietly for many years, and then, in 1889, exhibited some "Dancing Indians" and "Dancing

Bears," which won for him a gold medal, and brought him into notice. He revisited the United States then, and had virtually decided to stay, when he found, after he had accepted some American contracts, that he could work better in Europe. He therefore determined to fill his American orders in a Parisian studio.

One order was from the United States government, for three statues for the new Congressional Library,— one of Galileo, one of Columbus, and the third of Michael Angelo. These statues were made in Paris, but the young sculptor respected American sentiment in the matter; and so, in 1897, he shipped a plaster cast of Columbus to New York, to be cast in bronze, although it could have been much more cheaply cast on the other side. It was the first ever shipped across the Atlantic to be cast in America.

The third statue of the series, Michael Angelo, was also modelled in Paris and shipped to this country, where it was cast. These brought to Mr. Bartlett much favorable comment and praise.

The Columbus is a colossal figure, with power expressed in every line of the face and every fold of the cloak. It is one of the most commanding works produced in late years.

At present, Mr. Bartlett is in New York, and has decided to stay in America. He has taken a large studio, and accepted several American contracts, which he purposes to execute here. No one has a greater knowledge of bronze and bronze-casting than this young man, and he has the advantage of being a tireless worker. He steers clear of specialties, that dangerous rock on which so much talent has foundered, and is as brilliant in his execution of a "Torso of a Girl," or of a "Dead Lion," as he is in his historical figures. His poetical

organization and delicate touch are also exemplified in a door of a mausoleum, which he recently completed, and which now stands in Woodlawn Cemetery, wherein the ethereal form of a woman stands surrounded by poppies and leaves. He has also done a figure of a man bent with grief, which is particularly fine. The muscles on the back and arms stand out with all the force of some great passionate grief that overpowers him. His equestrian statue of General Hooker has attracted great attention.

Mr. Bartlett is only thirty-five years of age, but his talent is mature, and of all the younger sculptors, certainly no one has exhibited more evidence of genius.

DANIEL C. FRENCH.

XXXVII.

INSPIRATION OF THE SCULPTOR'S ART:

THE CHARM OF GOOD WORK; UNHASTING, UNRESTING.

No American sculptor is better known than Daniel C. French. His work, in conjunction with Edward C. Potter, at the World's Fair, in Chicago, made these two great artists famous in both hemispheres. The magnificent statue of "The Republic," worthy of its mighty subject, evoked the admiration of every visitor to the exhibition, and the figure of the farmer leaning against his horse attracted general praise. The Grant statue, recently unveiled in Philadelphia, shows that Messrs. French and Potter continue to worthily represent the highest type of American art.

I found Mr. French a courteous, unassuming gentleman, wrapped up in his work, yet in keen sympathy with the outside world.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my opening remark, "I am always busy, and work hard. Many people have an idea that a painter or a sculptor does a little work now and then, when in the humor, or when under an inspiration," and he laughed. "We have to work as hard as any one else if we wish to accomplish anything."

"But are there not times when you work harder than at others?"

"Yes, that might be called inspiration. Most of my World's Fair work was done in one-eighth of the time that I usually allow, and perhaps it was some of my best. When Mr. Potter and myself work together he attends to the animal and I to the human figures. We both adhere to our own parts, although we may criticise each other's labors. My statue called 'The Republic' was a tremendous piece of work. The model you will see at the fountain in the Siegel-Cooper Company's store. It had to be enlarged many times. It was enlarged in Chicago, by measurement, under my immediate supervision, but the head, which was as high as this room, I did myself, fearful of even allowing it to be touched by others."

"Did you have to fight your way in the world at first, Mr. French, before you were recognized?" I asked.

"No, I can give you no tale of poverty," he said, smiling, "although, like every one else, I have had to work for recognition. My father was a judge, and well-to-do. I was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, forty-nine years ago. We moved to Concord, Massachusetts, Emerson's town, and it was there that my talent, if you are pleased to call it so, was discovered by accident. I was always fond of making snow images, and of cutting figures out of wood, and did a little drawing. Miss Alcott, sister of the writer, was a sculptor herself, and noticed my bent, particularly my carving of figures out of wood. She offered to take me in hand, and my rapid progress seemed to warrant her confidence in me. My first work was a bust of my father. The family thought it something wonderful and hailed me as a prodigy. It was a likeness, but really nothing to speak of. That was when I was eighteen years old.

"In those days," continued Mr. French, becoming

reminiscent, "there were no studios in Boston where one could study sculpture. Dr. William Rimmer taught artistic anatomy, and to him I went. I have always felt that I owe more to him than to any other man, so far as my art is concerned."

"And then?"

"I came to New York and attended the studio of John Quincy Adams Ward. I was then nearly twenty."

When Mr. French went back to Concord, Mass., he produced the "Minute Man." At first it was only a small model, and was exhibited in the town hall. But it drew attention and admiration. The anniversary of the battle of Lexington was at hand, and the young man was surprised by an order to make a statue after the model. In speaking of this Mr. French said:

"I do not see how I did it. It must have been purely a work of inspiration, for I was still young in my art as well as in years, yet I consider it the best thing I ever did."

He spoke with such feeling that I was inclined to ask if, after a statue was completed, he did not feel that it was almost human, "a child of his brain," and if he did not become loath to part with it.

"Sometimes," was the answer, "but not always. In most cases I become so weary with many weeks and months of work that I am glad when it is finished and out of the way. On the other hand, one becomes very much attached to work into which he puts real thought."

In 1875 Mr. French went abroad and studied in the studio of Thomas Ball, in Florence.

"I remained there till 1876," said Mr. French, "but did not work hard or accomplish much."

Mr. French next moved to Washington and opened a studio. He did much to beautify buildings at the capital, and executed groups for the custom-house at St.

Louis, and for the post-office in Philadelphia. The young man's reputation was rising, and in 1882 he completed his statue of John Harvard, erected in Cambridge.

"You know," he said, "I had nothing but my imagination to go by. There were no likenesses of any kind. There was not a silhouette, a sketch, or a drawing. But I knew that in Harvard's day they had long hair, and that they wore an insignificant mustache and lip goatee, so I gave him those. I also knew that he died of consumption, so I made him look delicate. He was a scholar or student, so I gave him an intellectual face. In England, after the statue was erected, they made vain efforts to find an old portrait; but my version of John Harvard remains undisputed."

"Have you made a study of physiognomy?"

"No, I do not believe in it, except as to some recognized points," he replied. "I have seen so many great faces that were disappointing.

"We often have to break away from the rules of anatomy," continued Mr. French, "and make a statue really out of proportion, to give the desired effect. You know that one leg of the Apollo Belvedere is two inches longer than the other. You would never notice the fact unless your attention was drawn to it. If I thought I could improve an arm as to general appearance by lengthening or shortening it, I would not hesitate a minute."

Mr. French's house is connected with his studio. The latter is in the rear, taking up two stories. The walls are covered with plaster casts, and the studio is filled with finished and unfinished busts and statues, step-ladders and pedestals.

I spoke of the equestrian statue of General Grant, recently unveiled in Philadelphia.

"Edward C. Potter, who once studied under me," said

Mr. French, "made the horse, while I did the rider. At an early date an equestrian statue of George Washington which we have made will be unveiled in Paris.

"Mr. Potter, I would like to say, first studied at the Museum of Art, in Boston. Then he came to me. Previous to that he had done nothing worth speaking of, but in my studio his innate talent came forth directly. He went to Paris and studied under Fremiet, the famous animal sculptor of the continent. To-day Mr. Potter is on the top of the ladder, although he is but forty years old. Recently he had a studio in New York, but at present he is at Enfield, Mass., his home, where he is able to work in seclusion.

"In dealing with a model," said Mr. French, "we take the good points. There are no rules of proportion to go by. Reference is often made to the Greek statues, yet no one can prove that their sculptors observed a set of rules, but rather the contrary. One form may be as perfect as another, yet be of entirely different proportions."

WITHOUT HASTE, WITHOUT REST.

There can be no doubt that Mr. French, from the very outset of his career as a sculptor, has both worked hard and aimed high, and he continues to work as hard as ever, although his circumstances would justify some relaxation from labor. Contrary to the experience of most men, the progress of Mr. French toward fame has never been interrupted by misfortune. Beginning amid favorable circumstances, he has gone forward steadily, smoothly, and successfully. He has received an abundant meed of public approval, and fair compensation for his productions. His reputation is so well established that orders come to him as a matter of course, without solicitation or competition on his part.

XXXVIII.

A GREAT MARINE PAINTER.

I STOOD on W. T. Richards' porch, at Jamestown opposite Newport, R.I., gazing across the mouth of Narragansett Bay to the ocean and the light-ship rocking at its anchorage on the reef, away out on the blue expanse of scintillating water. Beneath, on the rugged shore that rises unevenly for eighty feet, the waves rolled and broke defiantly, tossing a mane of white foam that glistened in the air like diamonds. This is the panorama that the great painter enjoys — the sea, the sea, never motionless; and the rocks and breakers and salt-breathing spray.

"Yes," said Mr. Richards, when we were seated in his studio, surrounded by sketches and studies; "my paintings are all beautiful — before I begin to paint them; the paint spoils them." Then his thoughtful, grayish-blue eyes twinkled.

He is slight, with a finely-shaped head, hair fast becoming white, and regular features. His eyes are keen and thoughtful. In manner he is as lively as a young man, although nearly sixty years of age.

"Are you not in love with your pictures?" I asked.

"No, except before I paint them. I never paint till I have my picture clearly and distinctly formed in my mind. I know just exactly what I am going to do, and

do it, — but O, how poorly in comparison to my conception! If a conception is urgent, then I paint it, but if two are contending in my mind at once, I don't. Sometimes a picture hangs around and demands to be painted, whether I will or no.

"One of these days," continued Mr. Richards, jocosely, "when all of them have been attended to, I will really paint a picture."

"When did you begin to paint?"

"I have painted ever since I can remember. When I was a boy, living just outside of Philadelphia, in the summer I delighted in going with a friend of mine to paint in some out-of-the-way nook, some sylvan dell with an old worn-out mill. Nothing delighted me more than an old weather-stained mill, with its mill-race, cool shade, and varying shadows. All my Saturdays and holidays were thus spent."

A PAINTER FROM BOYHOOD.

Mr. Richards was born in Philadelphia. His first instruction was at the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia. And besides this, he learned much from a local artist:

"I used to bother Paul Weber, a Philadelphia painter; I frequented his studio, and received much valuable instruction from him. Then I went abroad for two years, travelling through France, Germany, and Italy, making sketches as I went.

"During my early life, I never thought of painting the sea, I delighted in a landscape.

"I remember, one time, I was sitting in a field in New England, painting, with an easel before me. A lady passing by paused and looked over my shoulder. Suddenly she stepped in front of me and said, with empha-

sis: 'The Lord Almighty should be proud of you.' You can imagine my astonishment. I have never had any one make that remark since," he added, laughing.

"But your marine painting?" I asked.

"My first was of a fog off Nantucket. I had gone there with my family, for the health of my children. That was in 1865, but it was not until 1870 that I devoted almost my whole attention to the sea and the coast. There seemed to be a call for them. Somehow the people seemed to like the way I dealt with the sea. I am passionately fond of it now.

"No, I seldom take my easel outside and paint from life. I make sketches, in color. The ocean is never quiet. The color and character of the motion only can be taken. I often sit for hours watching it, and then, after I have turned the whole subject over in my mind, a picture is almost immediately formed. Of course, I study and am familiar with the different rock formations along our coasts. Different kinds of sand have their effect upon the breakers. Very fine sand makes a hard, level beach; the water slides over it smoothly, and the breakers begin far out, and come in one after another, in layers, — in long, beautifully curving lines, till they are only an inch or so deep, leaving pools that reflect the light of the sky. I delight in such a beach. Old Orchard Beach, Maine, is such a one. The beach at Atlantic City, when I was a boy, was beautiful. At the upper end there used to be a line of cedars, beyond the sea. I used to sit in the cedars and gaze in rhapsody upon the ocean. But the sea encroached, and carried the sand away, and the cedar roots were undermined.

AMUSING INCIDENTS.

"Sometimes very amusing things occur. One day I had put on my bathing-suit, and was standing in the water, a little above my ankles, studying the waves and the light upon them. A man paused on the beach, and shouted encouragingly: 'Don't be afraid, there; go in!'

"I was also in the habit of sitting on the sand, in front of my easel. In consequence, my nose would become much sunburnt. I carried a whiskey flask, filled with water, to quench my thirst. One day I noticed a man loitering on the beach and watching me. Suddenly he roused himself sufficiently to call: 'Say, neighbor, if you come around to my diggings, I'll give you some good stuff.' I suppose he meant something that would not leave the tell-tale odor."

THE BEAUTY OF HIS WORK.

When one thinks of W. T. Richards' paintings, it is cliffs, detached rocks with breakers pouring over them, or a bit of beach with a retreating wave that he has in mind. The sails of a ship play but a small part. The beauty and truthfulness of his work may be illustrated by a certain incident. Two gentlemen had a weighty argument over his "Mid-Ocean." One claimed that it could not possibly be from anything but a photograph; the other, that it was not from a photograph. At the time, Mr. Richards was in England. A cable dispatch was sent to him asking him to decide the question. It proved to be a product of his memory, aided by sketches, and was done in his studio.

"Do you ever use photographs?" I asked.

PORTRAYING SCENERY.

"No; I have often bought them, thinking that they would be of some use in keeping my memory awake. But they are not. It is seldom I portray a scene exactly. Strange to say, to put on canvas a picture of a small section of coast seldom gives the impression of its general character. It is necessary to compile, as it were, or to condense."

Mr. Richards has a winter house in the country outside of Newport. But of late years he has spent most of his winters in the British Isles, visiting the picturesque and ragged shores of those islands. The North of Scotland and the Shetland Islands have a particular fascination for him.

The United States government, to his grief, has forced him to sell his summer home at Jamestown, Conanicut Island. Old Fort Dumplings has been demolished, and a fort that will command the entrance to Narragansett Bay will be built on Mr. Richards' property. His house was built twenty years ago, after his own architectural plan. On a stormy day the sea dashes high over the rocks in front.

"Was it a struggle to gain your position?" I asked as I took a parting look at his studio.

"Of course," he replied. "Art is always a struggle. We never attain our highest ambition. Everything is a struggle." Then I departed. The sunlight, woven with a sea breeze, kissed the coarse grass, the huckleberry bushes, and the wild roses that clambered over the mounds and rocks outside. Behind me was the blue sea, Mr. Richards standing in the doorway.

XXXIX.

YEARS OF LABOR TO MAKE OF PHOTOGRAPHY A FINE ART.

There is one man among the master photographers who so towers above his fellows that there is no longer any dispute as to his leadership. His name is Alfred Steiglitz, and it has become very widely known. His work is so esteemed the world over among those who love art in photographs, and who love to study and emulate superior and original methods, that is has come to have a high market value. Single prints from his negatives sell at prices ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars. A large card-mounted edition of twelve photogravures of his pictures having been issued, it was in demand at premium at once, selling for fifteen dollars per copy. Several of the largest publishing-houses have offered him cash bonuses of no trivial proportions to write a work on photography, or issue a large volume of his pictures in half-tone; but he is too sincere an artist to put himself forward until the time and his own work are riper for the results he aims to achieve.

PATIENCE IN ART.

It would be difficult to tell wherein his pictures are so superior to those of others. Art is an elusive thing. It must be seen. He waited in the rain for hours to get

a picture that would express the sweep and vigor of a stormy day. He did not snap his camera right and left. In the end patience prevailed. A moment came when a sweep of gray drops was so evident as to be photographable, and he photographed them. Other photographers had tried before. Others had taken scores of negatives, all dim and lifeless. He, with a little two-by-four detective camera, saw his opportunity and made it avail, and "A Rainy Day in Fifth Avenue" became one of the most generally admired of his many pictures.

Similarly he was the first to make night pictures — a thing never before thought possible in photography. He planted his camera in the public ways and stood beside it for hours. He did it time and time again, making a series of pictures which attracted no end of attention.

It is not all patience, however. There is a fine feeling which guides his decision. He would not photograph an imperfect picture. He is keen and quick to discover what is wanting, to take out and put in. So when you see one of his pictures, you will discover that it "looks like a painting." There will be that selection of subject, that delicacy of treatment, and that charm of situation and sentiment which all rare paintings have. Only color will be missing, and this, in fact, will be compensated for by the clear, crowning reality of the thing.

It was in Berlin that Mr. Steiglitz first studied photography. There, in 1885, he was studying mechanical engineering at the Polytechnic School, when Dr. Vogel, of the photo-chemical laboratory, persuaded the young man that a course of theoretical photography would be of great value in his profession. Mr. Steiglitz took up the work and followed it closely, only to become convinced that it was a worthy field in itself. In 1887, two

years after, he entered a picture, "A Good Story," in a contest which the London "Amateur Photographer" arranged, winning a silver medal. The merit of the picture called forth a letter of praise and encouragement from the judge of award, Dr. P. H. Emmerson, one of the best amateur photographers in England.

This was merely a beginning. In the twelve years which have elapsed since then, he gathered honors rapidly, until now he possesses one hundred medals, bronze, silver, and gold, and a number of certificates of acceptance from institutions which are most conservative. The latter he values most, because they represent a severer test, and consequently greater appreciation.

Mr. Steiglitz came to his native city, New York, in 1888, but did not stay long. He went back to Europe for two years, where he made some remarkable studies, and then returned. He began by endeavoring to settle down in business, not as a mechanical engineer, — for he had abandoned that, — but in trade. He could not endure it, however, and returned to the study of photography, which has since proved so valuable to him.

It was during the years following Mr. Steiglitz's return to America that his best work was done. He attracted attention by constantly securing an artistic photograph of something never before attempted. He introduced new and simpler methods. At the same time he proved that a great photograph is worth years of labor to make. One instance is particularly well known in photographic art circles. It was the making of the picture, "The L in a Storm." The picture was made with a little three-by-four detective camera. It was a blinding snow scene, made at a moment when the elements were most clearly picturesque. He made a print of it which was striking enough, and which, with most photographers, would have

ended the matter. Not so with him. Small as the plate was, it contained much that was unessential and that weakened the composition. Accordingly all this was cut out and an enlarged transparency made of the part which was to be kept — about half of the original. In the development of this, and the still further enlarged negative, much care had to be taken and many plates used. The contrast had to be reduced, parts held back, and others brought forward. In fact, everything had to be done which could, by purely photographic methods, tend to convey the impression produced by the original scene. Often months of work are devoted to such a picture; not constant, of course, but six or eight hours a week. In this case the photograph was taken four or five years ago, and only completed a few months since. It had grown to an eleven-by-fourteen print, a gem of art. It was not so very different from the early copies, yet sufficient to make the last pure art. The range of tone had been modified so as to make the falling snow more prominent, and a couple of girders in the foreground had been removed.

HIS ACHIEVEMENTS AND HIS TASKS.

But Mr. Steiglitz's work is greater than his reputation, and to him is due much of the prominence which artistic photography has gained. About two years ago there were two large but practically dead clubs in New York, one of which boasted Mr. Steiglitz as a member. Neither was successful until he took the lead and united the two in the Camera Club. Immediately the combination of talent and numbers prospered. The membership increased to over three hundred, and the entrance fee and annual dues were doubled. An eight-thousand-dollar photographic plant was installed, free to all members.

"Camera Notes" was founded, and in little more than a year the club had become one of the wealthiest organizations of the sort in the country.

Mr. Steiglitz has organized exhibits which have brought out talent the land over. He has set himself three tasks, which, if accomplished, will bring recognition to photography as an art of the first importance.

The first of these is to elevate the standard of pictorial photography in America. The second to establish an annual exhibition, of a much higher order than anything yet known, giving no awards, but only a certificate of acceptance, which shall be, in itself, a treasure; third, to establish a National Academy of Photography. That Mr. Steiglitz will succeed, no one doubts who understands his marvellous ability.

XL.

AMERICA'S GREAT BANDMASTER — SOUSA:

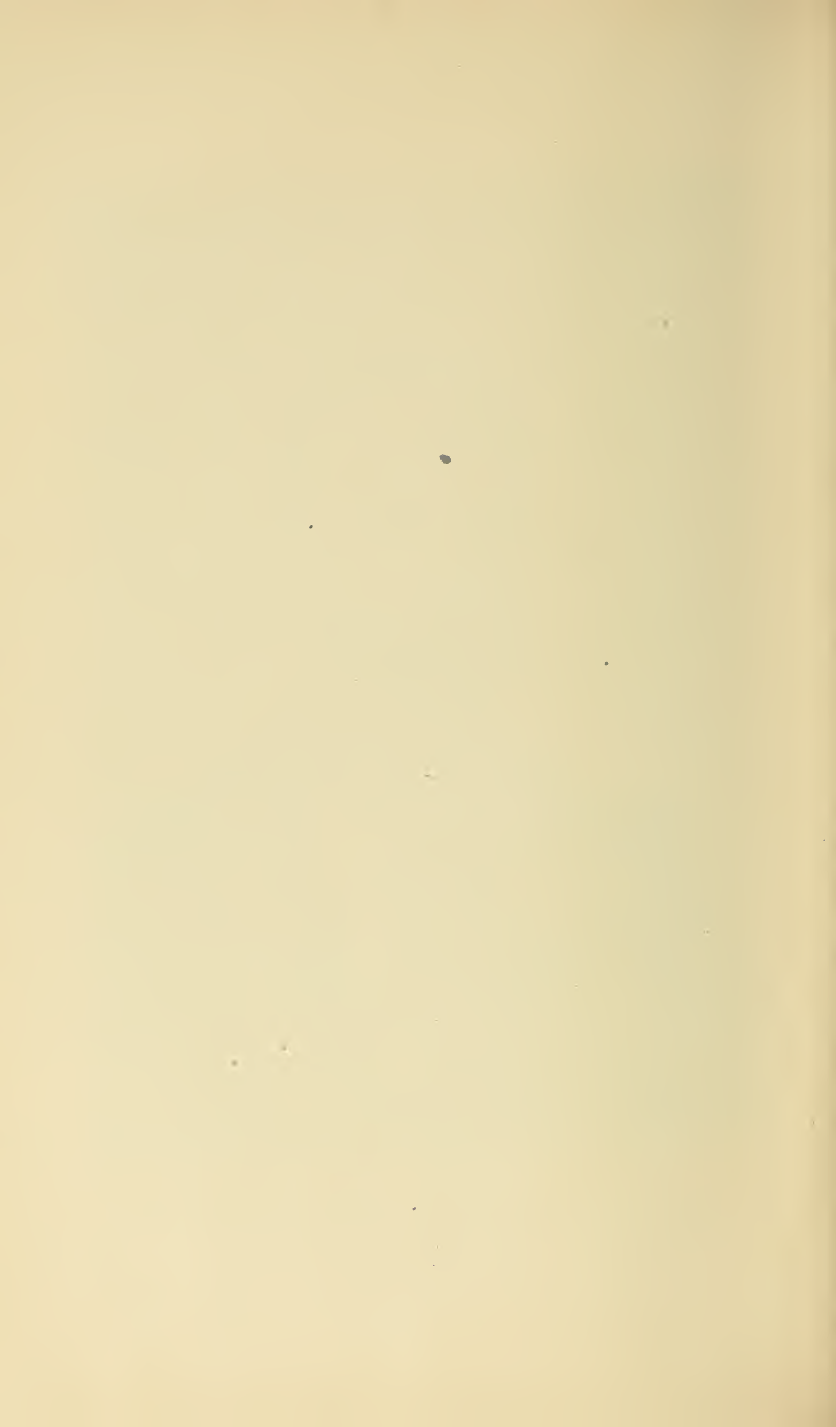
HIS TIRELESS ENERGY.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA entered his apprenticeship in a military band at the age of twelve. The circumstances, which he related to me during a recent conversation, make it clear, however, that it was not the realization of any youthful ambition.

"When I was a youngster of twelve," said the bandmaster, "I could play the violin fairly well. A circus came to Washington, D.C., where I then lived, and remained for two days. During the morning of the first day, one of the showmen passed the house and heard me playing. He rang the bell, and when I answered it, asked if I would not like to join the show. I was at the age when it is the height of every boy's ambition to join a circus, and was so delighted that I readily agreed to his instructions that I was to take my violin, and, without telling any one, go quietly to the show grounds late the next evening.

"I could n't, however, keep this stroke of good fortune entirely to myself, so I confided it to my chum, who lived next door. The effect was entirely unanticipated. He straightway became so jealous at the thought that I would have an opportunity to witness the circus perform-

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



ance free that he told his mother, and that good woman promptly laid the whole matter before my father.

IN THE MARINE BAND.

"At the time I was, of course, ignorant of this turn of affairs; but early the next morning my father, without a word of explanation, told me to put on my best clothes, and, without ceremony, bundled me down to the office of the Marine Band, where he entered me as an apprentice. The age limit at which admission could be gained to the band corps was fourteen years, and I have always retained the two years which my father unceremoniously added to my age at that time."

Sousa is of Spanish descent, his father having emigrated from Spain to Portugal by reason of political entanglements. Thence came the strange fact that, during the recent war, American troops marched forward to attack Spaniards to the music of marches written by this descendant of their race. The director's remark that his family was one of the oldest in Spain was supplementary to an amused denial of that pretty story which has been so widely circulated to the effect that the bandmaster's name was originally John Philipso, and that when, after entering the Marine Band, he signed it with the "U.S.A." appended, some intelligent clerk divided it into John Philip Sousa.

HIS FIRST SUCCESSFUL WORK.

In discussing his opera, "El Capitan," which, when produced by De Wolf Hopper several seasons ago, achieved such instantaneous success, the composer remarked that it was the sixth opera he had written, the others never reaching the dignity of a production.

As Sousa is preëminently a man of action, so his career

and characteristics are best outlined by incidents. One in connection with his operatic composition strikingly illustrates his pluck and determination. Before he attained any great degree of prominence in the musical world, Sousa submitted an opera to Francis Wilson, offering to sell it outright for one thousand five hundred dollars. Wilson liked the opera, but the composer was not fortified by a great name, so he declined to pay more than one thousand dollars for the piece. The composer replied that he had spent the best part of a year on the work, and felt that he could not take less than his original demand. Wilson was obdurate, and Sousa ruefully put the manuscript back into his portfolio.

Some time afterwards a march, which the bandmaster sent to a well-known publishing-house, caught the public favor. The publishers demanded another at once. The composer had none at hand, but suddenly thought of the march in his discarded opera, and forwarded it without waiting to select a name.

While he was pondering thoughtfully on the subject of a title, Sousa and a friend one evening went to the Auditorium in Chicago, where "America" was then being presented. When the mammoth drop curtain, with the painted representation of the Liberty Bell, was lowered, the bandmaster's companion said, with the suddenness of an inspiration: "There is a name for your new march." That night it went on to the publishers.

Up to date this one selection from the opera for which Francis Wilson refused to pay fifteen hundred dollars has netted its composer thirty-five thousand dollars.

A MAN WHO NEVER RESTS.

Sousa has practically no vacations. Throughout the greater part of the autumn, winter, and spring, his band

is *en tour* through this country and Canada, giving, as a rule, two concerts each day, usually in different towns. During the summer his time is occupied with daily concerts at Manhattan Beach, near New York. Despite all this, he finds time to write several marches or other musical selections each year, and for several years past has averaged each year an operatic production. Any person who is at all conversant with the subject knows that the composition of the opera itself is only the beginning of the composer's labor, and Sousa has invariably directed the rehearsals with all the thoroughness and attention to detail that might be expected from a less busy man.

The bandmaster is a late riser, and in that, as in other details, the routine of his daily life is the embodiment of regularity and punctuality. In reply to my question as to what produces his never-failing good health, he said: "Absolute regularity of life, plenty of sleep, and good, plain, substantial food."

His idea of the most valuable aids, if not essentials to success, may be imagined. They are "persistence and hard work." The "March King" believes that it is only worry, and not hard work, that kills people, and he also has confidence that if there be no literal truth in the assertion that genius is simply another name for hard work, there is at least much of wisdom in the saying.

Many persons who have seen Sousa direct his organization make the assertion that the orders conveyed by his baton are non-essential — that the band would be equally well off without Sousa. This never received a fuller refutation than during a recent concert in an Eastern city. Two small boys in seats near the front of the hall were tittering, but so quietly that it would hardly

seem possible that it could be noticed on the stage, especially by the bandmaster, whose back was, of course, toward the audience. Suddenly, in the middle of a bar, his baton fell. Instantly every sound ceased, not a note having been sounded after the signal, which could not have been anticipated, was given. Wheeling quickly, the leader ordered the troublesome youngsters to leave the hall, and almost before the audience had realized what had happened, the great organization had resumed the rendition of the selection, without the loss of a chord.

HOW SOUSA WORKS.

In answer to my inquiry as to his methods of work, the director said:

"I think that any musical composer must find his periods of work governed largely by inspiration. A march or a waltz depends perhaps upon some strain that has sufficient melody to carry the entire composition, and it is the waiting to catch this embryo note that is sometimes long.

"Take my experience with 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.' I worked for weeks on the strain that I think will impress most persons as the prettiest in the march. I carried it in my mind all that time, but I could not get the idea transferred to paper just as I wanted. When I did accomplish it, there was comparatively little delay with the remainder."

When I asked him about his future work, Mr. Sousa said:

"I have commissions to write several operas, and I am at work on a musical composition which I hope to make the best thing that I have ever attempted."

XLI.

THE BUILDING OF A GREAT UNIVERSITY:

PIONEER'S HIGH IDEALS AND LOFTY PURPOSES.

Leland Stanford was a farmer's son, who learned to work hard when a boy. He acquired most of his preliminary "book learning" in a rural district school. The story goes that when the boy was but six years old, at the homestead at Watervliet, N.Y., he and his brothers set to work to clear his father's garden of horse-radish, which was regarded as a weed. When the work was done Leland suggested that they take the horse-radish to Schenectady and sell it. The suggestion was adopted and a dollar was realized, the first money that Leland Stanford had a share in earning. When he was eight years old he and his brothers gathered chestnuts and waited until a rise in the price enabled them to sell them for twenty-five dollars.

Leland grew to be a tall and powerful youth, very popular with his mates. When he was eighteen his father bought a piece of woodland. He offered Leland the lumber to do with as he pleased, if he would attend to the work of clearing. The young man took his axe, hired some helpers at twenty-five cents a day, — then the prevailing rate of wages, — and in a few weeks the land was cleared. Leland sold the timber to the Mohawk and

Hudson River Railroad, and made a profit of twenty-six hundred dollars by the transaction.

HE BECAME A CALIFORNIA PIONEER.

Next came a move which foreshadowed the man. Young Stanford was not so eager to get rich as to devote this capital to further money-making ventures. He spent it on himself, his own development. Having long before determined to be a lawyer, he entered a law office in Albany in 1845, and four years afterwards, when twenty-three years of age, he was admitted to the bar. While he was a student at Albany an event occurred which had more influence upon his life, and more to do with his success, than any other. He met his future wife. Young Stanford went to Port Washington, on Lake Michigan, and began the practice of law. Visiting Albany again, he married and took his wife to Port Washington.

One night a fire swept away Mr. Stanford's house, furniture, and library. But little was left. His brothers had gone to California and he determined to follow them. The young wife, who remained behind until he should establish himself, bade him a tearful good-by, with a godspeed which, he afterwards said, was his inspiration throughout the toilsome journey and the first months of struggle amid the hard conditions of life then existing on the Pacific coast. Leland Stanford, the possessor of magnificent health and a fine spirit, was just the young man to subdue these conditions to his own uses.

He became a merchant and prospered. His wife joined him, and within ten years, so rapid was his rise, he was elected governor of California. He was the "war governor," the man who, when the eyes of the nation

were turned anxiously toward California filled with fear of its secession from the Union, said: "California will stick to the Union."

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Rich and beautiful as California was, she was isolated from the world; cut off from the rest of civilization by that mighty barrier, the Rocky Mountains.

"California must be opened to the rest of the country," said Leland Stanford. "We must have a railroad across the Rockies."

"It is impossible," replied the engineers; "the natural difficulties are too great."

"Impossible or not, it shall be done," said Stanford. On Feb. 22, 1861, he threw out the first shovelful of gravel on the Central Pacific Railroad, and on May 10, 1869, when the Central and the Union Pacific met at Promontory, Utah, eight hundred and thirty miles from San Francisco, one thousand and eighty-four miles from Omaha, and four thousand nine hundred feet above the sea, he held a sledge-hammer of solid silver to whose handle were fastened wires affording telegraphic communication with the principal cities of the United States. Telegraphic business was suspended, for the time, far and wide. The last tie, a masterpiece of California laurel with silver plates appropriately inscribed, was put into place, and the last rails were laid by the two companies. The last spikes were handed to him, one of gold from California, one of silver from Nevada, and one of iron, gold, and silver from Arizona. At the first stroke of noon he struck the gold spike, loosing the lightning which told the nation that the East and West were united.

This great enterprise brought many millions of dollars

to Leland Stanford, and added a vastly greater wealth to the Pacific coast.

A MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY.

The only child of the Stanfords, a very promising boy, died when he was sixteen years old. He had derived from his parents their sense of responsibility as the possessor of large wealth, and had vaguely formed a plan to found in California a great institution of learning, when he should reach manhood. After his death, in March, 1884, his grief-stricken parents resolved to carry out this plan, and thus perpetuate the memory of their boy. And so the great Leland Stanford Junior University stands a permanent and life-giving monument to the grand and noble ideals of a father, mother, and son.

Of the very extreme private beneficence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, the general public will never know; but the whole world knows of the Leland Stanford Junior University, the noble collection of buildings surrounded by the beautiful and luxuriant land of the great Palo Alto ranch in California. The endowment of the university is far greater than that of any other educational institution in the world. Expense was not considered in the work of realizing the founder's purpose, which Mr. Stanford expressed in these words:

"I would have this institution help to fit men and women for usefulness in this life by increasing their individual power of production, and by making them good companions for themselves and for others."

One of the first departments opened was that of

MANUAL TRAINING.

The influence has been most helpful in the institution. A carpenter is held in the same estimation as a lawyer or an artist.

Each student in the university chooses and pursues the studies best adapted to his or her abilities and tastes. But each must select one subject for a specialty, and acquire a deep and wide and accurate understanding of it. Mr. Stanford realized that this is the age of the specialist. Much attention is devoted to mechanics at the university, but hardly more than to art, as is illustrated by the fine galleries of art. The aim of the founder was to have the work touch, at least, upon all that is best in human endeavor, and embrace the great principles of true living.

HIGH IDEALS AND LOFTY PURPOSES.

Mrs. Stanford, who has given ten millions of dollars to the university, has set forth the aims of the founder in these words:

"My husband's leading idea in the founding of the Leland Stanford Junior University was to develop the student's powers for attaining personal success. I do not mean financial success. His ideal of success was far higher. He measured success by but one standard, and that was usefulness. Very much more successful men, in his eyes, than a Napoleon Bonaparte or a money king, were Isaac Newton and Christopher Columbus. The men who have added to the world's riches rather than those who have stored up great individual wealth, he esteemed most highly.

"From the beginning of his manhood he had this ideal of success and it was really the foundation of all that he

accomplished. He devoted the whole force of his brain and character to bringing about results, not because of the money there might be in them, but because they were important results, worth working for. Aud when wealth did come, he never regarded it as wholly his. He felt that it had beeu acquired through agencies which were really the common property of all the people, and that it was a great trust, for the proper administration of which he was responsible."

XLII.

THE NEWSBOY COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

BY THE LATE FRANCES E. WILLARD.

He was a little fellow, perhaps seven years old, with a fine, well-knit figure and handsome face.[1] His home was in a couple of rooms that his mother had hired in Chicago, and he and his older sister, who constituted the family, lived with her there in circumstances that would soon become needy, for she was a soldier's widow with a pension quite inadequate to their expenses. "Give me a penny," said the little fellow to his sister. The boy kept urging with so much persuasive earnestness that at length his sister let him have the penny. With this in hand he slipped out of the door, down the long flights of stairs, and bought of a newsboy the leading evening paper. I suppose he got it so cheap because he was such a pretty fellow and so young. Hurrying along the street, he kept saying, "Who will give me two cents for this paper?" and it was not long until somebody, attracted by his handsome face and "taking" manner, bought the paper, and the boy ran home to show his sister that his capital was doubled.

From this small beginning he went on increasing his

[1] The subject of this sketch was for some years Miss Willard's stenographer; and this article upon his early career was prepared by Miss Willard for the Author.

capital until he became a successful newsboy. He had to try hard for a place on the curbstone in front of the Sherman House, which was the centre of street-car travel in those days; but what with persuasion, persistence, and tact, he succeeded as he has done ever since. Strange as it may seem, he learned none of the evil ways of the street, never wasted a penny on tobacco, liquor, or any other evil indulgence, and brought home all that he earned to the mother and sister who formed his world. As he grew older he went to evening school, and kept up with the well-to-do boys who had every opportunity; besides which he learned typewriting and stenography, and at the age of fourteen was probably the best expert of his years in the United States. The small fingers of his right hand were bent out of shape because he began holding a pencil all day before the bones were fully hardened.

When he was eighteen years old he went to Evanston, Illinois, with his mother and sister, and took the University course, meanwhile supporting them in comfort in a house that he was buying on the instalment plan. From boyhood, learning had been as easy to him as play to other youngsters, for Nature had bestowed upon him nearly all of her best gifts. He made a good income during his years of student life, and held a first-rate position in his classes. He was an excellent writer and speaker, and was without a fault in his habits of life.

For three years he was my stenographer; and, in the quiet den where I worked with joyful continuity, — my mother sitting near and often suggesting to me a better word than the one I was giving, — he helped me as perhaps hardly any other ever did; for his work was at once so rapid and so accurate that I did not have to look it over, and I was able to put several days' effort into one.

Mr. George M. Pullman, the palace-car magnate, having heard of the achievements of my stenographer, desired his services as private secretary. This was an attractive opening, as it promised a high salary and excellent advantages for "seeing the world." He travelled frequently in Mr. Pullman's parlor car, where they had wine at dinner and cigars afterward; but when the young secretary declined a glass of wine, his employer, to his honor be it spoken, did not urge him to drink, but said in effect, "Stick to your principles, young man, you have chosen the better part."

But the exacting life of secretary to a rich railroad magnate did not suit the free spirit of our young hero, so he gave up the position before the year was out, and returned to the University. Bishop J. M. Thoburn, that modest man of rich scholarship and royal character, engaged him soon after as his secretary and companion on one of his many missionary voyages to India. Here the young man studied Sanskrit, and with his usual ease made such progress in the language in a few months as would have cost most people years of toil.

Returning with the Bishop on his trip round the world, he completed his studies in the University, and not long after married Miss Nettie Hunt, his Evanston classmate, who had once excelled him in an oratorical prize contest; and both became connected with the Wisconsin State University, from which he was promoted to the position of president of the University of West Virginia, being at that time the youngest college president in the United States, or, so far as I know, in the world. His present home is at Morgantown, where, in a beautiful mansion, he works on, the same brave and kind-natured man, with tireless purpose and ever-growing enlargement in character and knowledge, — President Jerome Hall Raymond, LL.D.

Twenty years of work have placed him where he stands to-day, without influential friends in a country where "influence" is of inestimable value, not only in politics but in paving the way to all kinds of success. Loyalty to his mother, his sister, his home, were cardinal doctrines in his creed from the beginning, and this in an age when we hear on all sides that the love of home life grows cold in the careless heart of youth. "Tell me with whom thou goest and I will tell thee what thou doest," was the voice heard and heeded from his earliest years. Without a single exterior advantage except his fine physique and genial ways, this young Westerner has stood with a steadfastness that ought to cheer every human being who wishes to "get on" in that real sense which means to build for one's self, for God, and for humanity an upright character, that from it may radiate a successful career. He did not waste time, the stuff that life is made of, but he did not consider it wasted when he spent it to take a high stand in athletics. A specialty is the surest bread-winning instrument in these days, and this he early acquired. Conserving habits, instead of habits that deteriorate, were his choice from day to day; for he seemed to have an instinct telling him that character is habit crystallized, that correct habits make worthy life.

XLIII.

A TALK WITH GIRLS — HOW TO STUDY.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Very frequently I am asked whether, if I had my way, I would have every girl sent to college. I would not have every girl sent to college, any more than I would every boy, and for the same reason.

In the early days of higher American education, going to college was a dearly-bought privilege, and seriously looked upon as a preparation for one of the professions, for no one went to college unless he intended to be a professional man. Now a college education has become a fad, and, in many cases, is as foolish and injurious as other fads. Hundreds of men and women are yearly entering college simply because it is the thing to do, and hundreds of others because they expect to have a "good time," which, with a large number of young men, at least, means a demoralizing time. I would send neither boy nor girl to college unless he or she showed a studious tendency, a love of such brain development and mind training as a college is intended to give, and whose work or position in life would be directly and effectively influenced by a college course. Our colleges fail to fit for getting a living a large number of those who attend them.

TRAINING SCHOOLS.

Training schools are, in my opinion, the most needed; schools where the girl will be individualized, and her education and studies arranged according to her tastes and intended work in life. For instance, catering is an occupation for which many girls have an innate taste and natural talent; and it is, for a natural caterer, so to speak, one of the most profitable occupations. I suppose that a successful caterer earns a larger salary than the average college president. Of course, one needs a thorough knowledge of the different kinds of food and their proper preparation, and of purveying and kindred subjects. Now what does such a girl want of biology and Latin and trigonometry? A school which shall have a department of domestic sciences is not only a necessity for girls like these born caterers, and for women who would become professional cooks, but for every girl who ever expects to be mistress of a home. It often makes all the difference between a happy and an unhappy home whether the mistress knows how to cook well and to manage a home or not. Even if she is not obliged to do her own cooking, she should know when it is well done, and how to superintend it. I would advise even those girls whose work is to be purely professional to spend, if possible, some time in learning to care for a home, for marriage is, of course, one of their strong possibilities.

The training school should embrace departments for many kinds of work, — dressmaking, millinery, shorthand, painting, sculpture, journalism, — every kind of practical work by which one's natural tastes and abilities incline her to gain a livelihood. The most of us need to educate the hands as well as the head. We need to learn

to do things by doing them. Most pupils come out of school with no more practical ability to gain a livelihood than they had when they entered.

DOING ONE THING WELL.

Again, a majority of pupils take up too many studies. While visiting a certain college, I was told of a young woman who was laboring with nearly every study on the list, with insufficient time for any of them.

"I don't see," I said to the professor with whom I was speaking, "as this girl is going to be fit for anything, even teaching, when she leaves college. She will not know enough of any one thing to make the knowledge of any value as a bread-winning acquisition."

"But think of her mental unfoldment!" she said.

When Anne Whitney was modelling the statue of Lief Ericson one day, I called on her in company with Maria Mitchell, the astronomer. To my great surprise the latter knew nothing of the intrepid Norseman's story, and could not remember having ever heard of his discoveries. Yet she was a superb student in one of the most difficult of all sciences. She did one thing well, and so, for that matter, did Miss Whitney in her sculpture.

When one considers what a practical working knowledge of astronomy means, she realizes that, surely, one life is too short to gain eminence, or even standing room, among astronomers, and to give any appreciable time to the doing of anything else. One must be master of the higher mathematics, know all the construction of telescopes, understand the laws which govern the planets and those which are constantly at work in the atmosphere, and many other difficult things. In fact, there is no important work or calling — and there is scarcely a calling

that does not entail important work — that does not, with its main features and correlations, mean concentration and absorption, and the letting go, or never taking hold, to any great extent, of most other things in the world.

GOOD TASTE IS IMPERATIVE.

A reform which is imperatively needed, in a large number of educational institutions, is in the matter of caring for the person, the clothing, the apartments, and personal manners. Every girl should be taught that to be slatternly in dress, rude or coarse in manner, if not a crime, is near to it. She should be taught and required to keep her room and bureau and closets and dress in order, her underclothing and stockings whole and neat, to enter and leave a room properly, and to know how to greet people; in short, her whole self — physical, mental, and moral — should receive benefit and training from the school she attends. I have in mind a college graduate who can glibly decline Latin nouns, speak German as fluently as English, solve problems which it makes one's head ache to look at, but whose hair looks like a brush broom; whose feet at heel and toe come through her stockings; whose clothing is little better than dirty rags; and whose closets and bureau drawers are simply places into which to fling, without order or folding, anything which does not happen to be in use. This kind of girl is the exception, but no doubt every educational institution has one or more like her, and each should make provision for her needs.

The education of women — in spite of so much to be desired in the present system — is an inestimable privilege and blessing. The system of education for both sexes is bound to be radically changed before long. The

schools, and especially the high schools, will be for the pupils, not the pupils for the schools.

A CHANGE HAS BEEN WROUGHT.

As for woman's education, and the changes it has brought about in her condition and outlook, it is not only her education, but man's as well. The thought which once universally and necessarily obtained, that every woman, while young or middle-aged, must look to marriage as the only resource for providing for old age, gave men the idea that the simple fact of their being men, irrespective of their worth or worthlessness, made them something which women must have, and would, of necessity, accept as husbands. Thousands agreed, in those days, to accept, for homes, men for whom they had not even respect. There were many love matches and contracts of marriage where respect and affection were the basis of the union, but a woman could not then afford to ask if her wooer, unless he was one of a number, was the choice of her heart, or in any respect her ideal man; he was her one hope of a home and maintenance in old age, and it was usually a choice between him as a husband and pauperism. These inharmonious and often unfit marriages led to inharmonious and unhappy families, and so the evil was increased and multiplied. No wonder that, in those days, men became fully possessed of the idea that they owned the feminine half of humanity, and could do with it as they would, and need not, except at their own sweet wills, make, in themselves, any changes in order to be lords and masters and the desired of all women.

HIGHER MARRIAGE IDEALS.

But all that has passed, and woman is rapidly taking what belongs to her. She is no longer dependent upon

any one but herself for a home. I visit many beautiful and satisfactory homes where no men are members of the family. If the women who make these homes miss something, they also gain something, for marriage, however happy, imposes restrictions and limitations. The hundred most interesting and capable women I know are not married. Among them are Susan B. Anthony, Dr. Zakrzewska, Anne Whitney, and many of their peers. I know it is not for lack of opportunity. What, then, is the reason? It is probably that, having, with the work which their professions bring, full and satisfying lives, and incomes larger than those of the majority of men, they can afford to go through life single, unless they meet their ideals, — the fully satisfactory men whom they would choose to accept as life-mates.

This new position of woman, making her man's friend, companion, and equal, but which enables her to choose or reject him as a suitor, not only polishes, refines, and stimulates him, as he, in turn, polishes, refines, and stimulates her, but teaches him that, if he would be desired as a husband, he must make himself desirable, aside from his power of providing a home, and inspires him to gain greater manliness and cultivate finer tastes.

XLIV.

OUR UNCROWNED QUEEN:

ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL CAREERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE truth that "life develops from within" was never more signally illustrated than by the circumstances and the achievements of Frances Willard, whose life has left the most important results accomplished by any American woman, living or dead. When Isabel, Lady Henry Somerset, gave to Frances E. Willard the title of "The Uncrowned Queen of America," she crystallized, in that expression, the salient truth of Miss Willard's relation to the men and women of her native land.

Our uncrowned queen — she reigned by Divine appointment; her sceptre was the Word of Christ; her authority the law of love.

"BORN AND NOURISHED IN MIRACLES."

It is a significant fact that the royal souls who have contributed most of value to social progress, — which includes all moral and spiritual advancement, — it is most significant that the royal natures who have contributed most to this general progress and elevation of humanity have not been born in the purple. Glancing at even a few in our own country and in our own time,

— Lincoln, Garrison, Emerson, Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, a galaxy that must stand forever in shining light, — we see that each and all were nurtured in early self-denial, and under the limitations of poverty.

The realm of ideals and the realm of personal luxury and self-indulgence are antipodes. Well is it said of a royal soul: —

> "Born and nourished in miracles,
> His feet were shod with golden bells."

The miracles are wrought outward, from within. They are the transfiguration of circumstances by the indomitable and irresistible force of character.

EARLY ENVIRONMENT AND INFLUENCES.

Frances Elizabeth Willard was born in Churchville (near Rochester), N.Y., on Sept. 28, 1839, and died at the Empire Hotel, New York City, on Feb. 18, 1898. Her parents, Josiah F. and Mary Willard, were of the best New England type. The Willards traced their descent from a notable English forefather. One of them was the first settler of Concord, Mass. They were all people of character and aspiration. When Frances was two years of age, her parents removed to Oberlin, O., — then the most noted educational centre in the West; and again, five years later, to Janesville, Wis., which was in a partial wilderness, and there they lived the simple and hardy life of pioneers.

Mr. Willard was a man of intellectual force and culture. He became one of the leaders and shapers of the political destiny of his adopted State, represented his district in the Legislature, and contributed in various ways to contemporary progress. Mrs. Willard was a woman of the most remarkable character. Her spiritual

strength was great — born of religion and fervent piety. The good old terms are not less, but rather more significant than ours, in that this fervent and faithful and all-conquering piety is the power of so relating one's soul to God,— of so drawing energy from the infinite store of Divine energy, — that a character thus constantly fed becomes an illuminating force. "Her mind was always occupied with great themes," said her daughter, in after years.

What a suggestive lesson lies in those words! It is not too much to say that the youth or the maiden who will resolutely repel and trample upon any tendency to unworthy words and thoughts,— the petty, the envious, the irritable, the trifling, or the despondent, each of which is a sort of moral *aqua regia* eating away the pure gold of character, — and resolutely occupies the mind only with great themes, will achieve character, power, nobility, happiness, in a word, success, in the truest meaning of the term.

Here, then, we see Frances, a little maid of eight years, with a brother and sister, the one a little older, the other younger than herself, on this prairie farm, afar from the great centres of culture and learning; afar from what the world calls "social advantages;" in a home where there was no wealth in material ways, — a home of frugal fare, of honest toil, of the free prairie air, — but a home where books were valued and were read; where the library, if small in quantity, was choice in quality; where the thought and movements of the day were intelligently discussed; where there was a refinement of feeling and exaltation of purpose that Beacon street, or Mayfair, or the Faubourg might well revere; a home furnished — not with upholstery and bric-a-brac, — but with ideas and ideals. Intelligence, culture, as-

piration, and moral earnestness made up the atmosphere of the simple home. Was this a childhood to be commiserated? Rather was it one of the utmost favor for physical development, intellectual growth, and moral unfolding. There was no pursuit of false gods in this household.

A COLLEGE STUDENT AND TEACHER.

At "Forest Home," as the Willards called their cottage, the children were taught by their mother and a governess for some years. When she was seventeen, Frances entered a "Female College" in Milwaukee, and at the age of twenty she and her sister both entered the Northwestern College at Evanston, where she was graduated. In her autobiography she says: —

"Between 1858, when I began, and in 1874, when I forever ceased to be a pedagogue, I had thirteen separate seasons of teaching, in eleven separate institutions and six separate towns; my pupils in all numbering about two thousand. In my summer vacation at Forest Home, 1858, I taught our district school; in my own home town of Evanston I taught the public school one term; in Harlem, two terms; in Kankakee Academy, one term; in my alma mater, the Northwestern Female College, two; in Pittsburg Female College, three; in the Grove School, Evanston, one year; in Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, N.Y., three terms; the Evanston College for Ladies, two years; the Woman's College, one year; and I was a professor in the Northwestern University one year. Nor did I relinquish any of these situations save of my own free will, and in every case but one I had from the authorities a warm invitation to return. This I say very gratefully and gladly." Her position as president of the University, which held

radiant promise at the time, was resigned because she could not conscientiously coöperate with the trustees in a certain matter, and to Frances Willard the law of moral uprightness was the very breath of life. Never, elsewhere, was an inflexible devotion to conscientious convictions combined with such enthralling and entrancing winsomeness of character.

SELF-RELIANT, YET TOLERANT.

She might differ from you, and hold her own way uninfluenced by any conceivable argument, but she was so full of love, so full of charm and overflowing sweetness and radiance, that difference was never discord. Miss Willard had, indeed, a most wonderful gift for "speaking the truth in love." She was the faithful friend in every relation of social life; never obtruding counsel, but with an exquisite tact that was almost divination, ministering spiritually, in an unconscious way that was the inevitable result of her love and her wise beneficence. What words are these, — which are from a letter she wrote to Mrs. Moody, after the great evangelist, whom she had been assisting, refused to allow her again on the platform with him, because of her willingness to fellowship, as a speaker, with a woman of moral power, but unorthodox views, — what ringing words are these that she wrote! —

"In the sacred communion of work for poor humanity, I dare not say, 'You may come,' and 'you must not.' 'With you I will speak on the same platform, — with you I will not.' Rather let the burden of this solemn choice rest on those who come; and whosoever will may work with me, if only she brings earnest purpose, devout soul, irreproachable moral character."

HER FIRST FOREIGN SOJOURN.

The two years from 1868 to 1870, Miss Willard passed in Europe, sojourning, observing, and studying in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, and Florence, in an unconscious period of preparation for her great work, which was prepared already for her, and awaited her coming. Truly had life begun to bloom for her. The home of "plain living and high thinking" that had nurtured her childhood fixed the moral earnestness of her character, which constantly found expression in deeds. Her education was liberal; her sister, whose life was so early transplanted to the world beyond, was commemorated in her book, "Nineteen Beautiful Years,"—a book which made itself so widely felt as to gain for her a multitude of friends. To her broad learning and her extended culture she had added the discipline of teaching, the experience of travel, the study of art and of life.

To this woman, then, in the opening maturity of her power when a little over thirty years of age, came, one day, after her return from this first European trip, two letters. They were the messengers of fate, indeed, and Portia need not have waited Bassanio's choice of the caskets with keener feeling than that with which a sympathetic friend, looking on, would have watched Frances Willard's choice in the decision between two courses of life represented by those two letters.

It was the moment of destiny, though she knew it not. From the point where she stood, two paths opened, and each entreated her to enter. The one was adorned with honors and emoluments; the other was bare and forbidding. The one apparently led through flowers and sunshine; the other showed but stony ground for bleeding feet to toil upward. The one offered her a salaried

educational position in a leading college where the congenial atmosphere of scholarship and literature allured her. The other offered her the presidency of the recently formed Women's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago — an organization then poor and obscure, the position unsalaried and unattended by worldly honors or rewards. The one offered her a life that would be, to some extent, ministered to. The other offered her only a place to minister.

Nor was the attraction of the former wholly a selfish one. Her father had died; her mother, whom she idolized, was mostly dependent on her exertions for support. Under such conditions, the hour of destiny came, and offered her the choice of a congenial life with comparative financial ease, or of a life of infinite hardship, and one that could hold no promise or prophecy of earthly reward. Which would Frances Willard choose?

TWO MORAL HEROINES.

It was a crisis with her, and one especially weighted by the thought of her mother. But that mother was a moral heroine. She had not reared her daughter to seek ease or indulgence, but to seek service.

She had taught her the great lesson that we do not come into this world to be ministered unto, but to minister. The angel of the Lord was with her and His glory encompassed her round about, and her word, her life, was then and there consecrated to that great work which began as a grain of mustard seed, and which has grown to the healing of the nations.

Nothing in all romance is more deeply engaging than Frances E. Willard's autobiographical record of those opening days when, in Chicago, she entered upon the

work for whose cause she had come into this world. We find her saying:

"Many a time I went without my noonday lunch down-town because I had no money with which to buy, and many a mile did I walk because I had not the prerequisite nickel for street-car riding. . . .

"But for several months I went on this way, and my life never had a happier season. For the first time I knew the gnawings of hunger, whereat I used to smile and say to myself, as I elbowed my way among the wretched people to whom I was sent, 'I'm a better friend than you dream; I know more about you than you think, for, bless God, I'm hungry too.'"

Miss Willard did not at first, nor, indeed, until after three years of service, accept the position of president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. In 1879, however, she yielded to the constant and increasing demands, and accepted, with all her holy earnestness, the work "for God, and home, and native land."

HER MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENT AND REAL ROMANCE.

It is not indiscreet to say here that, in her early girlhood, Frances E. Willard was the promised wife of a gentleman who is now a prominent Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To this, in her autobiography, she thus alludes:

"In 1861–1862, for three-quarters of a year, I wore a ring and acknowledged an allegiance based on the supposition that an intellectual comradeship was sure to deepen into unity of heart. How grieved I was over the discovery of my mistake, my journals of that epoch could reveal. Of the real romance of my life, unguessed save by a trio of close friends, these pages may not tell. When I have passed from sight I would be glad to have it known, for

I believe it might contribute to a better understanding between good men and women. For the rest, I have been blessed with friendships rich, rare, and varied, all lying within the temperate zone of a great heart's geography, which has been called 'cold' simply because no Stanley has explored its tropic climate, and set down as 'wholly island' because no adventurous Balboa has viewed its wide Pacific sea."

This allusion explains much to those who read between the lines.

Miss Willard's work as the chief executive of that great organization, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, condensed, within a period of nineteen years, experiences and achievements that might almost have occupied ten times that number. Indeed, one impressive feature of her life was its intensity and rapidity. Of its swiftly passing events, she herself has said:

"The wise ones tell us that we change utterly once in every seven years, so that, from the vantage-ground of life's serene meridian, I have looked back upon the seven persons whom I know most about: the welcome child, the romping girl, the happy student, the roving teacher, the tireless traveller, the temperance organizer, and lastly, the politician and advocate of women's rights. Since all of these are sweetly dead and gone, why should not their biographies and epitaphs, perchance their eulogies, be written by their best-informed and most indulgent critic?"

HER INTENSE SPIRITUAL VITALITY.

She had the intense spiritual vitality that swiftly transmutes circumstances and elements into accomplished results; she achieved very rapidly, and her nineteen years' presidency of the Women's Christian Temperance Union

comprehends a vast and varied work in education, social training, industrial and political ethics, and the development of a higher atmosphere of household love and aspiration in the homes of America, as well as the specific prohibition of intemperance for which it stood.

Frances Willard was a woman who touched life at all points. She had the widest range of interests, the most all-embracing sympathy, and that charity which not only thinketh no evil, but which was so creative in its kindling love as fairly to transform evil into good. She was really more alive than most people, with the larger life of the spirit. Her tact in organization was wonderful. She had excellent judgment in selecting leaders and officers, and securing for them the most favorable conditions. To praise them, to hear them praised, was her delight. She had a felicitous way of always placing each person at his best. She was overflowing with generous enthusiasms.

For many years past, her home has been in Evanston, near Chicago, in "Rest Cottage," as the house was well called. Some six years ago her mother passed on to the life beyond, and this grief, combined with the great exhaustion of her work, made inroads upon her health. Lady Henry Somerset, her best beloved and nearest friend, induced her to go to England, where, for some months, she enjoyed, not leisure, but a change of activities.

Intellectually, she was the peer of the greatest men and women of her time, and in London she received a recognition beyond that ever accorded to any other American woman, save Mrs. Stowe, who visited London just after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "bearing her blushing honors full upon her."

HER FRIENDSHIP WITH LADY SOMERSET.

No sketch of the life and work of Miss Willard could be in the least adequate which did not recognize the determining invigoration and joy brought into her life by that one perfect and ideally beautiful friendship between herself and Isabel, Lady Henry Somerset. It is not merely notable because the peeress of the court of St. James is "the daughter of a hundred earls," but because she is so great in gifts, in culture, in spiritual supremacy, that her rich and varied qualities of mind and heart far transcend rank and social prestige. That such a woman loved and honored Miss Willard as her closest chosen friend is the mutual glory, as it was the mutual happiness, of both. Lady Henry's companionship has been the crowning personal joy of Frances Willard's life. Here was perfect sympathy of comprehension, a mutual response in high thought and noble effort, and a perfect joy of tender companionship.

HER MENTAL HOSPITALITY.

Few women have ever revealed such wide mental hospitality as has Miss Willard. Her annual address before the vast convention over which she presided with such faultless grace, such serene dignity, such unsurpassed power, was always a marvellous compendium of allusions to the great events of the past year. She caught — no one knew how, in her busy life — the latest note of progress in political activities, scientific experiment, Edison's and Tesla's wonderful discoveries in the realm of higher potencies, the results of polar and other expeditions, the latest development in thought and scholarly research. Nothing was foreign to her.

The untiring and unfailing energy that characterized

Frances Willard was simply due to her preponderating spiritual life. She was a woman of delicate physique, with her slender figure, her Madonna-like face, fair as a lily, framed in golden-brown hair and lighted by the blue eyes, shining as if with radiant thought. But her capacity for work was unlimited. During long days of travel, letters, notes, data for lectures, articles for newspapers, would fly from her hand, and a lecture engagement, perhaps, await her at the close of the day's journey. She had an organization peculiarly receptive to the Divine energy, or such ceaseless activity would have been impossible.

THE BEAUTY OF HER CLOSING HOURS.

Her closing hours on earth were full of beauty and uplifting. She realized that she stood on the threshold of the life beyond, and her last words were: "It will be beautiful to be with God." She has entered on a higher order of energy and achievement. The heavenly vision was early revealed to her, and never did she falter in her obedience. "She was a character more perfectly human, more exquisitely divine, than any other I have ever met," says Lady Henry Somerset.

Her memory will be to us all an inspiration to choose the higher rather than the lower life; it will impress upon us all the great truth that sweetness and sincerity and sympathy are elements of strength, and that the constant effort to lift up the heart to the Divine is the only measure of a true success.

XLV.

THE ELEVATION OF WOMANHOOD.

"Is there no way to put an end to me?"

It was a very small girl who stood before her mother, asking this strange question. She had been reading the Bible, and the passage which chained her attention, and roused all her indignation, was the declaration, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." She was a very thoughtful child, and in her veins was splendid fighting blood, her great-grandfather having been killed in the French and Indian war, and her grandfather serving in the War of the Revolution. It did not seem to her that a world wherein one sex is in subjection to the other, and that by Divine command, is a place in which she cared to remain. Her mother tried to convince her that it is a woman's duty to submit, but found the attempt utterly futile. The indignant child soon afterwards determined to learn Greek and Hebrew, that she might decide for herself whether this and other disturbing texts are correctly translated. It was with this resolve that LUCY STONE began her career as one of woman's most effective champions.

She was born about three miles from West Brookfield, Mass., Aug. 13, 1818; next to the youngest of a family of nine. Her father, just and stern, but seldom tender, had imbibed freely the uncontradicted idea of his time,

that a man should be absolute ruler over his own household. Women were the servants, the housekeepers, the child-bearers, with no special intellectual needs or abilities. If the women of that day did not entirely subscribe to this doctrine, no one was the wiser for their mental expostulations. Bred by such parents and nurtured in such soil, how there came to be born in the soul of this woman-child, Lucy, such hot protests against existing conditions, such high resolves for future action, is a mystery which must remain unsolved.

IS THE CHILD CRAZY?

Francis Stone furnished means for sending his sons to college, and was told by his wife that his daughter also desired a college education. "Is the child crazy?" demanded the astonished man; and he put the matter by once for all. Lucy nevertheless resolved to go to college. That which her father refused, nature and her own labor should furnish.

No one thought particularly about this farmer's daughter who wandered through the pastures and over the hills, picking berries and gathering chestnuts for market. She was a simply clad little maid, engaged in an ordinary task; or so it seemed to those who chanced to pass her by and to note her occupation; but into that berry-pail and chestnut-basket was dropped the future of womankind. Little Lucy Stone was picking berries and gathering chestnuts for the world. If the young girl's odd sayings and strange questions were known at all, they were ascribed to ignorance of customs and the presumption of youth, and were passed by as of no moment.

Far and near she sought the berries and discovered the chestnuts, which commodities were exchanged for books. During all hours which she could snatch from

household tasks, and in the evening, she studied till the hours grew small and the candle short. The berry-picker became the meagrely-paid teacher, — teaching being one of the half dozen occupations then open to women, — and at twenty-five Lucy Stone had earned enough to enable her to start for college.

SHE SLEPT ON DECK.

On her way to Oberlin — the only college at that time where negroes and women were admitted as students — the maiden, hoarding with most rigid economy the small sum she had saved, slept, with a number of others as poor as herself, on the deck of a steamer on Lake Erie, with a grain-sack for a pillow, amid the cattle and other freight.

She worked for three cents an hour, boarded herself on fifty cents a week, did her own laundry work, taught in a preparatory school, and was still among the best prepared and most advanced pupils of her classes.

At graduation our heroine refused to prepare an essay because she would not be allowed to read it herself, but be obliged to depend on some male student. After this she began at once — in spite of the remonstrances of those who declared it unscriptural and unwomanly — to speak for enslaved women and the manacled negroes. No longer could she be regarded as commonplace. Her trials were severe. The world's prejudice, dulness, and indifference forbade all thought of speedy conquest.

HER FIRST SUFFRAGE LECTURE.

She gave her first woman-suffrage lecture from the pulpit of her brother's church in Gardner, Mass., in 1847; and soon afterwards was engaged to speak for the Anti-Slavery Society. By the clearest logic, and by the

tenderest persuasiveness ever employed by mortal, and by a voice so beautiful that to once hear it was to remember it always, and by the curiosity of thousands who had never heard a woman speaker, — she secured immense audiences. People went to see a huge-figured, brazen-faced Amazon, and were confronted by a wee woman who looked and spoke like an angel, albeit an angel charged with a very important and imperative message which was to be delivered at all hazards.

"I remember well the first time I ever saw her," declares Mary A. Livermore. "She wore a bloomer suit, and was the sweetest and prettiest thing I ever saw."

She was engaged to lecture on woman's rights on week-day nights, and on anti-slavery on Sunday evenings. She arranged her own meetings, fastened up her own handbills, and took up her own collections.

A Malden minister who had been requested to announce one of her meetings did so in these words: "I am asked to give notice that a hen will attempt to crow like a cock in the town hall at five o'clock to-morrow night. Those who like such music will of course attend."

SHE WAS EVERYWHERE PERSECUTED.

One cold night when she was lecturing in a Connecticut church a pane of glass was removed from the window, and through a hose she was deluged with cold water. Wrapping a shawl about her, she continued her speech. At an open-air meeting on Cape Cod, where there were a number of speakers, the demonstrations of the mob were so threatening that a number slipped away from the platform, leaving Lucy Stone and Stephen Foster to face the rioters alone.

"You better go; they are coming," she said to Foster.

"But who will take care of you?" was the answer.

At that moment the ringleader of the mob, a burly fellow with a club, sprang upon the platform. With no sign of fear in her face or in her calm, sweet tones, the lecturer said, "This gentleman will take care of me."

And verily the "gentleman" did. Tucking her arm under his, and warding off the crowd with his disengaged hand, he piloted her to a place of safety and stood by her, weapon in hand, while — mounted on a stump — she addressed the mob on the enormity of their conduct, and so wrought upon them that they took up a collection of twenty dollars to pay Foster for his coat, which had been ruined in their vigorous treatment of him.

At many meetings where there were several speakers, no one could get a hearing but Lucy Stone. In New York the rioters were so determined that the speakers should not be heard that William Henry Channing proposed that the meeting be adjourned; but Lucretia Mott, who was presiding, refused to adjourn until the hour set for the close of the meeting. Howls and cat-calls drowned the voices of speaker after speaker, but when Lucy Stone rose, silence and good order prevailed. When the next speaker began the uproar recommenced, and continued to the end. After the adjournment Lucy Stone took some of the ringleaders indignantly to task for their behavior.

"Oh, well," was the reply, "you need n't complain of us; we kept still for you."

SHE MARRIED, BUT KEPT HER MAIDEN NAME.

In 1855 Lucy Stone married Henry Blackwell, a young Cincinnati merchant, to whom justice and progress were as dear as unto herself, and who has always labored for woman's cause.

The two at the time of their marriage published a joint protest against the law which at that time gave the husband entire control of his wife's person, property, and earnings. The taking of her husband's name in marriage seemed to Lucy Stone a sign of vassalage to him, and as several prominent clergymen assured her that there was no law requiring it, she retained her own name with her husband's entire approval.

Together the two continued their bombardment against the strongholds of injustice; fighting against terrible odds, with few weapons, but gaining victory after victory, till hundreds of wrongs were exposed and scores of laws changed, till hundreds of occupations were made possible to women, till the movement to grant women equal suffrage and equal opportunities with man was given a momentum which must send it on till its work is perfectly accomplished.

You have heard again and again of this heroine's later life; of the tender motherhood and sweet home life in the pleasant Dorchester house by the sea, into which were welcomed all who were without homes or in need of comfort or counsel; of the hard-earned honors and the expressions of love and gratitude showered at last on one who had ever sought usefulness rather than greatness.

XLVI.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LITERARY LIFE,

AND POINTS FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

Born and reared in Wisconsin, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, although a resident of New York, is still faithful to the ideals and aspirations of the young and vigorous Western State in which she first saw the light. She began writing at an early age, and still has in her possession childish verses, composed when she was only eight years old.

She was, however, far from any literary centre; she had no one upon whom she might rely for advice as to her methods; and she had no influential friends, for her family was not a wealthy one. The usual difficulties, so familiar to all beginners, met her at every step; discouragements were endured day after day and year after year. After a while she began writing for various periodicals. Her first poems appeared in the "New York Mercury," the "Waverly Magazine," and Leslie's publications. It was from the publishing-house of Frank Leslie she received her first check. Her income from literary work was very small, and recognition came quite slowly. But courage, and patience, and fortitude finally won the day.

HER MOST FAMOUS POEMS.

One of her most famous poems, beginning, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you," was written about February, 1883, at Madison, Wis. She had talked with a friend who had been bereaved by death in her household; later, while dressing for an inaugural ball, given in honor of the governor of Wisconsin, she was startled to think how soon the mind turns from stories of sorrow to scenes of gayety. Thus she formed the idea of this famous poem. It originally appeared in the "New York Sun," and the author received five dollars for it. Subsequently an attempt was made to pirate the verses as the composition of another; but the effort was, happily, a complete failure. The poem embodying the idea, —

"A question is never settled
Until it is settled right,"

with which W. J. Bryan concludes his book, was written by her after hearing a gentleman make a remark in those words at the conclusion of a heated argument on the single-tax question. The gentleman was afterwards told that Lincoln had made use of this exact expression years ago. But neither the gentleman in question, nor Mrs. Wilcox herself, had ever heard the expression before.

"The Two Glasses," one of her brightest poems, was written at the age of eighteen. Although this was a "temperance poem," she had never, up to that time, seen a glass of beer or wine. This poem, too, was pirated by one who pretended to be the author.

"The Birth of the Opal" was suggested by Herman Marcus, the Broadway jeweller, who advanced the idea

of the opal being the child of the sunlight and moonlight.

"Wherever You Are" originally appeared in "Leslie's Popular Monthly." A young man who had served a term in Auburn prison read this poem, and it became the means of his reformation. Mrs. Wilcox lent him a helping hand, and he is to-day a hard-working, honest, worthy man.

She regards the poems, "High Noon," "To an Astrologer," and "My Creed," as probably her best efforts. It will thus be noted that she does not prefer the more fervid poems of passion, written in her early youth.

Mrs. Wilcox lives in New York City from November to May, and in her cottage at Short Beach, Conn., during the rest of the year. Her husband, R. M. Wilcox, is a clear-headed business man, of polished manners, kind and considerate to all whom he meets, — one who, in short, is deservedly popular with all the friends of the happy couple. The summer house at Short Beach is especially charming. It is in full view of the sea, with a fine beach in front, and a splendid sweep of country at the rear.

LITERARY METHODS.

As to literary methods, Mrs. Wilcox has few suggestions to make, except to recommend hard work, conscientiously performed. She is untiring in her own efforts at rewriting, revising, and polishing her productions; and cannot rest until every appearance of crudeness and carelessness is effaced. Her manuscripts are always neat, always carefully considered, and never prepared in undue haste. She believes that no writer can succeed who is a pessimist. She is an optimist of the most pronounced type, and believes that all poems should

be helpful, not hurtful; full of hope, and not of despair; bright with faith, and not clouded by doubt.

POINTS FOR WRITERS.

"What is your view of the first things to be done by a young author?" she was asked.

"1. The first thing is to find out your motive in choosing a literary career. If you write as the young bird sings, you need no advice from me, for your thoughts will find their way as natural springs force their way through rocks, and nothing can hinder you. But if you have merely a well-defined literary ability and taste, you should consider carefully before undertaking the difficult task of authorship.

"2. An author should be able to instruct, entertain, guide, or amuse his readers. Otherwise he has no right to expect their attention, time, or money. If it is merely a question of money it would be wise to wait until you have a comfortable income, sufficient to maintain life during the first ten years of literary pursuits. Save in rare cases of remarkable genius, literature requires *ten years' apprenticeship*, at least, before yielding a support. But be sure that you help — not harm — humanity. To the author, of all men, belongs the motto, '*Noblesse oblige.*'

"3. Unless you are so *absorbed in your work* that you utterly forget the existence of critics or reviewers, you have no right to call yourself a genius. Talent thinks with fear and fawning of critics; genius does not remember that they exist. One bows at the shrine of existing public opinion, which is narrow with prejudice. The other bows at the shrine of art, which is as broad as the universe.

"4. *Do not attempt to adopt the style of any one else.*

Unless you feel that you can be yourself, do not try to be anybody. A poor original is better than a good imitation, in literature, if not in other things."

"5. How do you think a young author should proceed to obtain recognition?"

"In regard to the practical methods of getting one's work before the public, I beg you not to send it to some well-known author, asking him or her to 'read, criticise, correct, and find a publisher for you.' If such a thought has entered your head, remember that it has entered the heads of five hundred other amateurs, and the poor author is crushed under an avalanche of badly-written manuscripts, not one of which he has time to read.

"6. Expect no aid from influential friends in any way. *The more you depend on yourself, the sooner will you succeed.*

"It is absolute nonsense to talk about 'influence' with editors or publishers. No editor will accept what he does not want, through the advice of any author, however famous. No one ever achieved even passing fame or success in literature through influence or 'friends at court.' An editor might be influenced to accept one article, but he would never give permanent patronage through any influence, however strong.

"7. Do not be easily discouraged. *I have often had an article refused by six editors and accepted by the seventh.* An especially unfortunate manuscript of mine was once *rejected by eight periodicals*, and I was about to consign it to oblivion, when, as a last venture, I sent it to *the ninth.* A check of seventy-five dollars came to me by return mail, with an extremely complimentary letter from the editor, requesting more articles of a similar kind."

XLVII.

SHE LOVES HER WORK.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON, the gifted American author, is a charming woman socially; unaffected in manner and easy and graceful in conversation. When I called I was ushered into her library, and was entertained in the same delightful way in which her books are written. Indeed, she told me that she writes without effort.

It was a very pretty story she told me of her childhood days in Old Virginia, where she spent the greater part of her time in reading standard works and in dreams of authorship. "Even in my youngest years," she said, "I used to make up fairy tales. Later, I put my thoughts on paper."

"And what was your first experience in a literary way?" I asked.

"When I was about seventeen years old I sent a love story to the 'Atlantic Monthly.' It was lurid and melancholy," she said with a smile. "It was returned in due course of time, and across its face was written, in very bright ink, 'This is far better than the average, and ought to be read through,' from which I inferred that only the first page had been read. But I was encouraged even by that.

HER FIRST NOVEL.

"My next attempt was a novel, which I called 'Skirmishing.' It was destroyed in a fire, for which I have ever since felt grateful."

Miss Constance Cary (her maiden name) next went abroad with her widowed mother, and spent some years in travelling and in completing her education.

"It was not until after I returned to America," she said, "and was married to Mr. Harrison, that I was again bold enough to take up my pen. I wrote an article which I called 'A Little Centennial Lady.' It was published in 'Scribner's Magazine,' and had so favorable a reception that I was encouraged to write 'Golden Rod,' a story of Mount Desert, which appeared later in 'Harper's Magazine.'

BOOKS SHE ENJOYED.

"My books that I have enjoyed most, if a writer may enjoy her own work, have not been those dealing with New York social life, but my tales of the South. Charles A. Dana, of the 'New York Sun,' was unconsciously responsible for my 'Old Dominion.' He gave me the agreeable task of editing the 'Monticello Letters,' and from them I gleaned a story which outlined my 'Old Dominion.' But the editors cry for stories of New York social life, to gratify the popular demand."

Mrs. Harrison's books are so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell on their acknowledged merit, vividness, and truthfulness to life. To the general public there is something fascinating about a New York social story, dealing with the millionaire's club life, woman's teas, and love's broken lances. Besides the general desire for a good social novel, there is a morbid, unsatiated

desire to pry into the doings, customs, and manners of the rich. It is with agreeable expectations that one picks up one of Mrs. Harrison's books; it is with the certainty that you will be entertained.

HER CHARACTERS ARE FROM LIFE.

On a former call she told me that her New York stories are built on her observations, and that the characters are so changed as not to antagonize her friends, for she enters the best society through her family ties and her well-earned prestige.

"It is very peculiar," she continued, "how, in writing a story, the characters govern me, not I the characters. I may have the outline and ending of a book in my mind, but the characters take everything into their hands and walk independently through the pages. I have always found it best to obey. The ending of 'Anglo-Maniacs,' which caused so much adverse criticism, was not as I had planned. I was helpless under the caprices of the characters. At first I was displeased at the ending, but now, looking back upon it, I am well satisfied."

"Then the characters, to you, become real; and you are entirely under their spell?"

IN LOVE WITH HER WORK.

"Yes, if I did not believe in them, I would be unable to write; for the time being, I am living and observing a dozen lives. There is much satisfaction in doing so correctly. I am in love with my work, and am a hard worker.

"All the time I am turning little romances over in my mind, and when I can no longer keep my pen from paper, I sit down and write."

Many amusing little instances touching upon her work have come to her attention.

"One morning," said Mrs. Harrison, "after my husband had successfully defended a client the man grasped his hand very warmly, and to my husband's amazement, said, 'Well, Mr. Harrison, I want to tell you what we think of your wife. She 's the finest writer in the English language, that 's what my daughter says. She says there are no books like hers.'

"'Which one does she like most?' asked my husband, immensely pleased.

"'Well,' he replied, 'I can't just answer that, but I think it 's "Your Eyre."'

"Once I received a rather startling letter from a Western ranchman. It said, 'Your book has been going the rounds, but it always comes back, and I have threatened to put a bullet in the hide of the man who does not return it.' I was greatly pleased with that letter.

"The most gratifying letter I ever received was from a man in a prison. He begged to be supplied with all I had written."

Mrs Harrison has made many close friends through her books. Once she was with a party of friends in a Madrid gallery. Her name was mentioned, and a Spanish lady came forward, and introduced herself, at the same time expressing her admiration for her.

"She is now one of my dearest friends," concluded Mrs. Harrison.

Just then a colored man appeared in the library, bearing a tray, — for afternoon tea, — so I arose, although she asked me to have a cup of tea. Fearing that I might be intruding, I retired, expressing my wish that she might quickly recover from the overwork which was just then a hindrance to her writing new stories.

XLVIII.

THE MILL-GIRL POET.

HER FRIENDSHIP WITH WHITTIER.

And this is the little mill-girl of Lowell, who doffed the bobbins: Lucy Larcom! Her name has always seemed to me one of those born and baptismal appellations which hold a significance and a prophecy. "Lucy," — the light; "Larcom," — the song-bird haunt; the combe, or valley-field of larks. It is her birth name, and her heart-and-soul name. I fancy it needs not to be much changed into her heaven-name. I "spect," like Topsy, that the name and she must have "growed" together. — MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

LUCY was the youngest of the Larcom family of eight girls, who, when she was ten years old, removed with their widowed mother from Beverly to Lowell, where much needed work was provided by the mills. After three years as home-helper, Lucy became a factory "doffer," whose work it was to remove empty bobbins and replace them by full ones. Her literary life had been for some time lived, not unto the world, but unto herself. When seven years old she had written a manuscript volume of little stories and poems, which she illustrated with crude water-colors. After enjoying it for some time, she took it to the attic, solemnly tore it into bits, and consigned it to the rats.

Now her "factory" thoughts, which the monotony of her work left much at leisure, wove many a fanciful

story, and rhymed many a song. Long tasks called the workers abroad before day, but in the stream of humanity pouring forth to meet the morning freshness, in the beauty of thousands of lights in huge mills, in the near-hanging stars of the dawn, — in all these the slight girl with the large insight saw the strength and the poetry of real life; and no one was ever more responsive to life in all its shadings than this doffer poet. On her homeward way she saw and communed with the summer sunsets, gathered wayside flowers, or translated the different bird-songs, and bewailed her lot not at all.

EVENINGS WITH THE MILL-GIRLS.

Then came the evenings when, around a long table, the girls sewed and read and talked, never dreaming that the silent, studious little one, who seemed the least among them, was to be the greatest of them all.

"While yet a child," Miss Larcom says, "I used to consider it special good fortune that my home was at Lowell. There was a frank friendliness and sincerity in the social atmosphere that wrought upon me unconsciously, and made the place pleasant to live in. People moved about their every-day duties with purpose and zest, and were generally interested in one another; while in the towns on the seaboard it was sometimes as if every man's house was his castle in almost a feudal sense, where the family shut themselves in against intruders."

The girls working in the Lowell mills at that period gave one of the finest examples ever seen of "plain living and high thinking." One of those girls wore out Watts' "Improvement of the Mind" by carrying it about in her working-dress pocket; others studied German in the evening, though their hours of labor were from daylight till half-past seven at night; they organized Improve-

ment Circles, and published a magazine or two. They were high-minded and refined, not afraid of drudgery, but determined to make their way to something beyond it. Many of them loved beauty and appreciated the sweep of the fair, blue Merrimac under the factory windows. In their homes, with all their frugality, the atmosphere was fragrant with peace and integrity.

In the "Offering," the paper of the Lowell mill girls' club, appeared Lucy's "Idyls of Work," which was a retelling and resetting forth of the existence about her, and "Wild Roses of Cape Ann," full "of picture and perfume and legend that could only have been seen and breathed and learned where the forests lean down to listen to the ocean, and the waters send up their song and strength to the hills and trees." It was among her factory mates that Lucy Larcom so strongly began that work of ministration which she never afterwards laid down.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

From the drudgery of work to its dignity and beauty and beneficence, she lifted the mill-girl mind. From outside unloveliness and prosaic monotony she led the thoughts of her girl companions into regions which refreshed their minds and added to their mental possessions.

One evening there appeared at one of the club-meetings of the mill-girls a kind-faced, big-browed man who spoke with the "thee and thou" of the Quakers — John Greenleaf Whittier, who was then in Lowell editing a Free-Soil journal. He showed his interest in Lucy Larcom by criticising some of her contributions to the paper which had been read. From that day the two poets — one a mature man, the other a mere child — were fast friends. Lucy was afterwards introduced to Elizabeth,

Whittier's sister, and between the three loving, ministering, tender souls, there sprang up a friendship, out of which grew those beautiful compilations, "Child-life" and "Songs of Three Centuries."

POETIC FIRSTLINGS.

"This poem was produced under the inspiration of the nurses," announced the Lowell "Casket," in which appeared certain of Miss Larcom's verses; a misprint, of course, for *muses*, but those who knew its author to be only about twelve years old did not quarrel with the statement. One of her early compositions which was sent to the "Atlantic," while the poet Lowell was its editor, was, no name being signed to the production, ascribed to Emerson. During all this time of literary achievement the poet was the mill-girl still. She had been steadily promoted. After bobbin-doffing, her next work was tending a spinning-frame. Later she was employed in the cloth-room, and finally as bookkeeper. Always on her frame or desk lay an open book, something on mathematics, grammar, English or German literature, from which statements or sentences could be snatched, to be conned over while her hands attended to their mechanical tasks.

THE PRAIRIE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

It was when she was twenty that Miss Larcom left the mill to accompany her sister to the West and become a teacher.

The school-house was a log building standing amid the wide, monotonous stretches of an Illinois prairie, whose billowy grass reminded the homesick teacher of the ocean off her own New England coast. The central structure of the house was an enormous chimney. One day when,

for some misdemeanor, a girl had been directed by Miss Larcom to "stand in the chimney," she climbed out through the ample aperture, and treated herself to the freedom of "all-out-doors." The pupils, ranging from infants to young men and women, came from three counties. The teacher walked two miles to school.

She was one of the minister's family. Her older sister, Emeline, "half-mother, half-mate," had married a pioneer Western clergyman. Lucy for a time accompanied the two in their wanderings, becoming a teacher in several Western hamlets. The school taught in the big-chimneyed house was under the auspices of a district committee, who required its would-be teachers to hold up their hands and swear that they were able to instruct in arithmetic, geography, writing, and spelling. "Forty dollars is a lot o' money to pay a young woman for three months' teaching — she oughter know considerable," declared an official to whom Miss Larcom's brother-in-law had gone to collect her salary.

During these Western wanderings she at length found herself in the vicinity of Monticello Female Seminary. She entered the institution as a pupil, spending three years in the full course of study, also taking charge of the preparatory department during the last two years. But her heart was all in New England, and it was with glad footsteps that she returned to

BEVERLY,

whose every rock was dear to her, and the song of whose waters was, to her interpreting soul and responsive heart, an inspiration.

Here for a year or two she taught a class of young ladies. Her next position was in Wheaton Seminary, at Norton, where she remained six years, teaching rhetoric,

English literature, composition, mental and moral science, and botany. It was in 1865 that she became assistant editor, and a year later, leading editor, of "Our Young Folks," a Boston magazine. Her writings were everywhere recognized; the poem "Hannah Binding Shoes" being, probably, the best known of all.

To her home in Beverly journeyed many who needed encouragement, sympathy, and comfort; for Lucy Larcom not only had, like Margaret Fuller, "a genius for friendship, but a genius for mothering. Hers was the gospel of love made manifest. Bravely, adequately, and gracefully she wrought; but those who knew her best will best remember and revere her for what she was rather than for what she wrote. In her own words:

> "Woman can climb no higher than womanhood,
> Whatever be her title."

XLIX.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

"My father strongly advised me against a literary career," said Julian Hawthorne, when I asked for his advice to young writers. "He also pointed out its hard work and small remuneration. I well knew that anything I might write would, as a matter of course, be compared with his work, so I became an engineer. My duties included some work on a canal located on a mosquito belt, where the climate, too, was unsuited to myself and family. I gave it up, and took up my pen simply to try my hand on a story. I sold it to 'Harper's Magazine' for such a large sum of money that I decided then to write for a living. My life has since been fraught with the hardest kind of work.

"The idea that good literary work is done by the talented without great labor — in preparation, at least — has been exploded time and again. Every one of our great authors has succeeded only after severe application, wrought in a spirit of love mingled with the most rigid self-criticism. Without a real passion for writing, and the courage and patience for self-criticism, one should never undertake this career.

"The first step is to gain notice. The next is to be neither flattered by praise nor depressed by criticism. If a man of genius listens too much to outside comments,

he is liable to be influenced and perhaps injured by it. Let one not know the public, but be happy in his own work, and he will acquire at least the freedom of inspiration and stamp his work with his own individuality.

"That the literature of to-day is not up to the standard of the past may be laid at the door of our great magazines, which compel a writer to conform to their schemes. Write according to inspiration. But, alas! it pays to write to please the periodicals. Only writers who have gained great popularity can defy the notions of the editors.

"Mr. Kipling, the greatest short-story writer since the early days of Bret Harte, was fortunate in striking an entirely new vein. He swept all set rules of story-writing to the winds, and has succeeded in stamping his work with a masculine vigor entirely his own. The most of his stories are full of fresh life, and every year there springs up around him a new crop of imitators. If he has a fault, it is his technicality in giving life to a piece of machinery. His minute descriptions of a machine are apt to confuse the average reader.

"In the great hurry of the day, authors who have suddenly achieved popularity hasten to put their works upon the market. Some dozen chapters are hurriedly written and sent to the press, to be followed by others in a like manner. This is a mistake, for a novel should be a well-linked, even story, event hanging upon event. The whole plot should possess fluency and reality. The great exceptions to this rule are Thackeray and Dickens. In 'Vanity Fair,' each chapter is a complete story within itself. In writing a novel, one idea forces itself upon you as more prominent than another. Its prominence should be respected, and this often demands a modification of the plot.

"To acquire a good style, read the Bible and classic literature, study character, and learn to express yourself clearly; but beware of too much facility, a serious fault. You can judge of your own writing only after a lapse of time. After your fervor has cooled, you may be able to subject it to impartial criticism."

L.

"UNCLE REMUS."

WITH the exception of "Mark Twain," there is no name in American literature that associates with itself more genuine pleasure and affection than that of "Uncle Remus" — Joel Chandler Harris. For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Harris was on the "Atlanta Constitution" and wrote most of the editorials which gave that journal its great prestige and influence in the South. Into many of his editorials he put the same sunshine and humor that characterize his books. Mr. Harris is not only "Uncle Remus" in his books and newspaper articles, but he is "Uncle Remus" in his relations with his friends. To be in his neighborhood has ever been to lay aside worry and resign one's self to cheerful feelings. Even when not engaged in playing some innocent prank on his associates or in telling some spicy anecdote, "Uncle" cultivates cheerfulness by whistling some favorite plantation tune. If he was ever out of sorts at the office, it was never observed by any of his associates, and they kept in close touch with him. Everybody on the paper, from the editor-in-chief down to the office boy, loved him.

When the editor-in-chief did not resign work to him, and that was quite often, he took some subject that especially pleased him, which he could invest with his

droll humor to make his readers laugh. Ridicule was one of his favorite weapons, and no one could use it to better advantage, though he never descended to coarseness. He delighted in simple words and illuminated everything he discussed.

"Uncle Remus" owes his reputation to his dialect stories, but he never wrote them till he became a member of the staff of the Atlanta paper. At that time there was running in the paper a series of dialect stories over the signature of "Old Si," and so popular had they become that the editor approached Mr. Harris with a suggestion that he write something in the same style. At first he hesitated, but finally decided to make an attempt. Having been reared among the negroes in Putnam County, Georgia, he had, stored in his memory, an immense amount of matèrial which he could weave into long stories. But not being sure of his public, he began with fear and trembling. On the morning the first story appeared, the editor-in-chief warmly congratulated Mr. Harris on his success. Within a week the whole country was talking about "Uncle Remus." His work was a genuine creation, amusingly original, and he reproduced the negro, giving to perfection not only his peculiarities of dialect, but his keen sense of ridicule and humor. The drollest of ante-bellum life on the plantation was reproduced afresh. Papers all over the country copied these stories, and then "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox" were bound in books and they have grown into fireside classics.

Mr. Harris published "Uncle Remus; His Songs and His Sayings," in 1878. It was received with pronounced favor all over America. Since then more than half a dozen story books have come from his pen, despite his other engrossing work. He is always in good spirits, and his inspiration usually comes with his leisure, en-

abling him to enter at once upon his work without waiting for moods. To counteract the effects of his sedentary habits, he takes frequent strolls and engages in manual labor about the house or grounds.

Mr. Harris has been more successful with his short stories than with his long ones; but now that he is no longer hampered with newspaper work, he may be able to invest his long stories with the charm so characteristic of his short ones.

Although past fifty years of age he is in his prime, with the promise of many fruitful years. He is under medium height, thick-set, broad-shouldered, presenting a picture of robust health. Although his hair is red and his face is covered with freckles, there is an attractiveness about his features that is absent from many so-called handsome faces. His playful countenance draws every one to him. Genius and character are written there, for "Uncle Remus" is one of nature's noblemen.

He loves his home supremely, and seldom leaves it at night to attend public meetings or social entertainments. So little is he seen in public that few people in his city know him by sight. He objects to being interviewed. His home in Atlanta is at West End, where he is surrounded by his few acres of garden land. His house has broad verandas, and is an ideal Southern home.

LI.

A SECRET TOLD BY ANTHONY HOPE.

It has been said, more than once, of Anthony Hope (whose name, as is well known, is Anthony Hope Hawkins in private life) that he is one of those favored children of fortune whom nature endows with every requisite for success, and sends forward as an example of life without care.

Since Mr. Hope is not an inaccessible celebrity, I called upon him when he was at one of the great New York hotels, being in America upon a lecture-tour. Although it was early in the day, he was already hard at work and evidently had been for some time. His writing-desk was covered with letters, the floor about littered with them, and rows of invitations, three deep, ornamented the mantel-piece. Also, on the tables and around the room, books were freely scattered.

The author was extremely courteous, after the pleasing English fashion. He had already risen from his task when I was admitted, and came forward, smiling. He offered me a chair and sought one for himself.

"It is often said," I began, "that you are an example of the ease with which some men attain to distinction."

"My ability to tell stories certainly is a gift," he answered, "and is not dependent upon personal experience. I dare say I have studied in directions which now sug-

gest these plots and incidents, however. It certainly would not be just to say that I write without study, any more than it would be to say that I do so with ease. It may not be absolute toil, but I assure you it is labor."

"Then you may have worked exceedingly hard, after all."

"Getting along is a grind," he answered. "It was the usual one with me, and you know that all work is hard when people are born with a desire to play."

"You must have done a great deal of reading in your day."

"Oh, a moderate amount," he said.

"Are you reading any of these?" I ventured, taking an inclusive glance at the books scattered about.

"All," he replied modestly, at the same time reaching for his pipe.

It was a rather startling answer, considering the number in evidence; but, as I knew, a great writer is usually an omnivorous reader. The books were largely those of American authors, dealing with phases of our national life.

I was about to offer another question, when he resumed with: "I judge there is considerable error in the minds of most individuals as to the ease with which success is attained in literature. My experience extends only through law and literature, but I know of nothing more trying than the failure of beginners in this field. Literary aspirants who have real merit are usually extremely sensitive, and their ambition is most soaring. Consequently failures, the indifference of others, and lack of friendly criticism weigh heavily. To endure long hours on meagre pay, in mercantile or other pursuits, cannot be more trying to the beginner than for a sensitive, high-strung nature to endure rejections and lack of recognition in the literary world."

"Is that the usual experience of literary workers?" I ventured.

"Yes," he answered. "It is the usual thing for a beginner to work eight hours a day at something he does not care for, or perhaps despises, in order to live, and be able to work two hours at his chosen profession."

"Allow me to ask where you obtained your training."

"Well," he said, "in my ninth year my father, who is now vicar of St. Brike's, London, moved to Leatherhead, where he took St. John's School, an establishment for boys, intended exclusively for the sons of clergymen. I was there several years. Then, at thirteen, I won a scholarship at Marlborough College. Few boys work hard at an English public school."

"But you were an exception."

"Oh, no! I studied the prescribed text-books fairly well, and played football a trifle better."

"And from Marlborough?" I questioned.

"I passed to Baliol College, Oxford. There, as during all my boyhood and youth, my life was commonplace and uneventful. Afterwards I took up law as a profession, and followed it for six or seven years. It was my choice, and I did fairly well."

"How did you come to leave it and take up literature?" I queried.

"Oh, I fancied I could write a story. I began to write short ones in my spare time."

"How long was it before your efforts were remunerated at a reasonable rate?"

He smiled. "I can't remember exactly; it was a gradual affair. I had the usual experience, you know, — wasting my good stamps on returned stories. I published 'A Man of Mark,' but it did n't sell."

"You were finally induced to give up the practice of law, I believe, were you not?"

"Yes, by success. My income from my stories was larger than that from my practice, and I elected to stick to stories altogether."

"I should like to ask if you think a college education an advantage or a necessity to success?"

"It is an advantage, surely. Of course it 's an advantage, but I should not say a necessity. Men do succeed, you know, without one. Of course all things help; but we all know how men succeed."

"Do you believe a distinctive style and a mind for inventing interesting plots is a given or an acquired talent?"

"It 's born with a man. Study will develop and work perfect a style, but it won't give a bent to it. You must have an innate liking for the thing, an aptitude, say, or you never would give the time to working at it. The ability to invent a plot is a gift. I don't believe any one could train his mind to an inventive state. It 's a gift."

"Then you don't accept Balzac's maxim, 'Genius is a capacity for taking infinite pains'?"

"Oh, no! It seems to me that it must have been a pleasant epigram with him. Of course genius sometimes has the capacity for taking infinite pains; sometimes it has n't. But there must be something else behind that — the tendency or desire to take infinite pains. Nothing is done strikingly well without a liking for it."

"Do you imagine it is more difficult to succeed in literature than in many other professions?"

"No; not exactly. It is a field in which it is impossible to succeed without talent. Some fail to succeed with it. There are possibilities of quicker success, if you can bring forward the individual fitted to take ad-

vantage of the possibilities. Even with genius, though, it is usually a matter of years before one is accepted by both critics and public."

"What do you say is the first requisite for success in the literary field?"

"I can only answer for my style of literature, and there I should say the ability to invent a plot. Style is excellent; it can be acquired, I think, but is absolutely useless without a plot. To have something to say is the first thing. Many people can say it. Some writers have a good style, but no merit of thought. Some have something to say, and even if they say it poorly it brings them success."

"How many hours a day do you work?" I asked.

"A varying period," said Mr. Hope, now behind his desk and abandoning the pipe, probably in despair. "Five to six hours, usually, — that is, writing. Of course I think about my work a great deal; invent plots when I knock around, and so on. But I write at a desk much of the time."

"Does your work require much historical investigation?"

"No; none. I say none, but I except a historical novel which I am now at work upon. That required a little investigation about the time of Charles II."

"And your other novels," I went on, "do they not represent wide if not special historical reading?"

"I read much of German history, and all my reading helps, I suppose; but I assure you the stories are purely imaginary. They come as pleasing fancies."

"And no work to think them up?"

"No, I rather enjoy it."

"Did you ever think of abandoning literature after you had once started?"

"No. You see I took it up gradually, never burned my bridges behind me until the road was clear before — that is, I stayed with law until my stories earned me enough to live on. After I left the law I would n't go back. Pride alone settled that."

A little article which I had looked up the previous day states that a brief résumé of Mr. Hope's work reveals the fact that no blood of the idler flows in his veins. After publishing, in 1889, "A Man of Mark," Mr. Hope endeavored laboriously to dispose of a number of his short stories to the magazines of England, but only one or two ever got into type. The temperature of this cold water was not low enough, however, to chill his ardor, and he kept at his task unflinching. One day he came forth from his den with his brief-bag, and in it the manuscript of "Father Stafford," which nearly every publisher in London hastened to decline with thanks. Finally it was issued from the press of the Cassells, but was a financial failure. He then began to contribute short tales to the "St. James Gazette," a journal that has given signal encouragement in their days to the now famous authors of "The Play Actress," "A Gentleman of France," and "The Seats of the Mighty." From these contributions of Hope, fifteen in all, the stories were selected which compose the volume entitled, "Sport Royal." Afterwards came "Mr. Witt's Widow," which was only a partial success; then "A Change of Air," then "Half a Hero." He then set diligently to work upon "The God in the Car," but left it for "The Prisoner of Zenda." After completing the temporarily abandoned African tale he began writing the "Dolly Dialogues," which sparkled with such Parisian brilliance in the "Westminster Gazette." Next appeared "The Indiscretions of the Duchess." To these he has since added "Phroso" and "The Heart of the Princess Osra."

LII.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S IDEAS UPON SUCCESS.

Sir Walter Besant, the famous Englishman, was not merely an authority on success in literature. More, perhaps, than any other writer since Charles Dickens, he made a special study of men, and of the conditions of our modern civilization in its intense and centralized form. He observed with keen and sympathetic interest the struggles of the multitude, of the common people who are the foundation of England's greatness, the sinews of England's strength. At the ripe age of sixty, in the prime of intellectual power, enriched and fortified by the experience of more than half a century, he engaged in a work more important than any previously produced, — a work dealing with that vast aggregation of humanity known as London, with its contrast of Buckingham Palace and Whitechapel, its teeming wealth and pitiful poverty.

When I was privileged to call upon him, I found Sir Walter deeply engaged in the preparation of what will doubtless be accepted as one of the most notable productions of his pen, "The Survey of London." This work, I learned, had already occupied about four years of study and writing, and it would be quite three years before it could be finished.

It was a very large room, this workshop of Sir Walter,

SIR WALTER BESANT.

on the second floor, with two huge windows looking out upon the greenery of Soho square. The three walls of the room were lined with bookcases and shelves filled with volumes of reference, — there being over four hundred volumes, all pertaining to the subject the author had in hand, — and all about were maps and charts and open books and scraps of paper containing notes. The atmosphere of the whole room suggested work as the presiding spirit.

HE AIMS HIGH AND WORKS HARD.

So absorbed was Sir Walter in his work that the attendant had closed the door behind me ere he turned in his chair, to find me standing expectantly in the room. He arose and came forward with that cordial yet dignified greeting peculiar to the English gentleman, and so potent in putting one at ease at once. We chatted pleasantly for some time about books, and it was then that Sir Walter told me something of the scope of his present undertaking.

"A task of this nature," I ventured, "must be very much a labor of love?"

"To be sure. And all our tasks should be such," replied Sir Walter.

"I should like to ask you what you consider the most important quality that goes to make success possible?"

"Industry, by all means," replied Sir Walter, impressively. "Cultivate the habit of industry, and you possess the chief talisman of success."

"What, in your opinion, constitutes success?"

"The measure of a man's success must be according to his ability and his deserts. A young man should strive for the highest goal attainable in his line of work. The

advancement he makes from the station in which he was born gives the degree of his success."

"Have material circumstances a great deal to do with the achievement of success?" I asked.

"Decidedly. One must have material advantages. Take my own life. I was a professor in a college in Mauritius when a very young man. If I had been content to remain there, should I have been successful? Assuredly not. I would have been buried in the oblivion of college life in a far-away country. I realized this at an early stage in my career, and determined to settle in London, because here were the opportunities essential to the success I wished to achieve. The conditions which surround one are all-important."

ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE AND CULTIVATE SELF–RELIANCE.

"Success, then, is only to be achieved by having ability and being alert to every opportunity in life?"

"Not altogether. It must be admitted that chance has a great deal to do with success. The accidents in business, the friends one makes, all have a bearing upon a young man's career."

"A young man, then, should aim to make many friends?"

"No, not by any means. He should aim to make as many good friends as possible."

"To a young man standing on the threshold of his business life, what would you say should be the first aim?"

"First, absolutely, he should aim to acquire as much knowledge as possible — to have what Bacon called a 'full mind.' Next he should possess industry, then fearlessness, — that is, courage in attacking a subject. To this end he must cultivate self-reliance. Then, last, but

most important of all, he must know his own mind. He must know what he wants to do, and possess sufficient good judgment to know whether he can do it, or can attain to it."

"What, in your estimation, is the cause of so many failures?"

"There are two very apparent causes of failure. One is, that many are physically too weak to stand the severe strain which a life of effort imposes, and the other is the element of bad luck. This must be reckoned with, I contend. To illustrate my meaning: Chance or accident may interfere with the best-laid plans, and defeat the noblest efforts. Through no fault of his own, a man may fail to obtain the opportunity to prove his worth and exert his ability. I remember one noteworthy case of this kind. A college man of the highest attainments applied for a certain place. He was capable of filling it, and rising to greater things. But luck was against him. Another man, not so well qualified, got the place, and circumstances never again offered a field where promotion would follow."

"But should he not have created another opportunity?" I asked.

"Those are the exceptional men. Many men possess great ability, but only a few possess that dominating individuality which can shape events and conditions to their own ends."

A CARDINAL CAUSE OF FAILURE.

"Another very important cause of failure that I would mention is inattention. One has but to look about to see everywhere young men who are inattentive to their own interests. I recall now an incident that happened within my knowledge, some time ago. A gen-

tleman controlling a very large business called a number of his clerks before him, and told them that in about six months' time the establishment would want a clerk thoroughly versed in shorthand. The clerk best fitted for the place, when the time arrived, would be appointed, and his present salary doubled. At the end of six months the same clerks were again summoned before the head of the firm, and not one of them had taken the pains to learn shorthand! That seems incredible, does it not? But it is too true. That is only one instance of the many golden opportunities that are always being offered, but are seldom seized."

"It is, indeed, surprising," I observed. "It has always seemed to me that there is too much ambition among the young."

"Too much?" ejaculated Sir Walter. "By no means. There is too little," — with much emphasis, — "and this lack of ambition is most manifest among the sons of men who have achieved success. The farmer's boy or the mechanic's son is usually the one to show the ambition and energy needed to win a place and a name in the world."

"You do not hold, then, that ambition in the young at times needs restraint?" I queried.

"Restraint? No. Quite the contrary. Give it free rein. It is impossible for youth to have too much ambition. A young man should aim for the highest prize always."

"Are there any general rules that might be laid down by which youth should be governed?"

"As a young man learns to govern himself, so does he strengthen his character and make more possible the attainment of his ambitions. I have known a young man who was given to smoking and drinking in a moderate

way, but never to excess. He voluntarily, for certain periods, forbade himself those luxuries, simply that he might retain mastery of himself and know that he was master. It is an excellent way to strengthen character. A youth cannot succeed if he be not industrious. If he has naturally, or if he cultivates, a habit of industry, it will be all the restraining influence that is necessary. It is only the idle who are given to frivolous pleasure, and they must be considered out of the race."

"The stringent industrial conditions of to-day having a tendency to make each individual absorbed in his own interests, to the exclusion of others, would you advise a youth to cultivate unselfishness?"

"The extreme condition of selfishness in the desire for gain is deplorable, to be sure, but I believe the worst of that phase has been experienced. There is a strong movement at this day toward altruism — toward a broadening of the sympathies of the individual for the world at large. The teaching of the Socialists has done a great deal of good in this respect, though their theories are absurd."

"May not the study and imitation of the lives of great men affect the moulding of a career? Would such a course be superior to the creation of an individual ideal?"

THE CONTROLLING MOTIVES OF LIFE.

"The formation of an ideal is much altered and improved by the study of the lives of great men. Every one has an ideal, even though it may be a low and unworthy one. A young man would certainly find his ideal lifted to a nobler plane by the study of great men."

"How do you estimate the desire for fame as a motive for effort?"

"Desire for fame is not so great as the desire for advancement. A young man wants to get ahead. Fame is not so great an attraction as the desire to become the master instead of the servant. The first essential is that the work shall be congenial. The boy who goes to school, if he has the right ideal, aims to lift himself above his classmates. His desire is to be first, and when the same boy starts on his business career, his aim is to climb upward — to lift himself from servant to master."

"It is true, however, is it not, that many young men would like to be authors or artists who might do better in some commercial pursuit?"

"Yes, that is an unfortunate condition. Commercial life offers a great deal more than many of the professions, if men would see it. It must be pointed out that in adopting a commercial career, a young man has odds in his favor. There are more degrees of success attainable. If he does not reach the highest place, there are subordinate places which offer good emolument, and there are many such opportunities. On the other hand, in adopting a profession, one must be fitted for it in every essential, for nothing is more pitiful than the failure of one who has aimed to succeed in any of the professions."

LITERARY OPPORTUNITIES OF TO-DAY.

"Do you regard the field of literature as a good pursuit for young men to-day?"

"In literature a young man should make very sure that he has the natural aptitude and qualifications that go to make success. This I think should be most forcibly impressed upon all aspirants. He should endeavor to

find out first for what he is best fitted, and then bend every energy and thought to master the chosen occupation. If he possesses fair judgment of his own abilities, and can listen to and profit by the advice of those best able to assist him, he has accomplished a great step toward success."

"Can cardinal principles be laid down by which every young man should try to rule his life? Would you offer a suggestion in this regard?"

"The great principle of all is that he should find out what he wants to do, what he can do, and then make everything subservient to the attainment of this end, remembering always that industry, honesty, directness of purpose, never-failing courage, and self-reliance make the only sure foundation to build upon."

LIII.

A TURNING POINT IN LIFE:

AS RELATED TO THE AUTHOR BY IRA D. SANKEY.

"I CONSIDER Dwight L. Moody the most remarkable man of the century, distinguished especially for his devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ, and the betterment of the world. His character was marked by great common sense, and by the utmost sincerity; his heart by singleness of philanthropic purpose, and his life by the tremendous power of achievement. His work has resulted in the conversion of hundreds of thousands of men and women in the two great English-speaking nations, England and America, marking him as the greatest religious general of his day. I believe his name will be held in everlasting remembrance by millions of the best people in the world.

"The manner in which I made the acquaintance of Mr. Moody may be of interest. For twelve or fifteen years prior to 1870 I had been engaged in Christian work, using my voice in prayer and song in my home church in New Castle, Penn., and all over Pennsylvania and Ohio, when I was sent as a delegate from the Young Men's Christian Association of New Castle to the great convention in Indianapolis in that year. It was announced that Mr. Moody would lead an early Sun-

day morning prayer meeting in a Baptist church. I had never seen him up to this time, so I determined to attend the meeting. I arrived rather late, and sat down near the door. At my right hand was a minister from my own county, the pastor of the United Presbyterian church. He said to me, as I took a seat near him:

"'Mr. Sankey, the singing at this meeting has been very poor. When the man who is now praying gets through, I wish you would start up something.'

"Being thus urged by a psalm-singing minister to raise a Gospel hymn in a prayer meeting, I immediately sang the old familiar hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins.' This was my first song in a Moody meeting. At the conclusion of the service my ministerial friend offered to introduce me to Mr. Moody, and seeing that others were going, I joined the procession. The moment he was introduced, Mr. Moody asked abruptly:

"'Where do you live?'

"'In Pennsylvania,' I replied.

"'Are you married?'

"'I am.'

"'What business are you in?'

"'I am a government officer, connected with the internal revenue service,' I answered, hardly knowing what his motive could be in subjecting me to such a cross-examination.

"'Well,' he said, 'you'll have to give that up. I've been looking for you for eight years.'

"I asked him what for, and he said he wanted me to go with him to Chicago and help him in his Christian work. I told him I did n't think I could do it. He then asked me if I would join him in prayer in regard to it, and I replied that I would most gladly do so.

"I presume I prayed one way and he prayed another. However, it only took him six months to pray me out of business.

"After resigning my position under the government, I joined him in Chicago, working for a year and a half in his own church, and under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city. When Chicago was destroyed by fire, Mr. Moody raised money to rebuild his church at the corner of Chicago avenue and North Wells street, and we accepted an invitation to go to England and preach the Gospel. We sailed in June, 1873. On arriving at Queenstown we received letters announcing that both of the men who had invited us to England had died and were in their graves. We were thus left without an invitation, without a committee, without money, and without friends. At Liverpool we stopped over night at a public hotel. Mr. Moody declared to me that as the door seemed to have been closed to us in England, we would not ourselves attempt to open any. If the Lord opened a door, we would go in, otherwise we would return to America. That night Mr. Moody found an unopened letter among his papers; it had been received before we sailed, and it proved to be an invitation to the effect that if we ever came to England we would be gladly welcomed at York, to speak for the Young Men's Christian Association there. Mr. Moody said at once, 'We will go to York,' and we started next morning. Our meetings there for the first day or two were not large. On the third day the building began to fill. At the end of the week no building in the city would hold all the people who desired to attend. It was here we met a young Baptist clergyman, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who received a spiritual quickening which he declares has been with him ever since, and who has be-

come so prominent in American evangelical work. The singing of our American Gospel hymns created great interest at every point we visited, and especially such solos as 'Jesus of Nazareth,' 'Come Home, O Prodigal,' 'Almost Persuaded,' and 'Free from the Law.' I had not yet begun to sing the 'Ninety and Nine.' At Newcastle-on-Tyne we received the first printed recognition of the extent and influence of our work in the shape of an editorial in the 'Newcastle Chronicle,' a friendly, honest, and frank statement over the signature of Mr. Cowen, member of parliament for that section. It did us lots of good, made our mission known to all Great Britain, and helped us wherever we went. We closed in London in 1875, after marvellous results. We have made two or three similar visits since."

LIV.

THE PRACTICAL TALENT OF A MANY-SIDED MAN.

It was misfortune that proved the fortunate turning-point for Dr. Russell H. Conwell, the pastor of the largest church in America, and president of Temple College, which has upward of eight thousand students. He had not been unsuccessful prior to his ordination to the ministry; on the contrary, he had been a successful newspaper man and lawyer, and had served with distinction in the Civil war. But in the panic of 1873 he lost most of his investments. I quote his own words:

"I then wondered — being always of a religous temperament — why I should make money my goal."

We sat in his study, and he spoke thus of his interesting life: —

"I was born at South Worthington, Hampshire County, Mass., Feb. 15, 1843, on my father's farm, called the 'Eagle's Nest,' on account of its high and rocky surroundings. At three years of age I went to school, and, when I grew older, worked on the farm. I was sometimes laughed at because I always carried a book around with me, studying and memorizing as I worked. Yet I was dull and stupid, never stood high in my classes, and could not grasp a subject as quickly as others. But I would stick to it. I am just as dull now, but I preserve

my old habit of stick-to-it-iveness. If I am driving a tack and it goes in crooked, I lift it out, bend it straight, and send it home. That is one of my golden rules that I force myself to obey.

"I went to Wilbraham, and, in 1861, entered Yale College, taking up law, but the breaking out of the war interrupted my studies. I enlisted, but, being only eighteen years of age, my father made me 'right about face,' and come home. If I could not fight, I could speak, and I delivered orations all over my native State, and was in some demand in Boston. Finally, in 1862, I could stand the strain no longer, and my father, already greatly interested in the war, permitted me to go to the field.

"I returned a colonel, suffering from a wound, campaigns, and imprisonment, and entered the law school of the Albany University, from which I was graduated in 1865.

"I married and moved to the great far West, to the then small town of Minneapolis. Then I suffered the usual uphill experiences and privations of a young lawyer trying to make his way single-handed. I opened a law office in a two-story stone building on Bridge square. My clients did not come, and poverty stared me and my wife in the face. I became an agent for Thompson Brothers, of St. Paul, in the sale of land warrants.

"Fortune favored me in business, and I also became the Minneapolis correspondent of the 'St. Paul Press.' I acquired some real estate, and took part in politics. Having once dipped into journalism, I started a paper of my own, called 'Conwell's Star of the North.' Then the sheriff made his appearance, and turned the concern over to a man with more capital. Next I brought the 'Minneapolis Daily Chronicle' to life. It united with

the 'Atlas,' and the combined papers formed the foundation for the great journal of Minneapolis, the 'Tribune.'

"I continued to practise law. My wife and myself lived in two small rooms. The front one was my office, and the back one, kitchen, parlor, sitting-room, and bedroom. I had never fully recovered from my wound received in the war. I knew Governor Marshall, and it was he who appointed me emigration commissioner for the State of Minnesota. My duties, of course, took me to Europe."

When Dr. Conwell arrived in Europe, his health, that had been breaking down, gradually gave way, and he gave up his place as commissioner. For a while he rested; then for several months he attended lectures at the University of Leipsic. That pilgrimage was followed by a number of other journeys across the Atlantic to the principal countries of Europe and to Northern Africa.

"In 1870," continued Dr. Conwell, "I made a tour of the world as special correspondent for the 'New York Tribune' and the 'Boston Traveler.' I then exposed the iniquities of Chinese contract immigration. I next returned to Boston and law, and became editor of the 'Boston Traveler.'"

"But, doctor, had you never entertained a desire to enter the ministry?" I asked.

"All my life I studied theology. The question was before me always: Shall it be law or the ministry? The change came after I had lost considerable money in the panic of 1873. Then came death into my home, and the loss of my first wife. I turned to missionary work in Boston. As time rolled on, I became more interested. But the turning-point was really brought about by a law case. There was a meeting-house in Lexington, Mass., in 1877, dilapidated and old. The congregation had left

it, so the few old persons who remained decided that it should be sold. They wished to consult a lawyer, and called me to Lexington. Standing on the platform, I asked the few present to vote upon the question. The edifice had been dear to some of them, and they hemmed and hawed, and could n't decide.

"At length I suggested that they put new life into the place. But interest in the building as a place of worship seemed to have departed, although they did not care to see it torn down.

"On the spur of the moment I said that, if they would gather there the following Sunday morning, I would address them. A few came at first, then more. We had to rent a hall in another place. I suggested that they should get a pastor.

"To my surprise, they replied that if I would be their pastor they would erect a new church.

"I studied for the ministry. One day I startled the quaint village of Lexington by demolishing the little old church with an axe. The people were aroused by my spirit, and gave donations for a new church. I worked with the men we hired to construct it, and afterwards attended the Newton Theological Seminary. Seventeen years ago I came to Philadelphia as pastor of this church, which then worshipped in a basement some squares away."

"But Temple College, doctor; how was that started?"

"About fourteen years ago a poor young man came to me to ask my advice how to obtain a college education. I offered to be his teacher. Then others joined until there were six. The number was gradually enlarged to forty, when the idea came to me to found a people's college. Certain gentlemen became interested and we erected Temple College, which was then connected with

this church, but now is a separate and distinct institution. We hope shortly to have it like the New York University. We have rented a number of outside buildings, and have a law school and a seminary. About four thousand attend the evening classes, while four thousand attend the special day classes."

"And you are the president?"

"Yes."

"How do you manage to keep up in all the studies?" I asked. "Do you carry text-books around with you in your pockets?"

"Yes, and I always have. I study all the time. I have acquired several languages in that way."

"When do you prepare your sermons?"

"I have never prepared a lecture or a sermon in my life, and I have lectured for thirty-seven years. I seldom use even notes. When in the pulpit I rivet my attention on preaching, and think of nothing else.

"Application in the most severe form, and honesty, are the means by which true success is attained. No matter what you do, do it to your utmost. You and I may not do something as well as some one else, but no stone should be unturned to do it to the best of our individual ability. I have had a varied life, and many experiences, and I attribute my success, if you are so pleased to call it, to always requiring myself to do my level best, if only in driving a tack in straight."

F W Gunsaulus

LV.

THE POWER OF ORATORY,

AND COUNSEL BY A LEADER OF YOUNG MEN.

One of the brightest examples of early success in life is Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., one of the sincerest friends of young men striving to climb upward that America has produced. Chicago has helped him, and he has helped Chicago to do great things. During his six years of ministry in that city, before he left the pulpit and became president of Armour Institute, he founded two notable institutions and raised over seven millions in money for charitable purposes. On the stormiest of Sunday evenings, after a newspaper announcement that he will speak, an audience two thousand five hundred strong will gather to hear him. It was not an uncommon sight during a series of winter sermons for men, anxious to hear the splendid orator, to be lifted through windows of Central Music Hall when no more could get in at the doors. His most conspicuous labor has been in connection with the famous Armour Institute of Technology, which now has twelve hundred students. When Mr. Armour gave the money for it he did it upon condition that Dr. Gunsaulus should be its president during five years. This position has been now relinquished that the Central Music Hall work may be resumed.

THE PREACHER AS A POWER.

I found him in the president's office of Armour Institute.

"Do you think," I said, "that it is more difficult for a preacher to become a power in the nation than it is for a merchant, a lawyer, or a politician?"

"Rather hard to say," he answered.

"There are prejudices against and sympathies in favor of every class and profession. I think, however, that a preacher is more like a doctor in his career. He is likely to make a strong local impression, but not apt to become a national figure. Given powerful convictions, an undertaking of things as they are to-day, and steady work in the direction of setting things right, and you may be sure a man is at least heading in the direction of public favor whether he ever attains it or not."

"How did you manage to do the work you have done in so short a time?"

"In the first place I don't think I have done so very much; and in the second place the time seems rather long for what I have done. I have worked hard, however."

ORATORICAL TRAINING.

"I thought to be a lawyer in my youth, and did study law and oratory. My father was a country lawyer at Chesterfield, Ohio, where I was born, and was a member of the Ohio Legislature during the war. He was a very effective public speaker himself, and thought that I ought to be an orator. So he did everything to give me a bent in that direction, and often took me as many as twenty miles to hear a good oration.

"Of men who have influenced me I admired Fisher Ames to begin with; and of course Webster. I think

Wendell Phillips and Bishop Matthew Simpson, whom I heard a few times, had the greatest influence on me. I considered them wonderful, moving speakers, and I do yet. Later on Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks attracted my admiration."

"Did you have leisure for study and time to hear orations when you were beginning life?"

"In early years I attended the district school. From my twelfth to my eighteenth year I worked on the farm and studied nights.

PRACTICAL PREPARATION FOR HIS CALLING.

"For all my father's urgings toward the bar I always felt an inward drawing toward the ministry, because I felt that I could do more there. My father was not a member of any church, though my mother was an earnest Presbyterian. Without any prompting from my parents I leaned toward the ministry, and finally entered it of my own accord. I was fortunate enough to find a young companion who was also studying for the ministry. We were the best of friends and helped each other a great deal. It was our custom to prepare sermons and preach them in each other's presence. Our audience in that case, unlike that of the church, never hesitated to point out errors. The result was that some sermons ended in arguments between the audience and the preacher as to the facts involved.

"I was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan Seminary in debt. I had no reputation for piety and I don't remember that I pretended to any. I had convictions, however, and a burning desire to do something, to achieve something for the benefit of my fellow-men, and I was ready for the first opportunity."

EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS A DAY SALARY.

"Was it long in coming?"

"No; but you would not have considered it much of an opportunity. I took charge of a small church at Harrisburg, Ohio, at a salary of three hundred and twenty dollars a year. In preaching regularly I soon found it necessary to formulate some kind of a theory of life — to strike for some definite object. I began to feel the weight of the social problem.

ARE THE DICE OF LIFE LOADED?

"One important fact began to make itself plain; and that was, that the modern young man is more or less discouraged by the growing belief that all things are falling into the hands of great corporations and trusts, and that the individual no longer has much chance. My father had been more or less of a fatalist in his view of life, and often quoted Emerson to me, to the effect that the dice of life are loaded and fall according to a plan. My mother leaned to the doctrine of Calvin — to predestination. I inherited a streak of the same feeling, and the conditions I observed made me feel that there was probably something in the theory. I had to battle this down, and convince myself that we are what we choose to make ourselves. Then I had to set to work to counteract the discouraging view taken by the young people about me."

"You were a Methodist, then?"

"Yes, I was admitted to preach in that body, but it was not long before I had an attack of transcendentalism, and fell out with the Methodist elder of my district. The elder was wholly justified. He was a dry old gentleman, with a fund of common sense. After one of my

flights, in which I advocated perfection far above the range of humankind, he came to me and said: 'My dear young man, don't you know that people have to live on this planet?' The rebuke struck me as earthly then, but it has grown in humor and common sense since.

"I left voluntarily. I knew I was not satisfactory, and so I went away. I married when I was twenty. I preached in several places, and obtained a charge at Columbus, Ohio."

A MINISTER'S TRUE IDEAL.

"When did you begin to have a visible influence on affairs, such as you have since exercised?"

"Just as soon as I began to formulate and follow what I considered to be the true ideal of the minister."

"And that ideal was?"

"That the question to be handled by a preacher must not be theological, but sociological."

"How did this conviction work out at Columbus?"

"The church became too small for the congregation, and so we had to move to the opera house.

"My work there showed me that any place may be a pulpit — editorial chair, managerial chair, almost anything. I began to realize that a whole and proper work would be to get hold of the Christian forces outside the ecclesiastical machine, and get them organized into activity. I was not sure about my plan yet, however, and so I left Columbus for Newtonville, Mass., and took time to review my studies. There I came under the influence of Phillips Brooks. When I began once more to get a clear idea of what I wanted to do, I went to Baltimore, on a call, and preached two years at the Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church.

"I came to Chicago in 1872. Plymouth Church offered

an absolutely free pulpit, and an opportunity to work out some plans that I thought desirable."

HIS WORK IN CHICAGO.

"How did you go about your work in this city?"

"The first thing that seemed necessary for me to do was to find a place where homeless boys of the city who had drifted into error and troubles of various kinds could be taken into the country and educated. I preached a sermon on this subject, and one member gave a fine farm of two hundred and forty acres for the purpose. Plymouth Church built Plymouth Cottage there, and the Illinois Training School was moved there, and other additions were made, gradually adding to its usefulness."

"The church grew under your ministration there, did it not?"

"You can leave off that about me. It grew, yes; and we established a mission."

"Was there not a sum raised for this?"

"Yes; Mr. Joseph Armour gave a hundred thousand dollars to house this mission, and the church has since aided it in various ways."

"This Armour Institute is an idea of yours, is it not?"

"Well, it is in line with my ideas in what it accomplishes. It is the outcome of Mr. Armour's great philanthropy."

"Do you find, now that you have experimented so much, that your ideals concerning what ought to be done for the world were too high?" I asked.

"On the contrary," answered Dr. Gunsaulus, "I have sometimes felt that they were not high enough. If they had been less than they are, I should not have accomplished what I have."

OVERWORK.

"What has been your experience as to working hours?"

"I have worked twelve and fourteen, at times even eighteen hours a day, particularly when I was working to establish this institution, but I paid for it dearly. I suffered a paralytic stroke which put me on my back for nine months, and in that time you see I not only suffered, but lost all I had gained by the extra hours."

"You believe in meeting great emergencies with great individual energy?"

"There does n't seem to be any way out of it. A man must work hard, extra hard, at times, or lose many a battle."

THE TRAINING OF YOUTH FOR SERVICE.

"You believe the chances for young men to-day are as good as in times gone by?"

"I certainly do. That is my whole doctrine. The duties devolving on young men are growing greater, more important, more valuable all the time. The wants of the world seem to grow larger, more urgent every day What all young men need to do is to train themselves. They must train their hands to deftness, train their eyes to see clearly, and their ears to hear and understand. Look at the call there is going to be upon young men when this country will be organizing its new possessions, and opening up new fields of activity. What the world needs is young men equipped to do the work. There is always work to be done."

"You think in your own field there is a call for energetic young men?"

"It never was greater. A young preacher who looks

around him, studies the conditions, finds out just a few of the ten thousand important things that are going begging for some one to do them, and then proceeds to work for their accomplishment, will succeed beyond his wildest dreams.

"The world looks for leaders, it looks for men who are original, able, and practical; and all I have got to say to a young man is simply to find out clearly all about a need in a certain direction, and then lead on to the alleviation of it. Money, influence, honor, will all follow along after to help."

LVI.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN KOREA.

The career of Dr. Horace Newton Allen, the United States minister to Korea, furnishes a striking example of the sort of stuff from which to make the successful missionaries and diplomats who must deal with the perplexing problems of the Far East.

Dr. Allen was born some forty years ago, in the college town of Delaware, Ohio. He came of the same stock as Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, who was his father's great-uncle. He stands six feet two inches in height. His eye is clear and steady, his countenance pleasing, and his manner frank and engaging. He has a way of looking at his interlocutor with an intentness which indicates his earnestness of character. His hair and beard are auburn. His college classmates say that, as a boy, he was a general favorite, full of all sorts of merry pranks.

When he had completed his freshman year in college, he abandoned the intention of graduating, and entered a store in the town for the purpose of making his own living. Soon afterwards, in a little missionary meeting, led by one of the ladies of the Presbyterian church, of which he was a member, he became convinced that it was his duty to become a foreign missionary. His employer agreed to allow him to resume his studies in the college,

giving him employment during his vacations and Saturdays, thus enabling him to support himself. He was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1882, and the next year attended the Ohio Medical College at Columbus, and afterwards the Cincinnati Medical College, from which he was graduated. After graduation, the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions appointed him as a medical missionary and sent him to China, in the fall of 1884. His wife, who was graduated with him in the same class in college, accompanied him.

In the meantime, Commodore Shufeldt, of the United States navy, had succeeded in opening certain ports of Korea to the United States. A treaty with Korea was signed May 7, 1882, and it became possible, for the first time, for missionaries to enter Korea. Dr. Allen was the first missionary ever sent under the new treaty, arriving in December, 1884, in the midst of a rebellion.

HE MINISTERED TO FRIEND AND FOE.

This insurrection, the precursor of the Chino-Japanese war, was caused by the admission of foreigners into the hermit kingdom. Rioting made Seoul, the capital of Korea, too dangerous for the foreigners from the Western world to remain, and all fled to the protection of the United States gunboat at Chemulpo. Dr. Allen and his wife alone remained throughout the whole trouble. So desperate was the danger at one time that, when he was summoned from his home to attend those who had been wounded, he instructed his wife, if he should be killed, and if worst should come to worst, how to use his revolver, how first to save their babe from torture, and then how to save herself from the unspeakable atrocities to which she would be subjected, if she should fall into the hands of the mob.

During this rebellion, Dr. Allen ministered to the wounded on both sides with great impartiality and skill. Some twenty of the palace guards recovered, under his care, from stabs or gunshot wounds. One of the wounded was Prince Min Yong Ik, a nephew of the queen. When Dr. Allen was summoned to the palace to treat him, he found the prince, who had been stabbed in nearly a dozen places, surrounded by a crowd of native physicians, who were trying to stanch the flow of blood by filling the wounds with warm wax. Summoning the little Chinese that he could speak, Dr. Allen exclaimed, as the first condition before he would undertake the case: "Put these fellows out!" He then bound the severed arteries with ligatures and sewed up the wounds. The royal patient recovered.

Out of gratitude, the king established a government hospital and provided for its equipment and running expenses, granting, for the purpose, the property of one of the noblemen who had been killed in the insurrection. Dr. Allen was made the resident physician, and also the palace physician.

HOW THE PHYSICIAN WAS PROMOTED.

The king soon learned that his physician was a man to be trusted. Other foreigners there were; but although they spoke the truth and kept their promises, somehow the Koreans were always the losers in the bargains made. They were in Korea to enrich themselves; but here was a man who had left his home to live in Korea for the sake of the Koreans. High rank and substantial rewards were repeatedly offered to the missionary, but they were declined. The "New York Tribune" is authority for the statement that Dr. Allen is to-day the

most influential man in Seoul, not because of official position, but because his relation to the king is that of a faithful friend and an incorruptible personal adviser.

In 1887 the king asked Dr. Allen to head the first Korean legation to the United States, the first that had ever been sent to any foreign nation, except to China and Japan. It was a matter that required great delicacy, as China at that time claimed to be over-lord of Korea, and tried to prevent the party from leaving Seoul. Dr. Allen was successful, however, in getting his party aboard the United States man-of-war "Omaha." Over two years the delegation remained in this country, before the State Department saw its way clear to recognize the right of Korea to an independent representation. When at length the Korean minister was received, Dr. Allen returned to Korea, this time as secretary to the American legation, an honor unsought by himself.

MISSIONARY AND DIPLOMAT.

It must not be supposed that Dr. Allen had neglected missionary work during these busy years. His skill as a physician had given him great prestige, which enabled him to do much personally, and to secure for his fellow missionaries large opportunities for Christian work. It is said that the present representative of the Korean government in America is a Christian.

Dr. Allen's record in the Department of State, Washington, is as follows: "He was appointed Secretary of Legation at Seoul, July 9, 1890; appointed Deputy Consul General, Sept. 25, 1890; appointed vice and deputy Consul General, Feb. 17, 1896; appointed Minister Resident and Consul General, July 17, 1897."

About the time of his first appointment under the

government, Dr. Allen ceased to labor under the commission of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. But his influence and sympathy have never failed to be exerted in behalf of the various missionary efforts in Korea. There are many avenues through which an earnest Christian character can make itself felt.

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